BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1942

BARTIMEUS
NEGLEY FARSON
ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

LET'S TALK ABOUT PROTECTIVE FOOD

There are certain foods which have a wonderful power to keep you in health. They are what Dieticians call "protective" foods, and among the most valuable of these are wheatmeal bread, green vegetables, carrots, potatoes. The important thing is to have a good helping — or better still, two good helpings — of some or other of these foods every day. Carrots have an unusual claim on your attention, at this time of year especially, because as well as protecting you against colds and infection, they help you to see in the dark.

QUESTIONS YOU ASK

My skin is not as good as it used to be; I think it's lack of fruit.

It's the Vitamin C in the fruit that is so good for your skin — and for your health. But you get exactly the same vitamin in vegetables. Remember, however, that you must have *extra* vegetable to make up for the missing fruit. Everyone needs at least 1,000 units of Vitamin C every day. Here is a brief list to guide you:

		Vitamin C Units
Spinach	4 ozs. *cooked*	= 700
Broccoli	" "	= 600
Turnip Tops	" "	= 480
Cabbage	" "	= 300
Swedes	" "	= 260
Potatoes	" "	= 240
Watercress	½ oz. *raw*	= 150
Spinach	" "	= 150
Cabbage	" "	= 100
Parsley	" "	= 70

Note how much richer in Vitamin C are raw *vegetables.*

Then there are carrots. Although not a good source of Vitamin C, carrots provide other elements which clear the skin and improve its texture. A good plan therefore — and a plan for everyone who values health — is to have a raw vegetable salad (based on shredded cabbage heart or other green stuff, watercress and grated carrot); or cooked carrots; or an extra helping of green vegetables *as well as* your usual vegetables, every day.

We do miss breakfast marmalade

We are posting you a recipe for Orange-peel Marmalade. But have you tried rhubarb jam? It has a refreshing tart-sweet flavour — that little appetising "kick" you like at breakfast.

Can you give me a new soup recipe?

Here's a delicious one: *Golden Barley Soup.* Grate or mince 2 lbs. of carrots, put with 1 small teacupful of barley into 1 quart of water and simmer for 2½ hours. Roll a piece of margarine the size of a walnut in 1 tablespoonful of flour and stir it into the soup. Cook fast for 8 minutes, season with pepper and salt. Serves 4 or 5.

Just why is national wheatmeal bread good for you?

Mainly because it is a protective food, as well as being very nourishing. It gives you a supply of the B Vitamins — those that keep the nerves and digestive system in good order. Did you know you could also get national wheatmeal flour? It makes the most delicious buns, scones and cakes.

Issued by The Ministry of Food (S27)

Aristoc to the Rescue

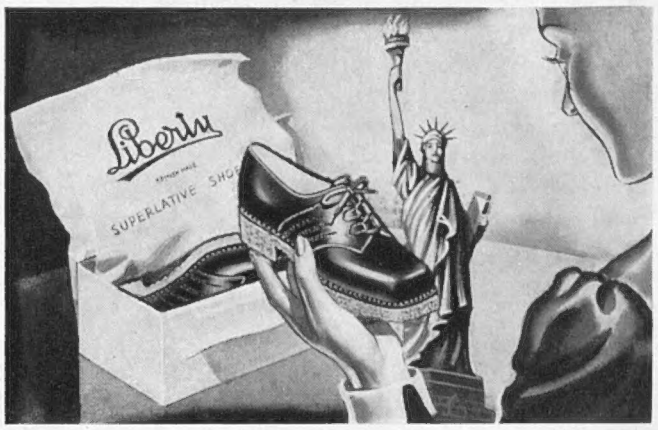
SAVE COUPONS

BY INVESTING COUPONS

IN

Aristile AND Raystoc

The Aristocrats of Lisle and Rayon Stockings



WHY WALK WITH Liberty

The atmosphere of exclusive smartness which characterises Liberty Shoes, the durability, no less than the all-enveloping comfort which has given significance to the slogan "Walk with Liberty" have placed Liberty Superlative Shoes in a class by themselves. Liberty reputation has been built by an unswerving determination to use only faultless materials, handled to the designs of men who have a flair for exclusiveness and a facility for achieving perfect comfort through an intimate understanding of the anatomy of feet. You could not use coupons more wisely.

To Liberty Shoes Ltd., Leicester.—Please send free folder of Liberty Shoes.
Name .....
Address .....
B.E.4 1d. stamp, tucked-in flap.

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS

LIBERTY SHOES LTD. - LEICESTER

Serve in the WAAF

as an Administrative airwoman

Good organizers are needed in a fast growing service. Women who can undertake responsible duties affecting the welfare and discipline of their fellow women, are required immediately in the W.A.A.F. You should be a good mixer, able to handle everyday problems and have talent for taking charge. Age limits for administrative airwomen are 21 to 43. If you have other talents or interests there are other important jobs waiting to be filled such as Meteorologist, Nursing Orderly, Radio Operator, Clerk (general duties) and Balloon Operator.

★ *Go to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange) or send the coupon below for illustrated leaflet describing the different trades.*

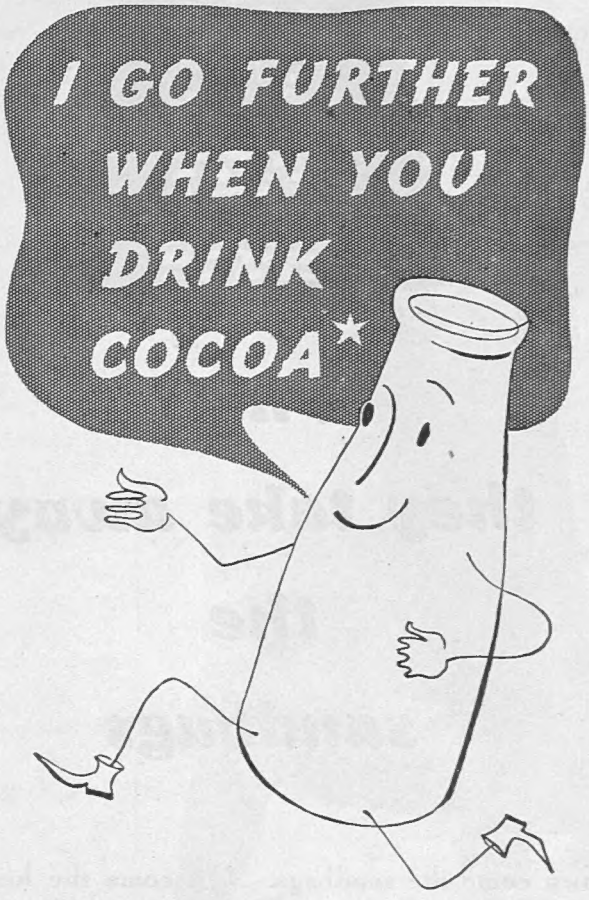
To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, W.C.2. *Please send me full details of service with the W.A.A.F.*

I am interested in ..... *trade*

NAME .....

ADDRESS

W.F. 160/JAN. 42.



YOU need to get the greatest goodness — the utmost nourishment — out of every drop of milk to-day. Here is the way to do it. When you use milk as a drink, remember cocoa helps the milk to do you even more good. Your doctor will tell you that cocoa is a food in itself. And you know how the children love it! If you want your milk and money to go further — your meals to be more nourishing — remember BOURNVILLE.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR MILK WITH

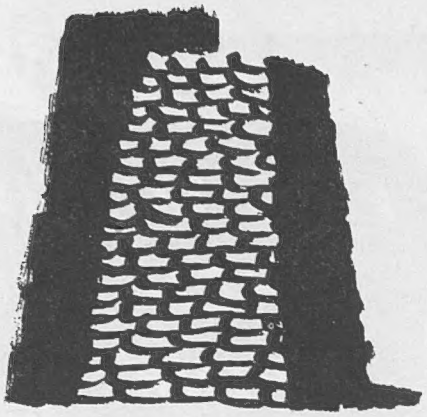
BOURNVILLE COCOA

★ WHY IT SHOULD BE BOURNVILLE
★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD ENRICHER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D—VITAL TO HEALTH

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

5D

PER ¼ LB



When they take away the sandbags

Down come the sandbags. Off come the headlamp masks. Into the waste-paper basket go our ration books. When all these glad things happen, will you be able to say, "I strove for this peace with everything I could command"?

We cannot all fight with our lives. We can, and *must*, all fight with our money.

In 3% Savings Bonds or 2½% National War Bonds it will be fighting in very truth, in the guns, planes, ships and tanks it is paying for.

NOW is the moment to act. Not a day, not an hour can we afford to waste. See your banker or stockbroker at once.

3% SAVINGS BONDS 1955-65

2½% NATIONAL WAR BONDS 1949-51

These are full Trustee Securities and are obtainable through any Bank or Stockbroker. Price of issue £100 per cent. No limit to holdings. For each Security there is also a Post Office Issue and a Trustee Savings Bank Issue with a maximum subscription of £1,000.

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

—to the last crumb!

"Waste not, want not" never was truer than today. So make the most of your Weetabix. It can be used to make other foods go further. It can be used to give "balance" to a meal.

Weetabix is all wheat. It makes the best use of the wheat, retaining all the valuable properties of this life-giving grain and presenting them in the most delicious and digestible form.

Of course, Weetabix is sometimes difficult to obtain. Yet more is being made than ever before. On the other hand, many, many more people are eating it. So, when you get Weetabix use it to the best advantage — never waste a crumb.

Weetabix Standard Size 7½d. Double Size 1/1d.

More *than a Breakfast Food!*

WEETABIX LTD., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, NORTHANTS

From the Land o' Burns

TEMPLETON'S "AYR" WOOLS

Our difficulty under existing conditions, is to supply the demand. We are doing our best—so ask your wool shop for TEMPLETON'S "AYR" WOOLS in the quality you require.

...but please make allowances for the times in which we live.

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners · AYR · SCOTLAND

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 24, No. 1 JANUARY, 1942

Cover Design
by *Conrad Leigh*

Articles

Third Winter:
by *Negley Farson*
Decoration by *J. Nicolson* 9 and 51

Mars' Biggest Job:
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 10–11 and 66

The Hospitals Carry On:
by *Margaret Stevens* 12 and 56

Giants With Wings:
by *Stanley Jackson* 28–29 and 58

Home Section

On Duty—and Off:
by *Jane Gordon* 31 and 56

Which Is Your Age Group? 32–33

When You Feel Like This:
by *Chrysis* 34

Figuratively Speaking: 35

Dress:
by *Jean Burnup* 36–37

Hand-knit Jacket: 38 and 70

Stripes: 38 and 70

Myself and This New Year: 39

Home Savers: 40–41

Fuel Facts: 41

Social Life To-day: 42

The Lady Can Mend the Mangle: 43

Out-of-a-Can Cookery:
by *Harriet Muir* 44–45

CONTENTS for JANUARY

Week-ends of Boredom:
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Decoration by *Edgar Spenceley* 16–17 and 65

Old Tales Re-told:
Boabdil el Chico:
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24 and 52

They Will Be Healthier: 46

The Heart Grows Fonder: 48

General

Books:
Reviewed by *Noel Thompson* 30 and 52

Stories

The Ultimate Factor:
by *"Bartimeus"*
Illustrated by *Jack Matthew* 5–8 and 58

The End of the Road:
by *Anthony Armstrong*
Illustrated by *W. Smithson-Broadhead* 13–15 and 71

A Matter of Preferment:
by *W. E. Johns*
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 18–20 and 54

A Use for a Decent Pay-day:
by *Frank H. Shaw*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 25–27 and 60

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 74. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or illusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3½d.

COUPON SENSE says

Streamlined Pleats

Knife edged pleats all round graduating into snug fitting single material over the hips: pleats which give complete freedom of movement yet cannot gape or come unstitched. Is there any other skirt so practical, and at the same time, so smart and slenderising? Good drapers and stores everywhere stock the KONERAY in a variety of quality materials. There's no wiser buy for six coupons today.

Issued by: C. STILLITZ
Leamington Spa, Warwickshire

KONERAY

"Koneray" PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

Your Schweppes, Sir!
BY APPOINTMENT
Schweppe
SCHWEPPES
SODA WATER

The Ultimate Factor

A *Drama of the Sea*

By

"Bartimeus"

WHEN the naval instructor developed a swollen jowl which was diagnosed as mumps and he was borne off to the hospital ship, there was rejoicing among the midshipmen of the battleship anchored abeam of the flagship. They assembled in the school place after divisions in the hope that if they kept pretty quiet nobody would wake up to the fact that they were as sheep without a shepherd. Thus a forenoon might be spent in glorious idleness before anybody was alive to the situation and a locum tenens appointed to instil spherical trigonometry and physics into their reluctant brains.

There were fifteen of them; the senior midshipman, who had spent the middle watch patrolling the outer defences in an armed launch and was consequently several hours short of his sleep ration, stretched himself on the settee and composed himself to sleep. The second senior, who at the moment suffered from no deprivation of sleep, but never knew when this fate might befall him, appropriated the table, two volumes of logarithms as a pillow, and followed his senior's example.

The remainder disposed themselves according to taste and the space available. The most junior of all the midshipmen, as befitted the humblest of God's creatures, was posted at the door to guard against a surprise visit from higher authority. A young gentleman sat at the end of the table taking his telescope to pieces and polishing the lenses with a doubtful-looking pocket handkerchief. The occupation left him free for conversation with his neighbours, who were both reading with the complete obliviousness to external circumstances of those who never know privacy.

"What are you muttering about?" he inquired of the messmate on his left. "What's the book?"

"Kipling. It's terrific stuff. Listen:

'And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they cannot see.'"

The other breathed on one of the lenses and after wiping it held it to the light.

"What's it all about?"

"A scrap between a battleship and a cruiser. It's all out of date of course, but listen:

'Captain,' they cry, 'the fight is done,
They bid you send your sword.'
And he answered 'Grapple her stern and bow,
They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now—
Out cutlasses and board.'"

"Shows the right spirit, but cutlasses—I ask you!—they're as obsolete as a bow and arrows!"

The reader ignored him, sitting entranced by the metre, his lips moving as he read on.

The owner of the telescope—his name was Forsyth—turned to his neighbour on the right.

"What about you, Spitcher? Poetry?" The gentleman addressed took no notice until nudged, when he looked up reluctantly.

"Eh?"

"I asked you what you were reading."

Master Spitcher turned the book over to indicate the cover. It featured a lady in a skin-tight crimson ball dress sprawling on a sofa drinking champagne out of the bottle with a fine abandon.

"*Très moutarde,*" he observed, and became engrossed in the text again.

"Can I have it after you?"

The owner nodded.

Far above their heads—two decks, to be exact—the captain was walking up and down the quarter-deck in the company of the navigating commander. The late dawn of a northern winter was coming slowly over the hills, and the high wails of the gulls, circling round the sterns of the anchored fleet, were like the voices of distant mourners keening some unassuageable grief. There was no wind, and the exhaust of the

The remainder disposed themselves according to taste and the space available

motor launch conveying the naval instructor to the hospital ship travelled across the water with a muffled *pap-pap-pap*.

"Bad luck on Schoolie," observed the navigator as they turned at the end of their promenade, "getting mumps."

The captain agreed and then, following a train of thought, inquired: "And what are the snotties up to this morning? Who's looking after them?"

The navigator said he didn't know, but he would investigate the matter. "What would you like them to do, sir, if nobody has taken charge of them?"

"I'll talk to the commander," said the captain. "But in the meanwhile, this forenoon perhaps you would step into the breach. Let's see—how about a bit of pilotage—navigation in narrow waters—eh?"

The navigator agreed with well-simulated enthusiasm. "Or there's that lecture of mine," he suggested, "I could run through that with them."

"Which lecture was that?" asked the captain politely.

"The one I gave at the Staff College. 'Sea Power and the Capital Ship' it was called. But I don't suppose you remember it, sir. Or perhaps you were away when I gave it."

"Of course, of course. . . . The very thing. They ought to know about sea power. Pump it into the young devils. That'll keep 'em quiet for the forenoon."

The captain and the navigator had been through the staff course together; but it was some time ago, and the details of the latter's lecture were not as vivid in the captain's memory as they might have been. He had, in fact, gone to sleep during its delivery. But the navigator was justly proud of it. It had been published subsequently in a technical naval journal. It might be a bit out of date in some places and slightly controversial in others, but the main principles were as sound as a bell. Anyhow . . .

The captain paused and levelled his telescope at the flagship. "There's the commander-in-chief coming on deck for his morning walk. Regular as clockwork: same time every morning. . . ."

"Well, I'll carry on then, sir."

"Eh? Oh, the lecture. Right, pilot, off you go. Keep their noses to the grindstone."

The navigator saluted and walked briskly towards the hatchway. A minute later the junior midshipman on observation at the crack of the school-place door closed it swiftly and yapped: "The navigating commander."

The recumbent figure on the table swung himself on to the settee, thrusting his boot into the stomach of the sleeper. "Stand from under!" he shouted. "Turn to, you blighters! Look busy!" The senior midshipman sat up blinking, snatched a volume of logarithms and pored over it with his head propped on his hands. The others disposed themselves swiftly round the table in attitudes of studious concentration. The door opened and the navigating commander walked in.

"Well," he said to the company at large, "and what are you all doing?"

"Independent study, sir," replied the senior midshipman, marking an imaginary place in the logarithms with his forefinger and looking up brightly.

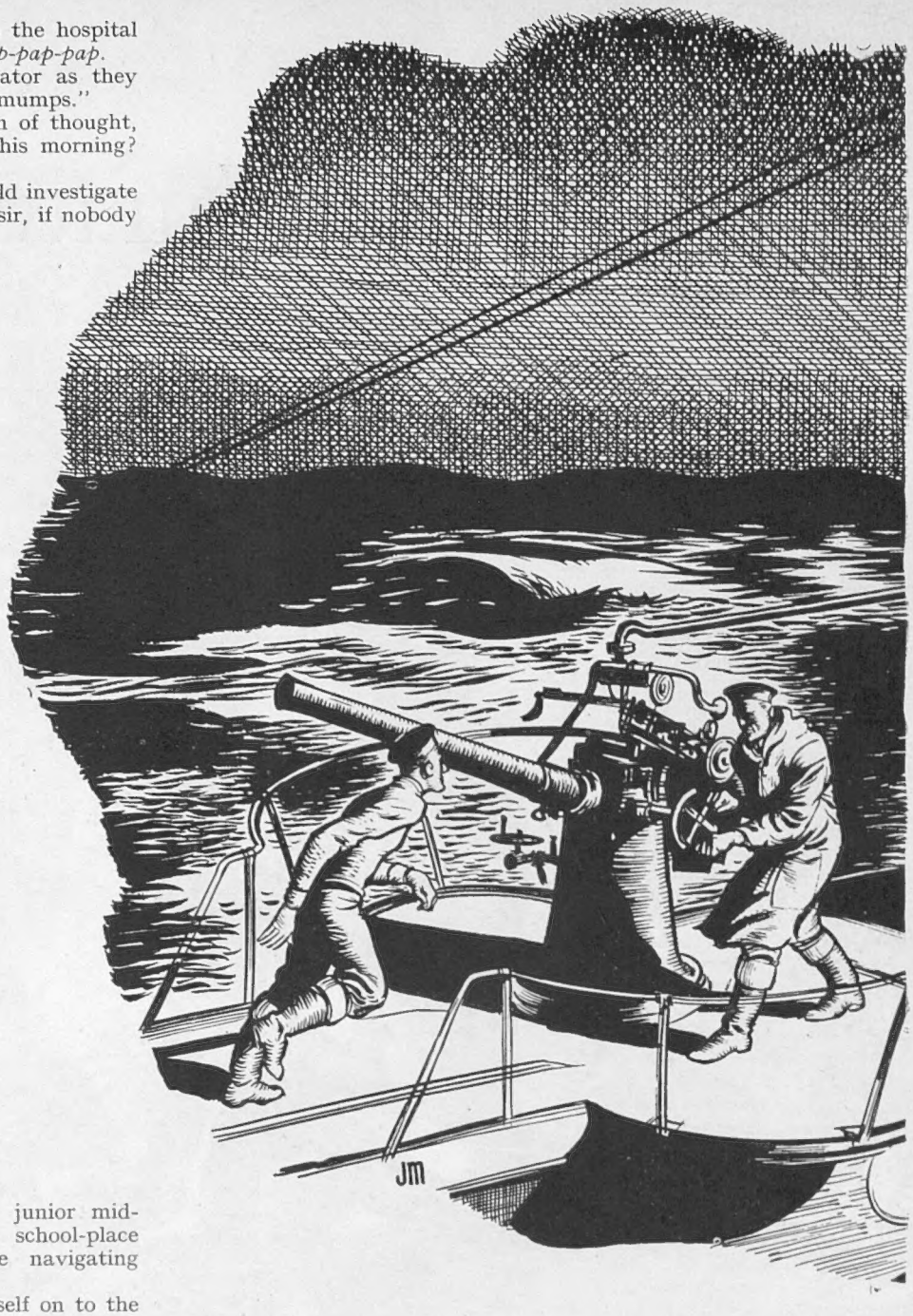
"Oh. Well, the captain wants me to give you a lecture. It's one I gave at the Staff College. It's called 'Sea Power and the Capital Ship.'" He produced a docket of papers and laid them on the table. Fifteen faces turned towards him with expressions of enraptured interest.

"It is perhaps a fortunate thing," began the lecturer, "that men who have hitherto attempted to dominate the world by force of arms, have been ignorant of the sea."

The owner of the novel dealing with the life story of the lady in the crimson ball dress contrived to transfer a piece of butterscotch from his trousers pocket into his mouth under cover of a slight cough.

"In their plans and strategy," continued the navigating commander, "they have been impatient of the vital factor of sea power, or have sought to find a substitute for it, whereas in fact there is no substitute."

There was a little stir among his interested audience as they relaxed and then settled into more comfortable attitudes of attentiveness.



THE lieutenant in command of the British submarine lying on the bottom of the Heligoland Bight looked at his watch. He tried to calculate the number of hours they had been submerged, enduring the incessant belabouring by depth charges that had left them leaking desperately, engines lifted off their seatings and frames distorted, with little more than life in their racked bodies. He gave up the effort at calculation because he could no longer think very clearly, but one thing was uppermost in his mind: the air could not last much longer; they were all pretty well at their last gasp. Soon the water would be over the batteries and chlorine gas would hasten this slow death by suffocation.

Some hours had passed since the last depth charge exploded and the sound of the hunters' propellers had faded away in the distance. On the surface it was now night.

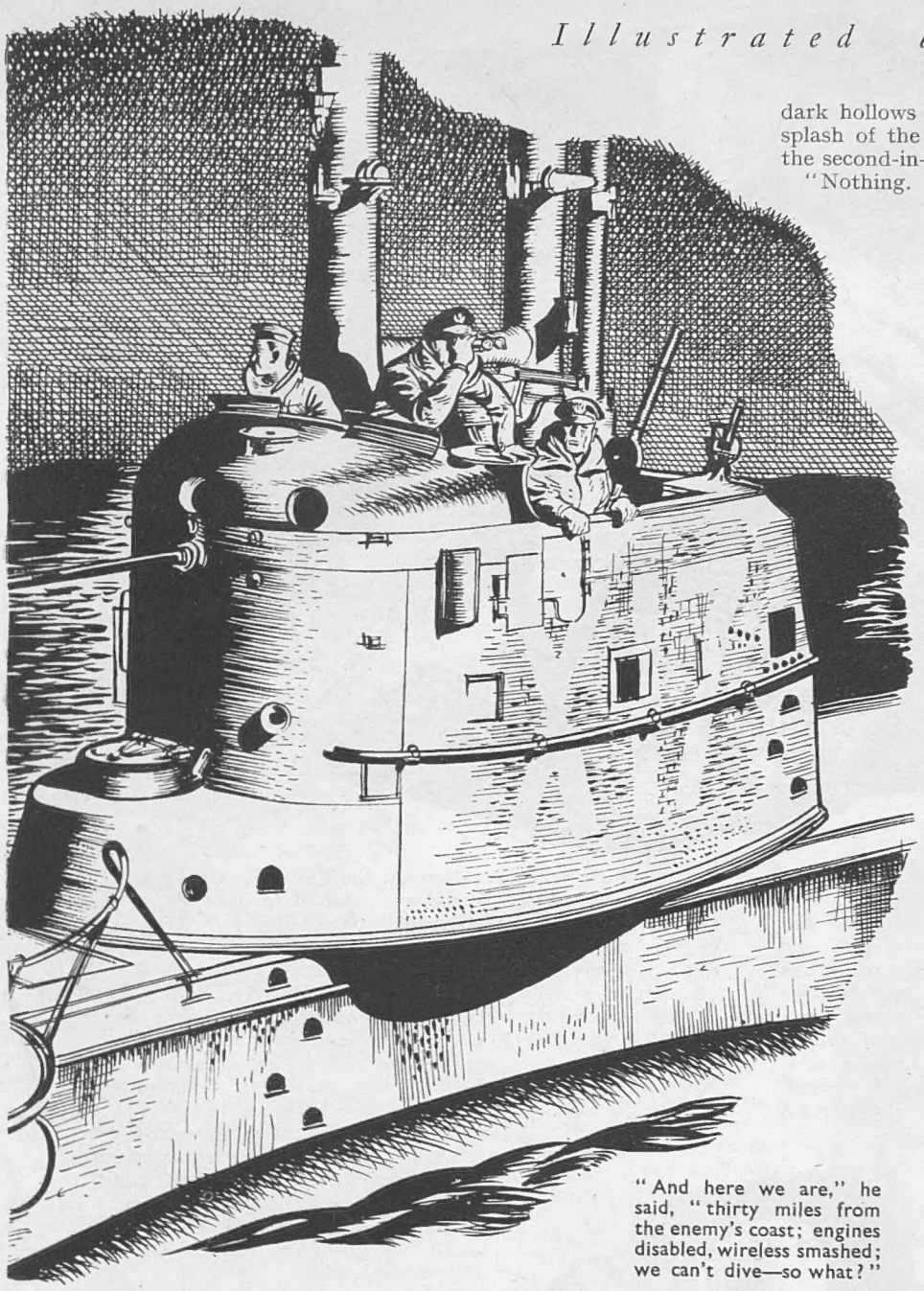
There was only one chance for them, a fighting chance. It was to blow the boat to the surface and to tackle whatever they found there, with the gun. The boat could never dive again. It would just be a fight to a finish.

He conferred with his second-in-command who lay gasping beside him: they talked in exhausted whispers. They planned every detail, uncertain whether enough pressure remained in the leaking compressed-air system to blow the water out of the ballast tanks.

"Still, it's our only hope," said the captain, rising unsteadily to his feet. "There may be only a trawler left to watch the spot or there may be a flotilla of destroyers. There hasn't been a sound of a propeller for an hour. Anyhow, it'll be a damn good scrap."

They opened up the magazine and manned the torpedo tubes;

Illustrated by Jack Matthew



"And here we are," he said, "thirty miles from the enemy's coast; engines disabled, wireless smashed; we can't dive—so what?"

they loaded the rifles and revolvers and distributed them among the crew and then the gong jarred the warning "Action!"

Simultaneously came the order: "Blow all main ballast tanks!"

There was a loud hissing. The bows lurched steeply and levelled again. The captain at the eyepiece of the periscope tugged unavailingly at the handles. "Up periscope," he shouted. The periscope shaft remained immovable. Nothing was visible in the lenses. "Smashed!" he muttered and turned his head to look at the depth gauges.

"Smashed!" murmured the second-in-command. "But I think we're on the surface. She doesn't answer to the hydroplanes, but she's rolling."

"Well then, stand by!" The captain climbed the rungs in the conning tower and eased the hatch open a fraction. In the rush of escaping air he floated for an appreciable time without support. Gradually the pressure lessened. Gripping his revolver he flung open the hatch and climbed out on to the conning-tower platform, gulping the fresh salt air into his lungs.

Simultaneously the gun hatch opened and the gun's crew came scrambling up. There was a thud as a round was rammed home: the breech block slammed to with a sharp metallic clang.

With his pulses hammering against his ear drums the captain searched the night through his binoculars. There was a young moon overhead alternately revealed and obscured by scudding clouds. Through the lenses of the night glasses nothing was visible except the pale gleams of the wave crests in the moonlight and the inky dark hollows beneath them. There was no sound except the splash of the waves breaking against the hull. At his elbow the second-in-command gave a sudden gruff laugh.

"Nothing. Abso-bally-lutely nothing!"

From the reaction of that moment the captain's mind travelled swiftly to fresh considerations.

"And here we are," he said, "thirty miles from the enemy's coast; engines disabled, wireless smashed; we can't dive—so what?"

"Roll on the dawn," replied the other grimly, in the meantime slipping his revolver into its holster.

"Keep a look-out while I go down and see how bad things are."

He reappeared in a quarter of an hour.

"They're bad, but they might be worse. The chief says he wants six hours and he thinks he can get a kick out of the propellers on the motors. Sparks says he ought to be able to jack up some sort of aerial by then and get his box of tricks working. Then we'll chance it and call for help. They're doing what they can to stop the worst leaks. She's had the most almighty hammering a boat has lived through since submarines were invented. Go down and whack out a double tot of rum all round. Keep their hearts up—not that they need it, bless 'em, and tell 'em we'll pull through."

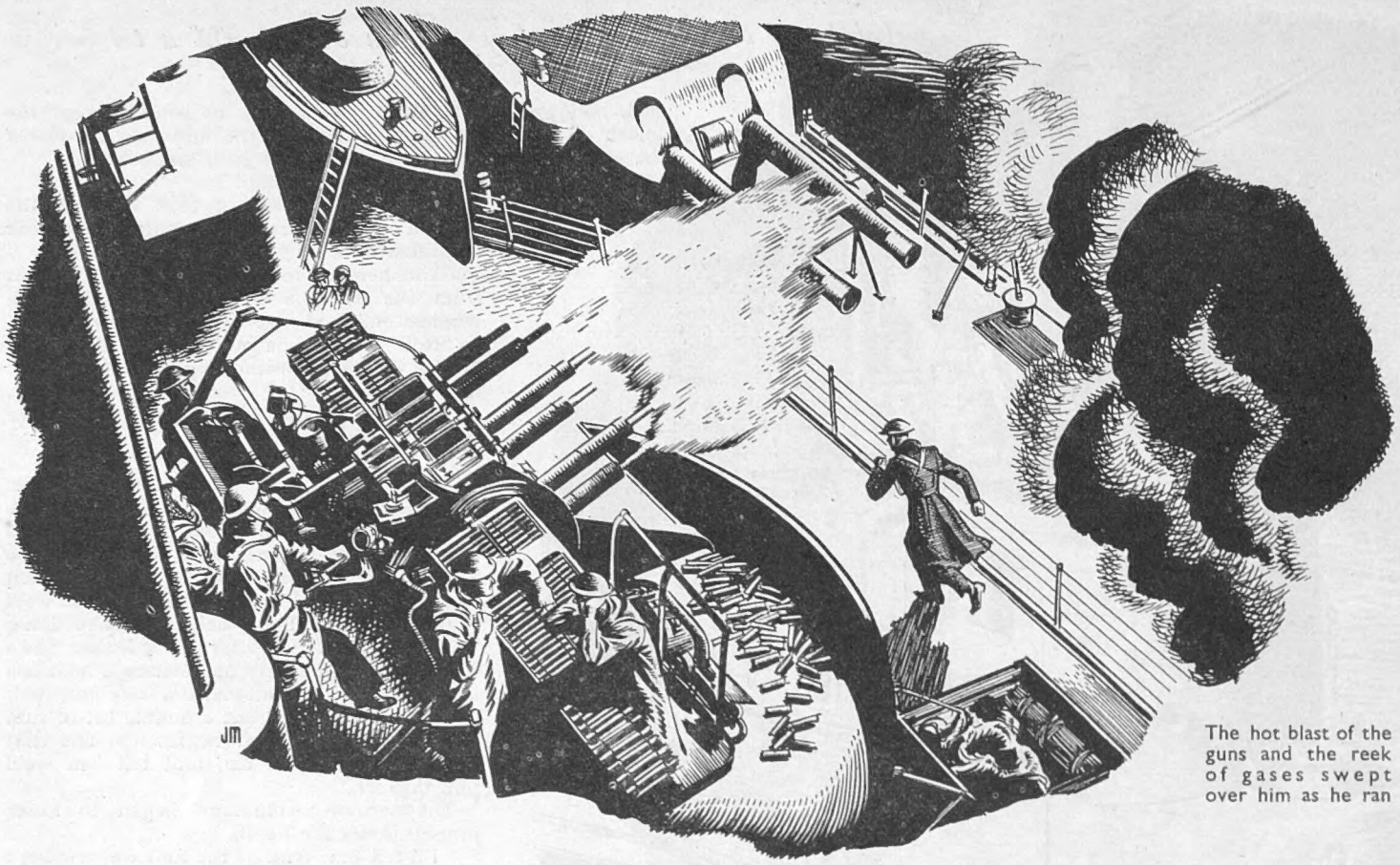
The second-in-command began to lower himself down the hatch.

"I'll tell 'em. And by the time we've spliced the main brace we'll believe it!" His abrupt laugh echoed up the shaft of the conning tower, undismayed.

YOUNG Forsyth had allowed his mind to wander from the lecture which the navigating commander was delivering in the school place of the battleship anchored abeam of the flagship. He was wondering what his elder brother, who was a lieutenant, was doing at that moment. He had had a letter from him about a fortnight ago. He was back from patrol then and he had been to a dance ashore. He said he had met a girl there who was a peach. She was a "Wren." He thought it was a pity there were not more girls like her.

Young Forsyth wondered what this girl was like—the first one his brother had ever mentioned. He adored his brother and was

The chief yeoman had scribbled the Skua's message on a signal pad and handed it to the captain



The hot blast of the guns and the reek of gases swept over him as he ran

secretly a little jealous of this unknown female who had obtruded herself into one of his brother's rare letters. Wondering about her gave him no satisfaction. He became attentive to the lecture again.

"The introduction of the aerial weapon into sea warfare has not vitally affected the principles of sea power. New weapons modify tactics but do not cause any considerable modification in strategy. At the beginning of the war every German merchant ship was ordered to seek sanctuary in a neutral harbour or if confronted with the liability to be captured, to scuttle herself. The Nazi mercantile flag vanished from the high seas before a shot had been fired, because somewhere there existed this fleet—the British fleet, with a preponderance of capital ships over the German fleet."

The navigating commander paused, glanced at his audience and decided they had had enough.

"This is a good example of what is called sea power; and the capital ship—the battleship and battle cruiser—is, in the last resort, the ultimate factor in sea power."

There was a knock at the door and a signalman entered, carrying a signal pad which he handed to the navigating commander.

The latter read it and handed it back. Then he smiled and gathered together his papers.

"'Raise steam for full speed with all dispatch,'" he said. "We're at two hours' notice, so I think we'll adjourn the meeting."

YOUNG Forsyth held the proud position of being the captain's aide-de-camp or "doggie," as was the common expression. He stood on the upper bridge with his telescope under his arm, feeling rather pleased with himself. He liked being up there when the fleet was at sea. It gave him a feeling of immense superiority over the other midshipmen. Those few square yards of planking held the most important people in the ship: the captain and the navigating commander, and officer of the watch and the midshipman of the watch (who hardly counted because he merely stood with the station keeper glued to his eye watching the next ahead in the line), the chief yeoman of signals and himself. There was a secret feud between himself and the chief yeoman. Young Forsyth had once seen a hoist of flags leave the flagship's signal deck before the chief yeoman did. He was able to shout "Up answer!" before the chief yeoman, who never forgave him. They ignored each other, coldly.

From the lofty vantage of the upper bridge young Forsyth looked across the North Sea, zinc-grey and scalloped with ruffles of white. Spatters of spray rose on either side of the bows and fell like driving rain over the immense superimposed turrets. This and the faint vibration of the bridge structure and the drone of the wind were the only reminders that they were travelling at over twenty knots. From that height the sea gave no indication that they were moving at all, except for the ponderous scend and dip of the forecastle, rhythmic and imperceptible.

He gasped: "Tell Harry it was us"

A few faint feathers of smoke on the horizon betrayed the cruiser line flung out ahead of their advance. A flotilla of destroyers driving through the steep seas in a broad-arrow formation linked them with the cruisers. On either flank of the fleet the screening destroyers were zig-zagging. Young Forsyth watched them admiringly, as they drove their long knife bows through clouds of spray. They looked stark and grim and desperately efficient. When he was promoted he hoped he'd be sent to a destroyer. Whatever the navigator might say about battleships being the ultimate factor in sea power it was more fun in a destroyer. They were always at sea: there was always a chance of bagging a submarine. . . .

The aircraft carrier astern had flown off a reconnaissance flight of Skuas earlier in the morning. They suddenly appeared out of a bank of cloud flying high like a gaggle of geese. The leader blinked a curt message in code with his morse lamp and they swung away on another sweep. The chief yeoman was thumbing the pages of the code book. Perhaps the message when he read it to the captain would give some indication of why they were at sea. Nobody but the captain and the navigator knew: there had been a cipher message from the flagship (*Continued on page* 58)

Third Winter

Some Comments on the Ways of Life—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

By Negley Farson

THIS article is about taboos and principles—and the mess we usually let ourselves in for by failing to define abstract terms. Example: As I was leaving for his country at the outbreak of this war a wealthy Norwegian who (by representing American firms in Europe) had amassed a considerable fortune in Norway, declared to me that he would not return to live there now: "Because all the Scandinavian countries have Labour Governments. And I hate the Norwegian Reds more than I fear the German Nazis." The Germans now have his bank balance and country estate; and he won't get them back until we, probably given more help than we deserve by the Russians, beat the Nazis to their graves. His line of thinking, be it noted, is the chief reason for all Quislings.

Many Americans on this side of the water are shocked to hear from home that some of their best and most respected friends are now sitting on the platform with Colonel Lindbergh, heading America First activities. Why? What could have happened to them? Roosevelt, of course. Few English people realise the venom in American politics, the absolute hatred which a certain type of well-to-do American feels towards Roosevelt's New Deal, increased taxation, his liberal labour reforms. They hate Roosevelt so that they hate everything he stands for—even all-in aid to Britain—or a stiff attitude towards Japan. They fear American Labour more than they fear any Nazi domination.

Negley Farson, the Anglo-American journalist and a former President of the Association of American Correspondents in London, has toured the world as foreign representative for American papers

There is not one American in—I was going to say a million—who has ever read the American Constitution. Yet several million of them voted against Roosevelt because Republican politicians told them he was infringing it. In the United States—before Roosevelt—few Americans could tell you why they were Republicans or Democrats—or what was the difference between these two Parties—yet they were quite prepared to stuff the ballot and use blackjacks at the polls to prevent the other side from getting in. And we are having the devil of a time here to define Democracy—particularly as to what it would mean in a future world—except in the negative sense; to say it isn't Hitler's New Order.

What guilty conscience had to wait for the pressure of this war to make it propose these latent reforms?

Better pay and treatment for the British Merchant Navy—previously one of the worst-paid marine services in the world.

Diplomatic career to be thrown open to anyone—regardless of birth, money or rank.

Opportunity to be extended to all alike for a free and equal education.

Hospitals and full medical service to be maintained by the State—open to anyone.

Slums must be razed to the ground in rebuilding England.

The articled-pupil system must be abolished for such careers as chartered accountants, solicitors, etc.—as it is now in Scotland.

Farm labourers must be given an equal dignity and scale of life with their industrial brothers.

Farming life must be brought back to England—in spite of London City's huge investments in agricultural countries abroad.

Some of these reforms have happened, some are happening; and some will never happen—if Vested Interests can prevent it.

The Devil is sick now—but he will get his health back, almost instantly, the minute this war is over. It's wonderful, appalling, how the Old Gang comes back. And as for principles—well, here are a few hackneyed American ones, taken from Stuart Chase's book, "The Tyranny of Words"—

Democracy is the best form of government.

Governments are by nature corrupt and inefficient.

A worthy man can always get a job.

Pecuniary thrift is a sterling virtue.

Laziness is a vice.

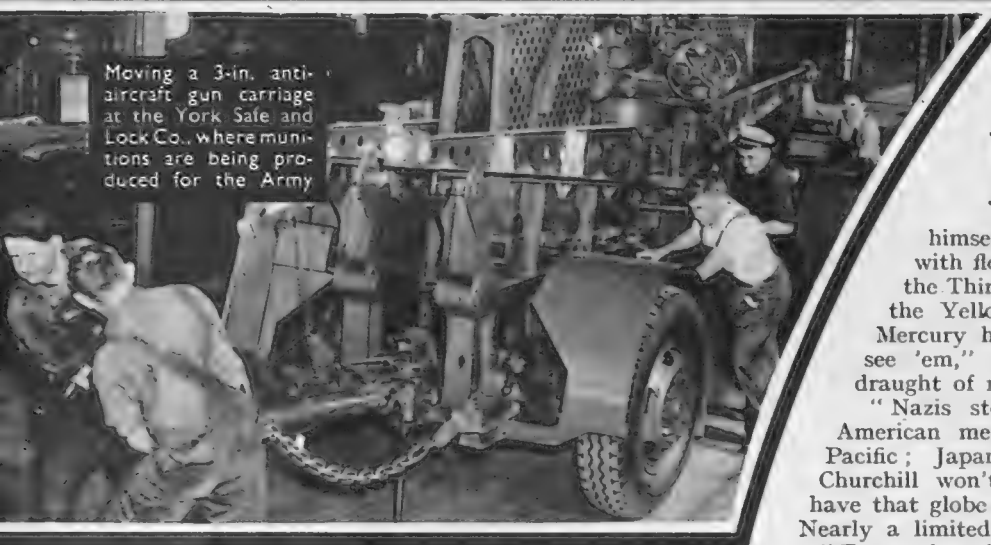
The Constitution is a divinely inspired document.

Private property is a sacred thing.

You can't change human nature.

Some of these are not altogether unheard on this side of the water—particularly the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and the last two. And "private property is a sacred thing" has been so much the secret motto of successive Governments, even up to the last National Government, that it blocked all projects to relieve unemployment, such as Lloyd George's proposals for Public Works. It was Roosevelt's ruthless brushing this aside that earned (*Continued on p. 51*)

Ships in course of construction at the Seattle-Tacoma Shipbuilding Corporation Yards for the U.S. Maritime Commission



Moving a 3-in. anti-aircraft gun carriage at the York Safe and Lock Co., where munitions are being produced for the Army

Thousands of stocks for the Garand semi-automatic rifle at the Springfield Armoury

Assembling tanks at the Berwick, Pa., plant of the American Car and Foundry Co. These are light combat tanks

Mars'

MARS grunted, and a blizzard momentarily blinded 3,000,000 soldiers on the northern half of the 2000-mile Russian front. His five-inch armour clanked as he heaved himself up in his field four-poster, and an earthquake, with floods, engulfed some thousands of yellow warriors on the Third of the Six War Areas stretching across China from the Yellow River to the upper end of the Burma Road. Mercury had winged in with the latest dispatches. "Let 's see 'em," rumbled the war god, refreshing himself with a draught of molten lead laced with cordite.

"Nazis stopped in front of the Urals and the Caucasus. American merchant ships armed. Tension rapidly growing in Pacific; Japanese combing their C-3's for second-line troops. Churchill won't deal with Hitler. . . . Fine, fine! Soon we 'll have that globe girdled with war. It looked bad early on, though. Nearly a limited conflict, quickly over."

"Economists down there forecast," remarked Mercury, "that by the end of 1942 a fourth of all the 60,000,000 American workers, and a fourth of all American industry, will be working for the Government on the defence programme."

"Defence?" growled Mars. "Don't use that word. Defence programmes, defence policies, defence Ministers! Soon they 'll be calling generals 'defence commanders,' and saying: 'Our defence troops waged a successful defensive to-day, advancing 100 miles, and wiping out the aggressor troops.' Bah! Say 'WAR,' and have done with it."

"On their war programme," resumed Mercury, "the Americans are trying to spend a hundred billion dollars in two years, instead of half as much in five years. The British are conscripting their women into the thirties for the war factories, and putting girls on to range for the anti-aircraft guns."

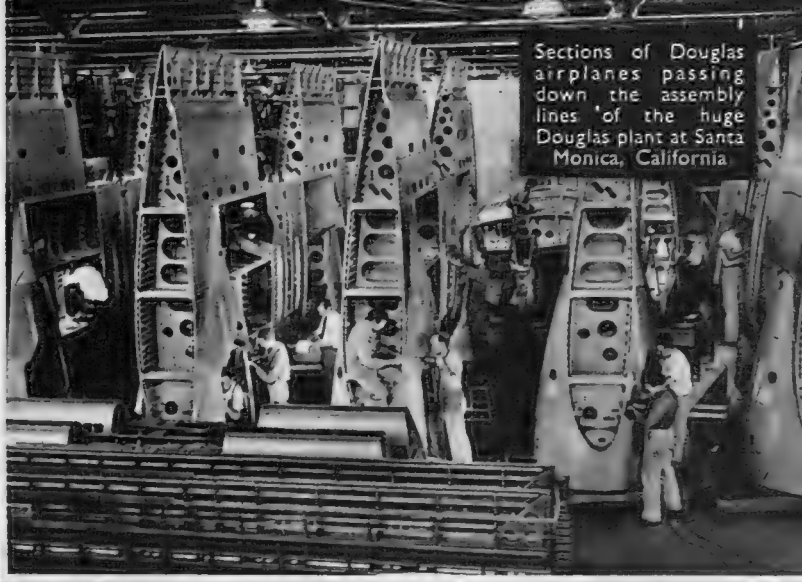
"Why, that 's magnificent!" boomed Mars. "The wars of Hannibal and Genghis Khan, Attila and Napoleon, were squabbles beside this one. The first World War was just a muddled melée. This war is my masterpiece. Before these men are through, they 'll find I 've given them the biggest job they 've ever undertaken! There 's nothing in human history to compare to it."

AMONG all the notes of interrogation that hang their thunder heads over the second World War, Mars' claim at least can be conceded. Man has set himself his biggest-ever job. It bursts out of such conventional word-fences as "stupendous" and "colossal." Its size and scope are almost beyond imagining. Comparisons with the last war have already become almost meaningless. All that is clear is that slowly, but massively, and with a quickening tempo, the whole productive power of our modern machine civilisation—all the forces of government, finance, labour, science and enterprise—is being mobilised behind war and war production. In the totalitarian States this mass mobilisation already exists.

The Nazi tide, rolling over the European continent and crashing into the Russian flank, has engulfed around 400,000,000 people. All the resources of that continent have been turned inwards, and canalised to fuel the monstrous Nazi war power-house. Eleven

By C. Patrick

The first unit of the Boeing Aircraft Company's new bomber plant in Wichita, Kansas



Sections of Douglas airplanes passing down the assembly lines of the huge Douglas plant at Santa Monica, California

Biggest Job

The United States' machine capacity enables it to produce normally half of all the goods manufactured in the World. Is now increasing its capacity by adding 3400 new plants, costing £1,000,000,000, just for War production

Howitzers of 75 mm. being made in the motor department of General Electric's plant at Erie

million men have been absorbed into the German armies, half for fighting and the rest for supply, police and garrison work. The German women, and an international army of four or five million serfs from Norway, France, Serbia, Croatia, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Moravia and Bohemia, replace the German men, toiling in the mines and on the roads, on farms and in factories. But also sweating in German war production are workers in the Spanish copper-sulphur mines and the Swedish iron-ore mines, lumbermen in Switzerland, Hungary and Finland, oilfield men in Rumania. The Bulgarian farmers, whose fat cattle are taken to feed Hitler's eastern horde, work for the German war machine, and so do those French vintners whose grape-juice is shipped off in rail tanks for conversion into power alcohol.

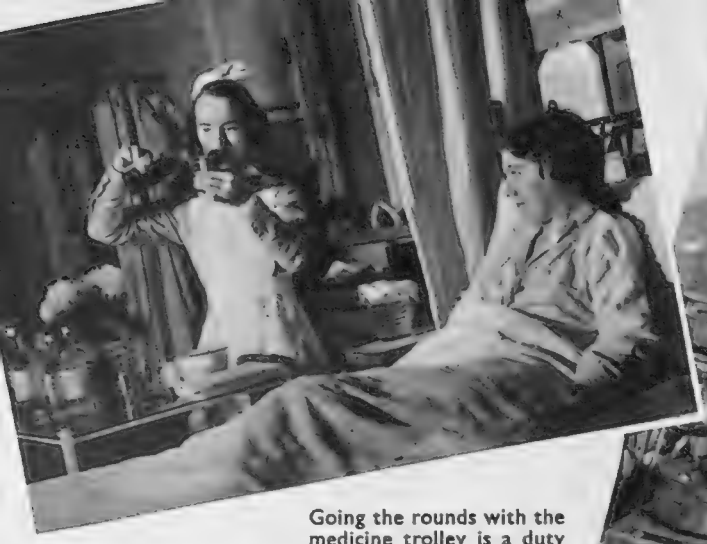
There is virtually no organised life in Russia that is not helping to sustain the Red Armies of the West, South and Far East. As the Soviet men retire from the western provinces and the Ukraine, carrying their machines with them, production accelerates in the three great industrial "defence lines" beyond the Urals. The first lies in the Urals, 1200 miles east of Moscow, grouped around the great modern industrial cities of Perm, Sverdlovsk, Chelyabinsk, Ufa, Magnitogorsk and Orenburg, which spell oil, metals, minerals, chemicals, iron and steel, textiles, engineering, machines and tools, tractors, motors, guns, locomotives. Another 1000 miles east sprawl the great mineral fields of West Siberia, inexhaustible deposits of ores and coal, and the industrial cities of Novosibirsk and Tomsk, duplicating the activities of the Ural group. Finally, 2000 miles south-east of Moscow, in Turkestan, flanking the northern frontiers of China and Afghanistan, are grouped the heavy-engineering, aircraft, rolling-stock, motor and machine plants which have sprung up in the made-over Asiatic cities, whose histories go back 2000 years, feeding on surrounding deposits of coal, oil, iron, molybdenum, tin, lead, zinc and copper.

Shells on the conveyer to the filling shop at the new $30,000,000 Elwood Ordnance plant at Joliet, which began operations last year

South and east, the yellow men strain to keep 5,000,000 soldiers in the field, in the fifth year of a war sprawled across China, from the Yellow River to the upper end of the Burma Road. Chiang Kai-Shek's industries produce only 3000 tons of steel a year, and he has no motor factories and few machines. But innumerable human hands replace the metal robots of the industrial States. The backs and legs of a thousand coolies perform the task of a couple of motor trucks, and along the 1400-mile Burma Road, China's life-line, flow the supplies which keep 300 divisions in being. A quarter-million Chinese peasants scratched that military road out with (*Continued on page 66*)

More tanks on the assembly line in the American Car and Foundry Co. plant at Berwick, Pa.

Thompson



Going the rounds with the medicine trolley is a duty assigned to a student nurse

(Left) A student nurse on "theatre duty." Her job is to assemble all sterilised instruments ready for the surgeon's use

(Below) In the dark room, a radiographer takes a look at an X-ray plate

(In oval) One of the treatments which massage students learn to administer is that for "postural drainage," efficacious for patients suffering from certain lung conditions

The Hospitals Carry On

By *Margaret Stevens*

SINCE the war began, 486 hospitals throughout the country have been the target of enemy bombs, causing damage amounting to over £20,000,000. St. Thomas's Hospital alone—the famous voluntary hospital at which Florence Nightingale founded the first training school for nurses in 1860—has suffered damage to the extent of £1,000,000.

In spite of this, the hospitals carry on. Many have removed their patients from the danger areas to safer districts outside London, but the parent hospitals remain ready to give skilled care and treatment to sick and injured.

Glowing tributes have been paid to the heroism of doctors and nurses under fire—but perhaps the most conclusive evidence of their selfless bravery is revealed in the fact that of thirty-two George Medals awarded to women in this war, thirteen have gone to hospital nurses, and a number have received other awards.

We have the right men and women in our hospitals—but we need more of them. Especially is this the case with nurses. Although there are at present about 20,000 nurses staffing the hospitals which form the Emergency Medical Service of the capital, many more are vitally needed.

There are training schools for nurses approved by the General Nursing Council, attached to many of the big voluntary hospitals. Here girls between the ages of eighteen and thirty (in some cases over this age, if otherwise suitable) who have reached a satisfactory standard of general education and are accepted for training, become "student nurses," and are admitted into the absorbing world that has its being inside hospital walls.

Girls who want to undertake work of vital national importance, and at the same time provide themselves with a peacetime career, are now coming forward to learn something about the life of a nurse in training.

Few people have an accurate idea of what the life of a student nurse is really like: they are apt to imagine it entirely as shown by American films, or as pictured by people whose memories of hospital conditions date from thirty to forty years ago.

The student nurse of to-day is recognised as an important and essential member of the hospital staff. From her first days in the hospital, she will be given definite nursing duties. Her work, which calls for the intelligent co-operation of an active mind and an able body, may sometimes be exacting, but it is never in danger of becoming monotonous.

During her training—the minimum period for general-hospital nursing takes three years—a student nurse goes on duty in both the surgical and medical wards, and in the children's wards, too. Here she will graduate from undertaking the first simple duties to the sick to important nursing duties. You will see her working in the outpatients' department, and the time will come when (perhaps a little awed) she will be called upon to assist in the operating theatre, where she may watch at work, surgeons who are among the most renowned in the world.

Besides practical work of this kind, student nurses attend lectures designed to teach them many of the things they will need to know later when working in the wards.

Hospital life, however, isn't all work and no play. On off-duty hours, the nurse in training shares the companionship of her colleagues in the recreation rooms, where she can sew or read, get on with her knitting or just sit and chat. When she prefers to do so, she can retire to the privacy of her own room—in most modern hospitals this is a pleasant place, comfortably, as well as practically, furnished.

A group of student nurses at Guy's Hospital enjoy a fireside hour when the day's work is done

Watch nurses at a game of tennis, and you will see that they make full use of the hospital courts—though some, who are lucky enough to be at a hospital where there is a swimming pool, prefer to patronise this, or browse among the books in the (*Continued on page 56*)

"CHANGE clothes with me," he snapped, and the decorations clattered on his tunic as he began to peel it off

The End *of the* Road

Those who Live by the Power of Fear shall surely Die by it

By Anthony Armstrong

HE was stocky, stout and forceful. Cultivating imperiousness, he had only achieved colossal arrogance. He gave the impression of craggy rock reinforced with iron bands—the iron of his own proud and overweening self-assurance.

He sat at a large desk in a large room in a large palace that once had belonged to less powerful but kindlier rulers. From that desk, during the last nineteen years, had gone forth decisions that had altered half Europe, and in so doing had brought misery, imprisonment, pain or death to thousands, till the shadow of fear lay over all free peoples. About none of this did Josef Aldoban bother. He had achieved power. He could make leaders tremble and nations change policies. The myriad men and women whose lives and hopes had been ground under the wheels of his progress were nothing—dust trailing behind a conqueror's chariot.

And now, in the twentieth year of his dictatorship, he had reached his zenith. He knew it intuitively. He was no fool. He was ready for this moment, and long ago determined what he would do. He reached out a pudgy hand and rang a bell. A footman appeared at the door.

"Doctor Anselmo?"

"Is outside, excellency."

The dictator stayed motionless a minute. He had made decisions which had wiped countries from the map, but he had always made them after preparation, with foresight. Now the decision was about himself. Josef Aldoban, the man—and much more important than the fate of nations. Hard blue jowl cupped in soft white hand, he reviewed his plan swiftly and with finality; for he knew that once Doctor Anselmo, his sole confidant in the matter, had come and gone, he would have taken the most momentous step in his life.

But the time was ripe for it. He had always known instinctively the exact psychological moment for any move. At this vital point in their careers other, less clever, dictators, had let their power-lust take charge. They had not realised that though galloping ambition might not yet have reached its highest speed, it had reached the highest at which the rider was still in control and was not clinging desperately to the mane of a runaway. So, grasping wildly at further domination, frenziedly striking down while yet able all possible rivals, they had slipped remorselessly down to their own pit of terror, chaos and death. *Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat*—but Aldoban at any rate was not going to let God first make him mad and then destroy him. He was no half-crazed Hitler or vain-glorious Mussolini. He could beat God. What were a few more power-driven years of struggling to hold what he had got set against a score or so of unworried anonymous life? Yes, he had already decided.

He waved his hand, and a moment later the servant had shown in Doctor Anselmo. The two men were alone.

Anselmo gave a meticulous party salute and came down the long room. The dictator studied him as he approached. Dark, pale-faced, with ascetic features, one of the cleverest surgeons in the country, he was not yet forty. He was an ardent party-member; by conviction obviously, for he had sought no honour or material prizes. Pity more of them weren't like that, Aldoban thought, contemptuously recalling the many grasping jackals who, paid in the right currency of power and loot, were so useful to him. Anselmo, however, was one of a smaller, almost fanatical, clique, who were content to work for the party and for their leader from some inner conviction which was almost a religion.

Josef Aldoban waited till the other had reached the desk before acknowledging the salute. Then he clapped his hands and two hidden guards with automatics drawn, appeared from flanking alcoves and silently left by a side door. The two men were really alone.

A grin broke over the craggy, domineering features. "One of the few occasions," he smiled, "on which I give a secret interview in genuine secrecy. A dictator cannot afford to take risks." The other sat silent. "You know why I sent for you?"

Doctor Anselmo merely bowed.

"You have made all the arrangements I ordered last time?"

"I have the house, a lonely farm in the Cistine Mountains. There is a servant—in reality a trained nurse. . . ."

"Trustworthy?"

"Completely . . . and I have a car at the rendezvous, the inn on the Piedberg Road. I shall be there when you say."

The dictator paused, tapping his fingers on the desk. "And you can do your part?"

The younger man rose and unexpectedly took the other's face in his hands. His sensitive fingers traced lines on the rock-like features, probed efficiently into the muscles controlling the out-thrust jaw and the forcefully pouted lips.

"I can," he announced simply. "The muscles of your face have not relaxed normally for years, you know. You have been making it play a part. The scowl, the firm jaw, even the piercing gaze, all are——" Carried away by professional interest, he had been about to say "fake," but checked himself. "All are easily dealt with," he finished. "One eye will, of course, go," he added as an afterthought.

He saw the fingers on the desk clench momentarily, but their owner merely took the conversation back to an earlier point: "Besides the nurse, who else?"

"Myself only."

"And are *you* trustworthy?"

It was said with a smile, but the instant reply was given almost passionately. "You know that. My family came from your home town, the birthplace of the movement, the starting point of the March. Though a mere boy, I was one of the early party members." A fanatical gleam flashed from the dark eyes. "I owe you a lot—I'm proud of your confidence at this big moment."

There was a pause. "You don't think I ought to—to stay?" It was years since he had asked advice of any one. He did not even then want it, only the flattery of being told he was the saviour and creator of his people, who could not exist without him.

He did not get it.

"You are the dictator: we obey your commands," was the quiet, almost formal response.

The other rose masterfully, blue jowl jutting, thick lips clamped, the well-known scowl of authority knitted down over the domineering stare. "Good. It is settled."

He stared at his visitor a moment. "You will do well out of it," he said, as an afterthought. "I have seen to that."

"I do not care." Again the fanatical gleam, and the dictator wondered for a moment how it was that he, a cynical, power-grabbing opportunist, could have inspired such single-minded devotion among so many of his followers. This man really did not seem to care for material reward, so long as he could serve his god. He threw out his chest further, permitted a faint smile, then waved his hand in dismissal.

"To-morrow night. Six o'clock. At the inn," he jerked out, as though it were some minor appointment, and plunged arrogantly into papers on the desk. The other saluted and retraced the length of the room.

"BUT you will be safe. I swear it—" his one cold evil eye. "Give me

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

THE late afternoon sun gilded the suburban villas round the dictator's private air-field to the west of the capital, as Josef Aldoban, uniformed, hung with decorations, walked briskly across the tarmac. No cheering members of the public were there to see, only a few officials and guards; nevertheless the famous frown and the out-thrust jaw were at their usual work of proclaiming to the world the leader's unalterable resolve, the leader's inflexible purpose, the leader's dominating personality, the presence of Superman Incarnate. Inwardly he was reflecting grimly that he was playing for the last time the role that had so long kept supreme power in his grasp. Was it a role, he asked himself. Had it not become part of him over the years and could he after all slough it at will? His reflections grew grimmer. Anselmo would see to that, Anselmo now waiting far away out there to the east.

"When will you be back, Excellency?" asked an official.

"Before dark," replied Aldoban, wondering what the effect would be if he said "Never!" He chuckled to himself to think of the sudden scramble for power among his followers. What a welter of lesser men grabbing for his mantle! What a bath of blood for the sheep whom they fought among themselves to control!

He paused at his two-seater Lightning. Fast as a flash, painted bright red with the circle-and-fist on the wings, worshipped yet dreaded emblem of the party, his plane was known all over the country. He had years ago abandoned the Hitlerian triumphal motor car drives in a cloud of bodyguards, or the Mussolinian semi-divine appearances on safe, high balconies. He had a better technique. That he could be frequently seen hurtling his own plane dangerously through the air, was one of the things his people admired. "There goes our leader," they would say, as the roaring red streak slashed through the skies, "watching over us." Many prayed to God that he should not have an accident. Many others, simpler-minded, had almost come to identify God

I swear. . . ." She saw the look in time to say my prayers," she muttered

with their leader rushing across the heavens. Still many more cursed deep in their hearts and spat—but furtively, as though the red Lightning had indeed divine vision. Yes, it was good technique. Often, too, not Aldoban but his double was in the plane; for he had not abandoned that particular safeguard. But now he was going to employ Braun for the last time. He put on a heavy coat and climbed into the cockpit. The propeller blades were blurring round. He felt like Elijah going up to heaven to live with God. At least that's what all the fools he had plundered and slaughtered and mastered for so long ought to think—if only they knew.

He gave the signal and without a wave or backward look taxied out of his life of power and conquest. It was characteristic of Josef Aldoban that never once since he had finally set his plan working the previous day had he considered the possibility of changing it.

He brought the red Lightning to the far end of the field, opened up and started back. He did not see the waving figures, did not see the suddenly tilted streets of the capital with the white upturned faces, saying: "There he goes! There goes our leader!" His eyes were fixed on the open sky to the east—and the future.

In a little wood in a lonely part of the countryside a man crouched. He was dressed unobtrusively as a peasant, but wore black glasses and a muffler round his mouth. He had already been there for two hours. Uniquely valuable though he knew his services to be, Braun did not risk offending his master.

After a while came the drone of engines and the awaited speck in the sky. Soon the red plane was bumping over the rough, flat field in front. Braun stayed still, in hiding. He had his orders. The Lightning taxied up and Braun could see the head in the cockpit looking cautiously round.

Then the dictator swung himself out and slipped quickly into the copse. Braun rose stiffly and saluted. The other gave no sign of relief at seeing him, vital part of his plan though he was. He had told Braun to be in this place at this time, dressed in that fashion—and so there he was. He threw down his heavy coat. "Change clothes with me!" he snapped, and the decorations clattered on his tunic as he began to peel it off.

"Very good, Excellency." It was no new order to Braun. As he removed the cap, glasses and muffler, his face was now seen to be almost an exact replica of his master's, even to the piercing quality of the eyes. Only that aura of ruthless power was lacking.

"Everything," commanded the dictator, as the other in his under-garments was reaching as usual for the uniform breeches. Wondering, Braun obeyed, and in a few moments, the two men stood

ANSELMO replied almost casually: "I am proud of that trust"

naked. The same height and build, the only difference then between them was that Aldoban still wore his big signet ring—and even this he now handed over, with the first faint sign of regret he had shown. Barely ten minutes had elapsed from the aircraft's first descent before it was roaring upwards once more. Braun, dressed as Josef Aldoban the dictator, was piloting and under the directions of the nondescript muffled figure in the seat behind had set a course for the town (*Continued on page 71*)

Week-ends *of* Boredom

A VAST army located (the Germans say "locked") in Britain provides a singularly fertile field for the diffusion of boredom, thanks to the long-standing hold exerted by a puri-tyrannical minority of the nation. An A. P. Herbert may cry, "Let Us be Gay!" or a J. B. Priestley demand, "Let the People Sing!"; the cold fact endures that the multitude in and out of uniform is done out of distraction which can be of much value in wartime and never more so than in this war when Hitler openly wields the weapon of boredom as a means of obtaining victory.

Here it is in a nutshell:

"Action by the Lord's Day Observance Society stopped a concert which was to have been given at Nottingham Theatre Royal, and deprived the welfare fund of an anti-aircraft command corps of £400 advance bookings alone. The fund aims to assist the wives and dependants of members of the corps. Cicely Courtneidge, Jack and Claude Hulbert, Clifford Mollison, and Tommy Trinder were to have been among the artists. Lieutenant-General Grove White said: 'The Society threatened a prosecution. There was nothing to do but to call the whole thing off.'"

And what happened as a result? Hundreds of members of the forces and their girls and friends spent that Sunday afternoon kicking their heels round the town until evening permitted some of them to enter stuffy cafés and packed cinemas.

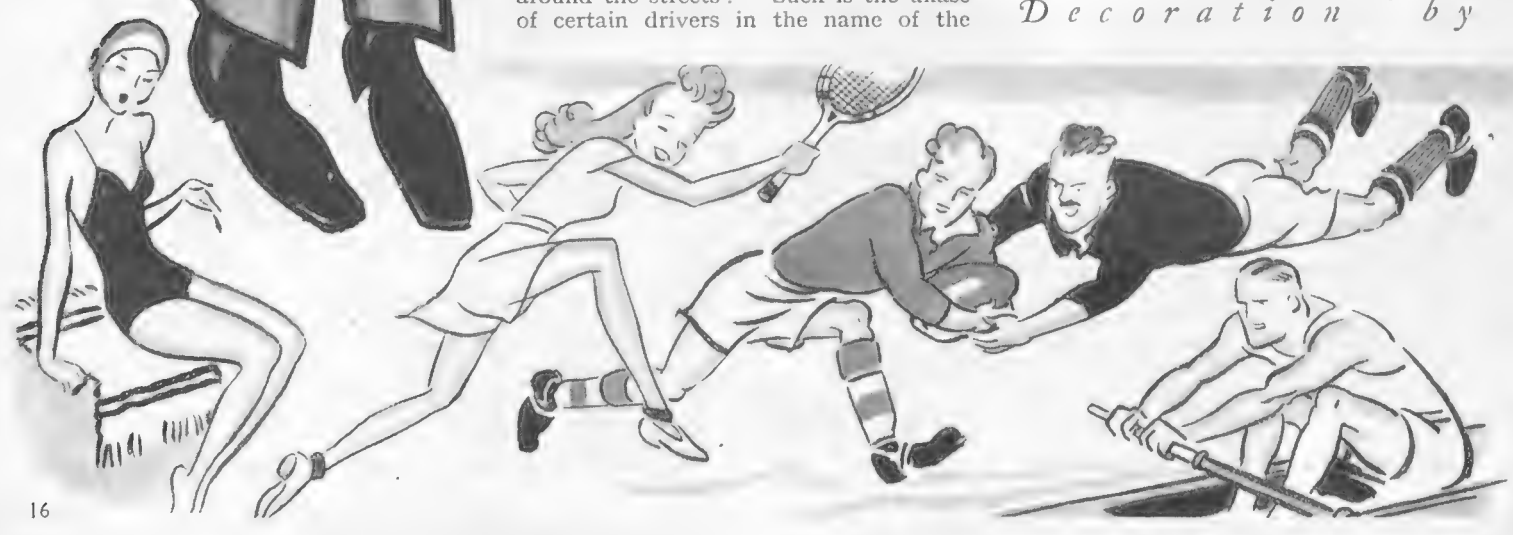
The same thing happens continually all over England, and as for Scotland and Wales, you must spend a week-end in each to credit the nature of the clamp-down on nearly all forms of recreation and amusement. When in the summer they started Sunday cricket for charity in Glasgow, in stepped the kirk. In parts of Wales they object even to the Home Guard training on a Sunday, crying eternal damnation after those who do.

There are others who profit by wartime's abnormality besides the vulgar profiteers in material things. "Either you go to church or stay indoors or kick around the streets!" Such is the ukase of certain drivers in the name of the Deity, who show a nerve in claiming to control the leisure pursuits of the community if figures given by Lord Elton are anything like correct. This peer wants religion taught in the schools on the same compulsory basis as arithmetic, regardless of the fact that while two and two undoubtedly make four, some slight uncertainty still prevails as to what just happens to a human being when his heart stops. However, here are Elton's findings: Proportion of practising Christians in the armed forces, not more than 10 per cent. In the great dormitory centres (i.e., those regions most engaged on war work) "less than 5 per cent of the civilian inhabitants have any sort of contact with any Christian organisation."

Nevertheless, that puritanical minority gets away with it. Mainly through local authorities, watch committees and religious bodies, and sustained by a parliamentary vigilance bloc, it manages to put its bigoted, self-righteous stopper on healthy relaxation. The great majority of the nation wants to be free of the blight, but can't do a thing about it. They are still much as serfs in this matter.

WELL, I suggest 'tis high time fresh bearings were taken on purely military grounds. Whether the war is going to last one, two, or three years more, none can say. But we are warned to expect a long war and in a long war the question of boredom assumes in the forces an increasing importance. This refers particularly to the Army. The Navy is so constantly at sea that it quickens to its few days on shore no matter if ping-pong is barred on the Sabbath. The R.A.F. is in a unique condition of youth and keenness, and it is perpetually in the thick of the fight. But an army of two or three millions enclosed in modest-sized Britain offers a problem which, bear in mind, has never before had to be met. The only possible resemblance, in Boney's day, prompts one to wonder what were the forces in Britain then? Perhaps the equivalent of one army corps of to-day, judging by the total that later fought at Waterloo.

Decoration by



Some Caustic Reflections on that Remarkable Institution the British Sunday

By Ferdinand Tuohy

In the war of 1914-1918 my military duties took me to France, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Salonika and Italy, so I had a fairly good view. But take only France, where eventually the B.E.F. numbered more than 2,000,000 men. A like problem did not arise then. Not only did coming out of the line, to say nothing of escape from battle, invariably bring a kick even if rest billets were sanguinary; there was magical leave in Blighty to look forward to, *and* life behind the lines in France was full of Gallic liberty, yes, and of licence if you like, of mademoiselles and beer and skittles. The troops were able to "relax" in that war and they were, moreover, well enough found in francs. Even when they returned to a dearer Britain, it was a Britain with the lights varyingly up almost to the end, and what a difference that brightness made.

IN 1939-1940 there was never the same spirit behind the lines in France because the "sitzstill" ordained by Hitler generated a new sort of boredom and irritated the locals. We tried to fight things by giving out wads of work and initiating lectures and "the Gracie Fields period."

A year ago, it was our first invasion winter alone; the blitz newcomer kept minds occupied; forces and civilians alike had had a year less of it. This is the first real opportunity Hitler has had of employing the boredom weapon fully against Britain behind her Channel, as he so triumphantly wielded it against France behind her Maginot Line, and whether or not the "sitzstill" in Britain is still on when this appears, there is ample food for thought in what happened to the French that winter two years ago.

The French called those fatal eight months "The Pause," and for the job on hand Hitler held two trumps. He knew he had the French penned in, that they would have to await his pleasure to end the stagnation. And he was sure that his own rigidly disciplined and fanatical armies would be proof against all demoralising influence from standstill concurrently inflicted upon them. His aims were to bore the French soldiery to extinction and to sow unrest in the rank and file; and to get the civilians as much as possible "thinking back to normal," and acting and grousing accordingly. In a record I kept intermittently, this is noted for November 1939: "One effect of *la Pause*, intentional or not, is to deflect their minds to the small things and to keep them busy resenting wartime measures when there's no war visible."

Edgar Spenceley

The French mobilised about the same number of men in the zones of the armies as are currently spread through Britain. Only a small portion sat snugly in the Maginot Line. The immense majority were billeted in a cold and gloomy countryside where they had endless hours on their hands. Their principal releases were abundant food, cards, reading anything in sight, writing home, listening to the radio, and more drink than Frenchmen ever drank before. Civil evacuation made feminine society scarce amid that teeming male multitude and frequent leave became an obsession. Few would play games, while a pale imitation of E.N.S.A. was hardly more of a draw than lectures given by officers, many of whom were mistrusted as Fascists. But the pep stuff in the newspapers and on the air led to incessant argument.

The troops were put to agriculture. They grew restive and derisive. What sort of a war was this anyway—and on fourpence a day plus a shilling extra for each day's "dangerous duty"? And their families? They worried a great deal about their families who wrote with reason how their allowances were wholly inadequate to meet rising prices. The men grew rabid over profiteers and service dodgers. We in France heard and read copiously what a lad the new *poilu* was, but one only had to study faces on the newsreels to see the truth, how Hitler's poison was working. One swelling *cafard* or sullen, when not savage, boredom!

Civilian France was cognisant of this, and sent "comforts" galore to assuage matters, yet it also falsely concluded that the Germans in (*Continued on page* 65)

A Matter *of* Preferment

When a Man's in Love, a Little Deception practised on his Rivals is Justified

By W. E. Johns

FROM a window of the officers' mess, the group captain commanding the Staff College regarded with speculative eyes the arrival of a contingent of W.A.A.F.s under a tall, slim, ash-blonde flight officer. He knew that of the dozen pairs of eyes behind him twelve would be focused on she of the chromium coiffure who, unaware of the ruminating males, marched with mechanical grace ahead of her section towards the reception depot. Turning, he observed that his sub-conscious surmise had not been entirely correct. Only eleven officers were watching the aluminium aphrodite. The other was in the act of sneezing.

Groping in his tunic pocket for his cigarette case the C.O. returned to his chair, the others following with pensive reluctance.

"War or no war," he said heavily, "I still contend that an aerodrome is no place for women."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," remonstrated the adjutant, snatching a glance at himself in the mirror as he passed it.

"You will," returned the group captain grimly. "If, in a choice of stations, I had to choose between Kenya and man-eaters, and Manston with mannequins, I'd go to Africa. There's a weekly order authorising the destruction of lions."

"You speak as though you'd had women on your station before, sir," remarked the adjutant cautiously.

"Only one. That was enough. It was when I was commanding the Hurricane squadron at Beechborne. Admittedly, the trouble was confined to one flight, but while it was on, work was definitely off." The group captain lit a cigarette.

"What happened?" prompted the adjutant. "No doubt it would come into the category of instructive experience."

The C.O. nodded sombrely. "I suppose one could call it that. I'll tell you the story; it should support my contention that platinic females and platonic friendships can't share the same tarmac. When they try, authority weeps, and discipline droops in the dust.

"For the guidance of those of you who don't know Beechborne I had better explain that it is something worse than rural. Of all the dreary, amenity-forsaken backwaters selected by the higher command for an aircraft park, it is easily the most depressing. It comprises a hamlet and one pub, administered by a squire of uncertain temper and a parson of uncertain age. The rectory is near the village; the manor, about a mile away. Excluding the bovine indigènes, in the whole area there is—or was—but one girl, the squire's daughter, by name, Virginia Dell.

"Now, in our judgment of material objects we are guided primarily by comparison, and in the same way that the slightest departure from judicial gravity in a court of law becomes a joke of sufficient magnitude to warrant laughter, so Virginia, among the heavy-hocked brood-mares of the local proletariat, appeared as a star of incomparable brightness. She was, in fact, a very sweet girl, brown eyed, demure, and dainty even in tweeds. But by the same token of comparison even a star can fade for a time if its constellation is visited by a meteor—as we shall see.

"The arrival in this rural retreat of a pack of good-looking young warriors must have been an event of major importance—at any rate, to Virginia who, with a wisdom hardly to be expected, kept them all on the run as the surest way of preserving her name—or perhaps it would be nicer to say her reputation—in a community where gin and jazz are still accounted cardinal sins.

"By the end of a month it was so obvious that A Flight led the field that the others dropped out of the race and amused themselves by betting on the result. Hot favourite was Hammond; he appeared to be money for jam, his father having made a million out of that particular commodity. Added to that he was tall, strong and handsome. When this plum and apple cavalier stepped on the tarmac he was Ben Hur in blue.

"Second favourite was Prince Shemonenski. His parents were old-time Russian aristocracy, so he had blue in his veins as well as on his back. He had been born and educated here, but that hadn't eradicated the Slavonic soulfulness from his eyes and voice. Apart from that, all he had inherited from his father was an overdraft at the bank. As a sideline he was a musical artist of ability.

"The third member of the flight was Jepperson, who had come straight into the service from Oxford, where he had formed the quaint theory that philosophy was a master-key capable of opening all life's little problems. He had brought his books with him, so his room was home from Homer, as you might say. Odds of ten to one were laid against his chance.

"With that passion for affectionate diminutives for which the service is notorious, Hammond, Shemonenski and Jepperson, automatically became Ham, Shem, and Japheth. They were firm friends, having fought beside each other during the heavy going of the previous summer. In the air, inspired by the same motive, they fought as a team; but on the ground, where the choice of action was on a broader scale, they went their separate ways towards the common objective.

"I myself watched this combat between brawn, brain and balalaika, with more

THE arrival of a pack of good-looking young warriors must have been an event of major importance—at any rate, to Virginia, who, with a wisdom hardly to be expected, kept them all on the run

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

than passing interest. Ham had looks and lucre; Shem had romance and sex appeal; Japheth had only pluck and Plato. With such variety from which to choose it seemed certain that Virginia was bound to fall for one of them, but so far there was no indication which it would be. Perhaps the choice made it difficult. She told me, confidentially, that when she was with Ham she was sure she was in love with him. The trouble was, when she was with Shem, she felt the same about him. When she was with Japheth he was so sweet that she couldn't bear to let him down.

"Up to this point, you must understand, the normal routine of the station had been unimpaired. Then, one day, the field was thrown into confusion by a factor which no one could have foreseen. It was so sensational that the original star was eclipsed. What happened was this.

"Early one Sunday morning, Ham, Shem, Japheth and myself were standing by an aircraft that had just been revved up for test, when a rich contralto voice behind us said: 'Excuse me, but have you seen a little white dog?' We all spun round, and there before us stood a girl—and what a girl. I must confess that for a moment I forgot to breathe. It may have been coincidence, but even the engine seemed to drop its note to a purr.

"She was a tall, willowy sylph with liquid violet eyes, and hair that made the polished duralumin fittings of the aircraft look like tarnished tin. I don't know where this chiselling idea of women's features came from, but no metal had ever touched this face; it must have been moulded by a master-magician after reading exotic poetry. She was dressed with that cunning simplicity that is the essence of sartorial craftsmanship and exuded a faint aroma of le Numero Cinq.

"Ham staggered in his tracks. Shem stepped forward like a sleep walker, and if it hadn't been for the presence of mind of his fitter he would have walked straight into the airscrew. Japheth's lips parted in an inane sort of grin.

"'I've lost my little dog,' repeated this heavily gunned piece of skirtcraft. 'He answers to the name of Mr. Parker. If you happen to see him . . .'

"Ham scrambled out of the violet pools in which he had been temporarily bogged, and looked wildly round the aerodrome. Shem set off in another direction calling Mr. Parker in a queer high-pitched voice. Japheth fell into the aircraft and made a swerving cross-wind take-off.

"I introduced myself and escorted our intoxicating visitor to the gate before she could shoot down the rest of the squadron with her ultra-violet armament. She told me her name was Gloria, and that she was staying for a holiday, as a paying guest, at the rectory. I wasted no time looking for Mr. Parker, but made for the bar and braced myself for a spot of bumpy weather. That was the beginning of what might be called the Battle of the Blonde.

"At six o'clock that evening a steady tramp of marching feet took me to my window, when it at once appeared that the station was being evacuated by every one not on duty. I stopped Ham, who was dressed as for ceremonial parade, and

asked him where he was going. With an earnestness that almost took me in he told me that he had just remembered a promise he had made to his mother to attend church regularly. Shem appeared, for the first time with a crease in his slacks. He, too, had gone religious; indeed, he had gone so far as to offer his services to the welfare committee which, I learned subsequently, met at the rectory.

"Remarking an unusual silence in the ante-room, I went over to find that the duty officer and I had it to ourselves. The first aspirant to aluminium honours to return was the met. officer, Angus McWorth. He was fifty, lame, and had a wall eye. He gave us a verbal picture of the church, where there was a record congregation, the locals having turned out under the impression that nothing short of a royal inspection could have mustered such a parade. Ham had managed to get into the rectory pew next to Gloria, a superlative effort which had been achieved by going to the rector in the vestry, before the service, and offering to read the lessons—an accomplishment at which, if with modesty he might say so, he was pretty good.

"Shem, shaken by this brilliant stratagem, by claiming friendship with Ham had managed to get the seat behind Gloria, but finding that from this position his fire was masked by her hat, he joined the choir, which enabled him to bring his optical battery to bear. Such a barrage did he put down that the target was forced to take cover behind her hymn book. No one else was in the picture. An unofficial report whispered that both Ham and Shem had been invited to the rectory for supper.

"I couldn't help wondering what had become of Japheth, but presently a signal reached me from the orderly officer, who had it from the orderly sergeant, who had got it from the corporal of the guard, that he had been seen, under tow, behind a ferocious Sealyham that he addressed as Mr. Parker. A later report, emanating from his rigger, gave it out that he had been seen to get out of his machine, earlier in the day, with the terrier under his arm. I remembered that he had taken off while Ham and Shem were running in circles round the aerodrome, and assumed that he had had the sense to make his reconnaissance by air. The success of the flight was practically substantiated by a rumour from the cookhouse, where he had been seen scrounging pieces of raw meat.

"After church those who had been out-manœuvred in the episcopal dog fight started to drift in, and a comparison of notes produced some puzzling facts. Japheth had been observed heading not towards the church, but due west towards the manor. A short time afterwards Gloria had been seen to leave the rectory in haste, jump into her car, alone, and proceed in the same direction. This was confirmed, and to some extent explained, by an aircraft-hand, who, unnoticed by higher ranks, had been running a solo affair with the telephone girl at the post office. This clandestine *amourette* leapt into the spotlight when, giving way to vanity, he boasted that he was in possession of inside information—which, in fact, was true. In effect, it was this. Japheth had put a call through from the manor to Gloria, telling her that Mr. Parker was there, but as he had a prior engagement he was unable to bring the dog to the rectory. Would she fetch it, but, for personal reasons, say nothing to Ham and Shem.

"I'VE lost my little dog," repeated this heavily gunned piece of skirtcraft. "He answers to the name of Mr. Parker. If you happen to see him . . ."

"From this data it was possible to deduce certain engaging facts, which together offered scope for speculation. Gloria had gone to the manor, where she must have been seen by Virginia. Virginia must have learned that Ham and Shem were at the rectory, and realised that while two of her swains had already been shot down by this ravishing Hebe, the other, Japheth, although he had a valid excuse to join the party, had remained faithful to his tryst. This implied genuine devotion, adoration not to be demolished by a single explosive charge of platinum and violet glamour. At the same time, Ham and Shem had been left to the questionable pleasure of entertaining the parson and his wife. All this must have been organised by Japheth, and it was obviously a subtle move. I said nothing, but I took a fresh bearing on the Japheth-Virginia angle with my drift sight.

"During the next few days work and discipline went to hell. There was only one topic of conversation on the station, and that was the desperate duel that developed between Ham and Shem. Sometimes one appeared to hold the advantage, sometimes the other. Both made the most of the weapons with which fate or fortune had endowed them. Japheth alone remained calm, and from outside the arena watched the titanic struggle with philosophical indifference. I am opposed to interfering with the private affairs of officers, but there may come a time when they threaten public duty, and eventually I had to take a hand. This, so far, was the record

"On Monday morning, Ham, absentmindedly thumbing his gun control, put a burst through the corrugated iron roof of a farm barn, starting a rumour that the country was being invaded by Boche pilots in British aircraft. Three divisions were on the move before the mistake was discovered. See what I mean about blondes and blunders? On Tuesday Shem landed with his wheels up, wiping off the sergeants' bath-house in his bounce. Get the idea? On Wednesday Ham took off down-wind and only (*Continued on page* 54)

Old Tales Re-told

The end of the improvised rope was firmly tied to the central pillar of the window, and Boabdil silently slid down it to freedom

Boabdil El Chico

Whose Horoscope Predicted that he would be the last of the Moorish Kings—and he was

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

When his beautiful wife, Ayxa—surnamed La Horra (The Chaste)—gave birth to a son, something happened which marred the joy of the event and turned the chapter of destiny to the chapter of doom.

THE hopes of the Moorish rulers of Spain were gradually being dispersed, like autumn leaves, before the driving wind of Christianity. For eight centuries the Arabs had kept the golden crescent flying in the sunshine of this most beautiful country. But in those eight centuries the efforts of the Christian Princes of Spain had not abated, and despite occasional losses of ground and periods of seeming peace, the Cross of Christ had gained its hold. Many kingdoms had been recovered, and by the middle of the fifteenth century the dominion of the Moors was confined to the comparatively small but powerful territory of Granada. The last round of the struggle, on which the interest of the entire world was centred, was in process of being fought by that glorious royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, against Muley Aben Hassan.

This period of Spanish history is one continuous record of drama, heroism, chivalry, intrigue, human passions of love and hatred, and noble acts of faith and daring. Going through its pages, one cannot help but recall the visions conceived by the immortal Tasso in his " Jerusalem Delivered," and the epic poems of Ariosto.

In the centre of the last kingdom of the Moors stood the city of Granada, covering two hills, with the River Darro flowing between them. On one of the hills towered that magnificent palace and fortress called the Alhambra. The ravages of time have not entirely destroyed the structure, nor the colour of this masterpiece of Moorish architecture and barbaric splendour. Spacious enough to contain comfortably 40,000 people, the Alhambra was surrounded by huge defensive fortifications; and it was within its walls that Muley Aben Hassan dwelt with his princes, his harem, his slaves and warriors.

Since coming to the throne in 1465 he had obdurately refused to pay the tribute to the Christian King of Spain which his ancestors had regularly done as the price for peace. Muley Aben Hassan did not want peace. To the ambassador who came to collect the money he said that under his ægis his mint produced another kind of metal, and he presented the emissary with a sword of finely-tempered steel. Quick to grasp its meaning, the Spaniard did not insist, but expressed the hope of making good use of it.

Muley Aben Hassan hated the Christians, and his besetting ambition was to regain the rest of Spain. He was a cruel ruler, loved by none, ever ready to enforce his commands by means of the mailed fist. But he was a daring and indomitable warrior, who had sworn to leave to his heirs the heritage of Spain in its entirety.

It was customary for Moorish rulers to consult astrologers about the future of their newly-born children. When the predictions of the experts were told to Muley Aben Hassan on this occasion, he broke into such a fury that he had to be forcibly restrained from murdering them, for they told him that his son would occupy the throne, but that it would mean the end of the Moorish kingdom. After this ominous announcement Muley Aben Hassan lost all interest in his new-born son and, in time, for the mother also.

The Prince was named Mohamet Abdalla, but he became known by the name of Boabdil el Chico—the younger—for there was another Boabdil in the family.

Ayxa was a Moorish woman of strong and exemplary character. Had she been blessed with the right mate, there is small doubt that posterity would have awarded her a halo of glory not inferior to that of her opponent, Isabella of Castile. She brought up her son with much care, instilling him with a deep sense of justice, humanity and dignity, and bore with philosophy the neglect of her husband.

Muley Aben Hassan, a lion on the battlefield, had meanwhile become a submissive slave in the hands of a mere girl, and was unable to concentrate on anything but his passion for her. The girl's name was Fatima. When very young she had been part of some war booty of slaves, brought to the Alhambra. She was actually the daughter of Commander Sancho Ximenes del Solis, who had never been able to redeem her. The girl's beauty was such that all his offers of ransom had been refused. She, too, had a nickname—La Zoroya (the Delight of Dawn). The infatuated Muley had made her his new Sultana, and even allowed her to meddle in affairs of State. She, for her part, intoxicated with her sudden rise to power, had become obsessed with ambitions out of all proportion to her youth.

(Left)
Once inside the palace, the desperadoes embarked upon a merciless slaughter that had no regard for age, rank or sex

At the last moment Morayma, overcome by the anguish of parting and fears for her beloved Boabdil, ran forward and clung to him weeping

She was soon with child. A Prince was born, to be followed in due course by another. After this she began to devote all her energy and power to securing the throne for her own offspring, in spite of the fact that there were already several legitimate candidates for the succession. These unfortunate boys, to whose rights their own father was blinded by his passion, were sacrificed one by one to Fatima's ambition. The slaughter took place at the famous Fountain of the Lions, preserved intact to this day. No one who gazes at that beautiful court of marble, surrounded by its delicate pillars and ornamented with finest oriental arabesques, could ever believe that it had been the scene of such sanguinary deeds.

The field was not yet clear, however, for Boabdil still lived and was growing up to manhood. La Horra, well aware of her rival's power, was continuously on the alert for signs of impending danger. She realised that the faithful affection in which she was held throughout the country as well as at Court was only a flimsy shield so long as the present ruler, her husband, remained in power.

Soon, as she had feared, by order of Muley Aben Hassan she was arrested and confined in the Tower of Comares. Her imprisonment, at first, amounted only to a deprivation of freedom. The Tower of Comares was an enclosure not less magnificent than the rest of the palace, and from its windows the prisoners beheld a wonderful view over the valley below. La Horra had left behind many faithful retainers, who found ways of informing her of current events. She was allowed several personal maids, and these also constituted a link with the outside world. One day a trembling slave informed her that Muley Aben Hassan had been overheard to promise Fatima the immediate execution of Boabdil. In this way, he said, he intended to disprove the prophecy of the astrologers. Through clenched teeth La Horra murmured: "He will *not*!"

Losing no time, she prepared a plan for Boabdil's escape. At first the young man refused to leave his mother, but he was eventually persuaded to obey without further argument. A loyal servant

was to await him on the banks of the Darro with an Arab horse, and he was to ride without stopping till he reached the city of Guadix.

They waited for nightfall, when the palace would be asleep. The servants had been unable to procure a rope, so they divested themselves of their scarves and other apparel that could be knotted together to form a makeshift. When they had made it long enough to reach to the foot of the wall and the rocks beyond, Boabdil bid his courageous mother farewell. Then the end of the improvised rope was firmly tied to the central pillar of the window, and Boabdil silently slid down it to freedom. La Horra, stemming her tears with difficulty, showered blessings on that dark shadow threading its way through the rocks and cactus below. Breathlessly she waited, and when at last the muffled sound of horse-hooves broke the stillness of the night, she fell prone on the marble till the emerald light of approaching dawn flooded the eastern sky.

ABOUT this time Muley Aben Hassan had attempted an attack on the city of Alhama, but had been repulsed with tremendous losses. Returning, he found that the gates of Granada were closed against him. The nobles and the people, weary of his tyranny, had demanded his abdication and the return of his exiled son Boabdil. On being told, Muley Aben Hassan scanned the barred gateway with a vicious glance and remarked: "A little while and this rash flame will burn itself out. They will yet listen to reason." Without dismounting, he turned and rode to the city of Baza, where he knew he could rely on the loyalty of the citizens.

It was not long, however, before his wrath took a bloodthirsty reprisal. One peaceful night, accompanied by 500 of his followers, he scaled the walls of the Alhambra. Once inside, these desperadoes embarked upon a merciless slaughter that had no regard for age, rank or sex. As the inmates were roused by the disturbance and appeared at their doors, they were stricken down to right and left. The murderers presently poured out into the streets to repeat the shambles; but once there, the smallness of their number became apparent and the whole town took up arms against them. Within a short time they were decimated and driven out, Muley Aben Hassan among them. Once again he had miscalculated. . . . He set off now for the city of Malaga, in order to meditate on his next course of action. He was not the type to relinquish a throne without putting up a bitter fight.

All these events paved the way most favourably for the return of Boabdil, who received a hearty welcome from his sorely-tried people. Nothing could be more touching than the reunion between him and his mother, who could now proudly claim to have given him life twice over.

At this stage in Boabdil's career a new element entered into his life. He fell in love. Up till then, despite the harem which he had at his disposal, he had remained heart-free. His meeting with the gentle Morayma, daughter of Ali Atar, fierce Moorish warrior, was a case of love at first sight. They were married, and the depth of their mutual passion gave promise of a life of eternal honeymoon.

The happiness of a king, however, depends upon other factors besides love. Boabdil had before him the task of defending his crown from a ferocious and barbarous rival—his own father.

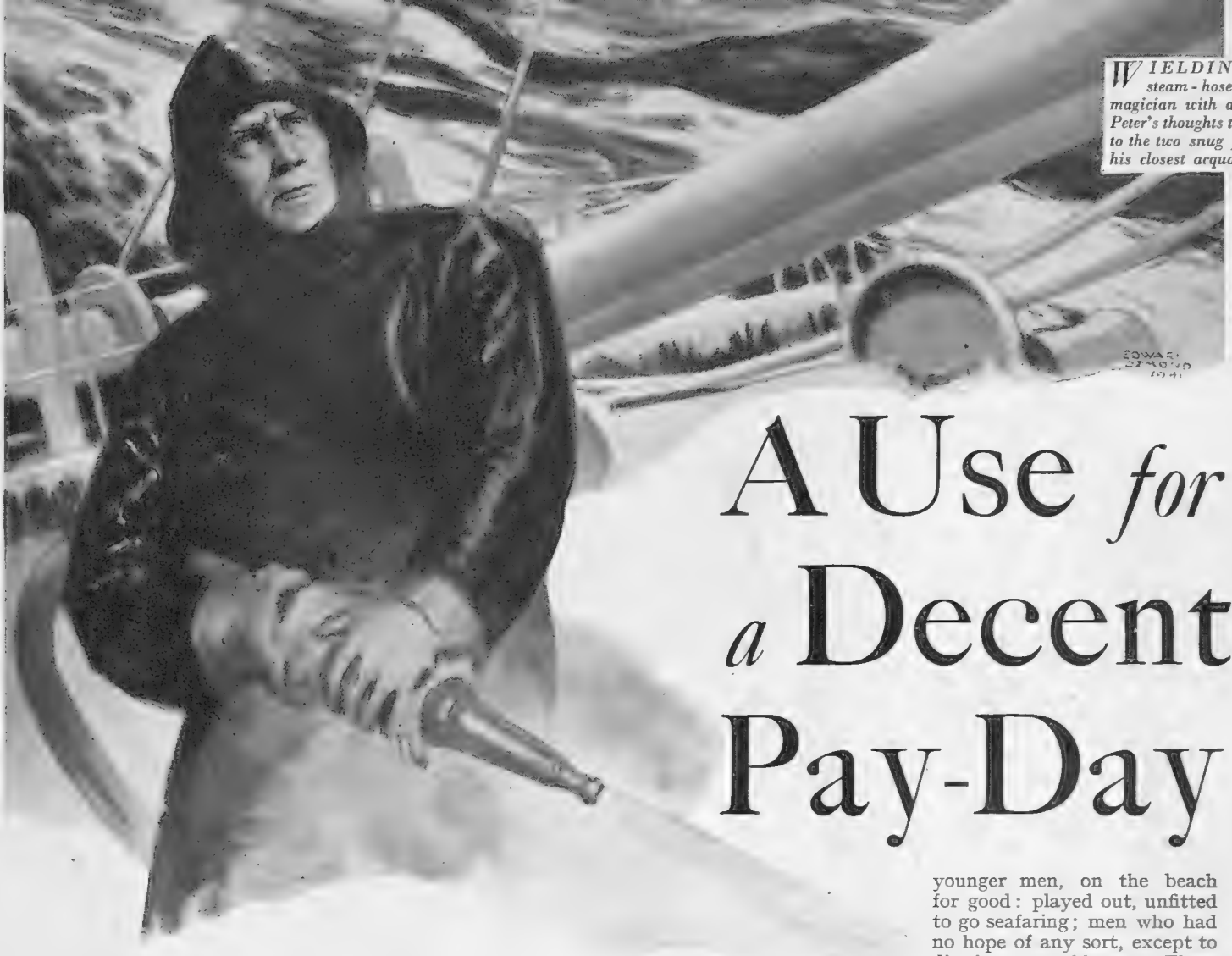
The Moors in general were divided into two factions. Their allegiance could only be won and retained by a leader who advanced their cause against the Christians.

Boabdil was in the very flower of his youth, and though he had often taken part in jousts and tournaments, he had not so far unsheathed his sword in the national cause. This weighed against him somewhat, and there were many who called him a weakling, softened by the caresses of women and the enervating luxury of the Alhambra. This opinion spread wider when news came of Muley Aben Hassan's crushing victory against the Spaniards in the mountains of Malaga. In this engagement the flower of the Spanish nobility had been annihilated; knights and cavaliers had been captured and brought back under the whips of the infidels, together with hundreds of mules loaded with rich booty. In the words of a contemporary historian: "All Andalusia was overwhelmed by a great affliction. There was no drying of the eyes which wept in her."

The striking contrast between the warlike Muley and his peace-loving son turned many minds in favour of the former, who at least was adding to the glory of the Crescent.

When La Horra saw that public opinion was veering round to the man whom she considered no better than a wild beast, she suggested that Boabdil too should give proof of his valour. The old veteran Ali Atar was much taken with the idea, and expressed himself ready to lend the benefit of his experience to Boabdil, who, he guaranteed, would return covered with such glory as to efface completely the feats of arms of his father. (*Continued on page* 52)

El Zagel then turned his sword on the terrified servants, leaving not one alive, and La Horra was taken away in chains



WIELDING the steam-hose like a magician with a wand, Peter's thoughts travelled to the two snug pubs of his closest acquaintance

A Use *for a* Decent Pay-Day

His boyhood Dream—at last a Reality—but the Call of the Sea still held him

By Frank H. Shaw

OFF the raw pitch of Cape Horn—that was when he was galley-swab aboard the *Highflyer*, and she was a nitre clipper that had sailed rings round the best of the five-masted Germans — Peter Proud first dreamed of his pub. Other boys of his age thought about food and girls; but Peter craved stability and snugness. These were in contrast to the state of affairs aboard the *Highflyer*, which was a lively barque enough, and as bare inside as a Cardiff collier's galley.

Peter's dreamed-of pub was the acme of cosy comfort. It had gilt-framed pictures on its walls: snappy ones of ballet-dancers and horses and fighting men. Red plush cushions eased the seats. A fire snapped on the hearth. Lamplight twinkled and seemed to chuckle on serried bottles, as multi-coloured as a dying dolphin, in the racks behind the bar.

"And I'll be my own best customer!" Peter always asserted when he let the immediate shipmate of the hour into his secret fancies.

Each voyage, when he grew to earn a wage, he firmly intended to bank all his payday, as an instalment towards ambition's achievement. Each time at home he failed himself. Maybe, he was hunting to find the ideal pub: but the first he entered usually proved his undoing. There wasn't a man under the red duster who had been shanghaied more frequently than Peter Proud. He was fair game for the crimps, sharks, sailors' robbers of half the world's ports. Too simple: too ready to admit any man into his confidence.

Usually he drew his pay, went for a refresher, talked to this person or that, and—wakened to find himself on the bare boards of an outward-bounder's bunk: stripped to the shirt, and nothing in return for his payday—two years' slavery went to earn each packet—but a headache and a foul taste in his mouth.

So that, on his sixtieth birthday, the pub of his ambitious dreams was still a matter of thin air—"hot air" his ribald shipmates said. There were now no wind-jammers; there were few two-year long voyages; but pay was higher, and quite frequently Peter found himself drawing more actual cash for six months' kid-gloved work—as he patronisingly called steamboating—than two years had brought in the stick and string days.

But on that sixtieth birthday, Peter took a proper tumble to himself. He met younger men, on the beach for good: played out, unfitted to go seafaring; men who had no hope of any sort, except to die in a workhouse. These men came cadging at the shipping office, where the *Hopleigh Head* paid off: they whined for coppers, even.

"Many's the good drink you bought us, Peter," was how they pleaded, as Peter stumbled into the pay-off place. He had drunk a skinful overnight on a crimp's advance. That crimp—a lanky shyster, lounged against the outside wall, near the door, ready to claim repayment. He wasn't permitted to enter the shipping office. But he would buttonhole Peter on exit, and instead of accepting repayment and clewing up good and proper, he would suggest: "No hurry, Shippie—have one on me round the corner."

The crimp waved an unctuous hand. He was better dressed than Peter had ever been in his life: he was smooth, clean-shaved, and wore a new hat.

"Here!" growled Peter, and distributed the few shillings remaining amongst the cadgers. And then, drawing his pay, he had a change of heart. He carried the lot, barring the two pounds due to the crimp, across to the counter where they banked men's pay.

"That's the ticket," said the presiding official. "Do this for the next few years and you'll be a man of property." Peter remembered boyhood's dreams. The mate of the *Hopleigh Head* pocketed his pay, and Captain Hazel said to him: "Get her going, mister—take your leave when she's ready to load."

"Mister," said Peter; "is there any chance of signing on again?" The mate had found Peter a good deckhand: he could handle the *Hopleigh Head* better in a seaway than any man aboard.

"We'll be sailing in five days; it won't give you a lot of time, Proud," he smiled.

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

"I'll be there, sir." The crimp slouched forward as Peter left the building. Peter shoved two notes at him.

"No hurry, only too pleased——" the crimp began. Peter grabbed him by one lapel, and put all the disappointments of forty-five years into a swinging haymaker. Before a policeman could interfere the deadbeat recipients of Peter's bounty hustled the landshark away round the corner, and Peter wiped grazed knuckles on his go-ashore pants.

"He had it coming to him," the policeman admitted. Mr. Gunnel, the mate, came out. "If you like to take on as watchman, Proud," he offered.

Coincidentally, the *Hopleigh Head* paid off again on Peter's sixty-fifth birthday. Captain Gunnel handed over a notable wad of notes.

"Here you are, bosun," he said. "That ought to put you about right, eh?"

"When do we sign-on, sir?" Peter asked.

"This war'll have come before then, bosun, or I'm a Dutchman. Anything might happen. And war's a young man's game."

"I seen one war through, sir." He had, to the tune of four total immersions.

"But I thought you aimed to buy a share in a snug public and settle down; the sea owes you that much."

"Wait a bit, sir." Peter crossed the floor to the banking counter. There was no need to skin off a couple of notes to repay a crimp this time—there hadn't been for five years.

"What might the total be, countin' this packet?" Peter asked.

"Let me see, now. Proud—Peter Proud? Um—er—six hundred and seventy-seven pounds ten—plus some interest—perhaps five-pound ten."

"Ah!" said Peter. He took his receipt. He was sixty-five years old, and had lived each year hard. He'd been round the world round about fifty times, and each voyage had been full of arduous toil. If ever a man deserved the easy things, Peter Proud was the identical man.

And he knew of a pub—not altogether the place of his Cape Horn dreams, but a snug little spot enough: where the owner might be open to an offer; not of outright purchase—six hundred and seventy pounds would not suffice for that—but of a partnership. A working partnership for a still-spry man, who could scrub floors to the whiteness of a hound's tooth, polish brass into the likeness of gold, and do the hundred and one odd jobs always to be found about a place of refreshment.

War—it seemed certain to come—was hard on old merchant seamen. Peter thought of his part immersions; of long, bitter voyages in open boats; of the crash of exploding mines and torpedoes; of shells blaring around his head as he steered a zigzagging ship away from a raider's gunfire. As Captain Gunnel said: war was a young man's job.

"Reckon I'll think it over a bit," Peter decided, and carried his dunnage to the decent room he usually hired during short spells ashore. Once cleaned up, decked out in a shore-going suit that made him look—he felt—like one of the afterguard, he wended his way towards the "Fouled Anchor."

Mrs. Hixham, fat, rosy and smiling, welcomed him warmly. In the snug, where lamplight glowed on rubicund bottles stacked orderly behind the little private bar, she admitted that the work was getting beyond her capacity; and—she cocked an inquiring eye at Peter—if a decent man did feel like buying-in to the extent of a half-share, she wouldn't say no. It was nine o'clock. From the other bar a voice sounded, asking for the news bulletin.

Incredibly, it was the first Peter had ever heard. Few nights at sea but found him soundly asleep at nine p.m., in his all-day-out capacity as boatswain of the *Hopleigh Head*. His room ashore did not achieve the splendour of a receiving set.

"A German onslaught on Poland commenced—" said the announcer, tragically impressive. As the set was inclined to roar a little, Mrs. Hixham softened it.

"If war does come," she sighed, "it'll double the work here, I reckon."

"War's as sure as eggs!" boomed the voice from the other bar. "We're sworn to it, if Poland is attacked."

"I won't say but what an offer of five hundred down wouldn't tempt me," cooed Mrs. Hixham, picking up her knitting. "If your glass is empty, I'll trust you to help yourself."

Peter helped himself modestly to rum and hot water: a kettle sang joyously on the old-fashioned hob. This was something like. A fire, light, what

a man wanted to drink; a genial woman sitting across the hearth, could human heart desire more?

"I won't say but what there's an old pair of Mr. Hixham's slippers somewhere about," said the widow. "After those heavy boots, now——"

The wireless news went on, increasingly grave. By a trick of memory Peter was reminded of a wild, savage night off the Horn, when the sprays froze solid in the rigging as they fell; and men—and boys—had to hack it away before climbing to hand a split fore-topsail. The decks were aswill with murderous brine. The overset ship lurched wildly, burying herself. Fifty good years ago, that was.

"I reckon I'll think it over—serious, mind," said Peter hypocritically, for he knew where next morning would take him. If war came, experienced seamen would be needed more than ever; because this Motherland lived by the sea and the ships upon it.

"I did get an offer," said Mrs. Hixham, "but the gent making it didn't sort of make the same appeal—a boisterous gent, who might drink his profits a bit quick."

"Ah!" said Peter thoughtfully emptying his glass. The fire then flamed up to fetch new sparkles into the serried bottles. There was a happy game of darts proceeding in the public bar: and a deep-voiced man was singing. The barmaid—a comely piece—leaned confidingly over to talk with the gent who had requested the news. That was the picture troubling Peter's mind through a semi-sleepless night in his modest room. But early morning found him at the foot of the *Hopleigh Head's* gangway.

"I'll not deny I'd like to have you," said Mr. Brewis, the present mate. "Things are looking a bit sticky, though, bosun."

"That's why I'm here, sir," said Peter.

"Well, then, in that case, you'd best take on now—this shore-going doesn't know its elbow from breakfast-time."

"I brought my workin' kit, in case," grunted Peter. And when the *Hopleigh Head* left the tidal basin, outward, Peter was in his usual place on the fo'c'sle head, overseeing the anchors and windlass, rousing the hazy crew about; doing four men's work off his own bat.

War had come, with its murky promise of terror unexampled. From his eyrie Peter could see the chimneys of the "Fouled Anchor." A spiral of blue smoke ascended from that chimney—most likely from the snug fire.

The *Hopleigh Head* was torpedoed outside the chops of the Channel, suddenly, murderously. If Peter's war-experience hadn't been available, more lives might have been lost: as it was, the boats were already swung out and provisioned, swiftly as the levin bolt struck. Captain Gunnel had been just starting his time at the end of the last war; to young Mr. Brewis that period of horror was merely an oft-told tale. He was inclined to treat risk in a casual manner; but he was afterwards the first to admit that Peter had done many things he should have done himself.

It was bitter cold, with a hard north-easter blowing. Peter thought, somewhat sourly, that if he'd jumped at the "Fouled Anchor" offer, he'd now be snugly asleep in his bed, with nothing more exacting to anticipate than overseeing the cleaning of the bars next morning.

"Best thing is to rig a sea-anchor, till we see what comes along," said he. "Bless you, this ain't nothink; now, in '15, I remember——"

A questing destroyer picked them up two days later: every man in good heart. Peter's rheumatism (*Continued on page* 60)

THE deep-sea leadline was around Peter's middle, with a blanket padding. He thought his heart was freezing as he dived into a greybearded comber

The Flying Fortress in flight. The wing span of this huge bomber is nearly 104 feet. With its four Wright Cyclone engines it has a top speed of 325 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 270 m.p.h. Range is over 3,000 miles, and it can carry a heavy load of bombs

The pilot, in this case a squadron leader of the R.A.F., at the controls of a Flying Fortress. He is seated well up in the nose of the bomber and has with him a crew of from seven to nine

Giants *with* Wings

America's Flying Fortress—the most formidable weapon ever to roll off the assembly line

By Stanley Jackson

AFTER more than two years of war it is not uninstructive to switch back the sound track and listen to the terrible symphony which has given us alternate shocks and delights since that fateful broadcast by Mr. Chamberlain on September 3, 1939. The overture of peace moves and military preparations had given way to a note of menace. Gallic accents mingled with English voices in London and Paris. An hysterical gabble came over the ether from the land of the swastika. Screams of agony from Warsaw and Rotterdam and Brussels punctuated the relentless thud of goose-stepping conquerors. The quisling's knife struck home in Oslo, Bucharest and Paris. The sardonic voice of Lord Haw-Haw rasped through the microphone. The cry of the jackal sounded from Rome in premature exultation, so soon to be succeeded by the scampering of retreating Italian feet.

A new note sounded in the martial symphony. The roar of Heinkels and Dorniers and the crash of tons of English masonry as German bombs shattered Coventry and Plymouth and the London we knew so well. Then the fiddles scraped and whined and cursed as Spitfires and Hurricanes hurled themselves into the dark shapes which menaced all that we loved and honoured.

To-day we are aware of the bassoon, the trombone and the double bass. The violinists are still fiddling vigorously over Cologne, Mannheim, Essen and Berlin, but the deep voice of the big brasses is filling the air. And one of these great instruments roars a message which is striking terror into every Nazi who hears it. It is the stentorian voice of America's Flying Fortress, the most formidable weapon ever to roll off the assembly line.

The Luftwaffe has nothing comparable to the long-range giants of which we are promised 500 a month. From California and Seattle hundreds of these £50,000 twenty-three-ton giants are rolling from the biggest factories in the world, hot from assembly lines which are never at rest, twenty-four hours a day.

THE two men who made these flying battleships a practical possibility are Donald Douglas and Bill Boeing. Strangely enough, both men attribute their success to accidents which turned out well. Douglas was a recruit at the Naval Academy of Annapolis when he had the misfortune to knock off a visiting admiral's hat with a model aeroplane! He was severely

The Flying Fortress is heavily armed. Here is the air gunner and his rifle-calibre gun—one of five such mounted at various points within the machine. He is wearing oxygen mask and telephonic mouthpiece. (*Right*) This picture gives some idea of the size of the single-tail fin

reprimanded, and one word led to another. He stalked out of Annapolis and took a job with the Glenn Martin aircraft company. Before long he had taken over an old factory and was blue-printing bigger planes than any one else!

Boeing, who has given his name to the famous B 17 Flying Fortress, was a millionaire lumberman before he entered aircraft production. One day he took a joy ride with a friend and crashed. He was so incensed by the mishap, which was due to a machinery defect, that he vowed he would produce second-to-none passenger aircraft. B 17 is twenty-three tons of evidence of how well he has succeeded!

The Fortress staggers you at first sight; the wing span alone occupies one side of a large factory. Before it leaves the factory the Fortress is completely assembled and every part is interchangeable. Its four 1,200 h.p. engines give it a speed of 300 m.p.h. It can travel 3,500 miles and climb to 37,000 feet, an altitude at which "flak" has lost its sting.

Measuring 103 feet from tip to tip, and 68 feet from nose to tail, B 17 weighs no less than 31,150 pounds even without a load! It can carry half its own weight. The fuel load alone is 1,700 gallons, of which some fifty gallons are used merely in warming up for the take-off.

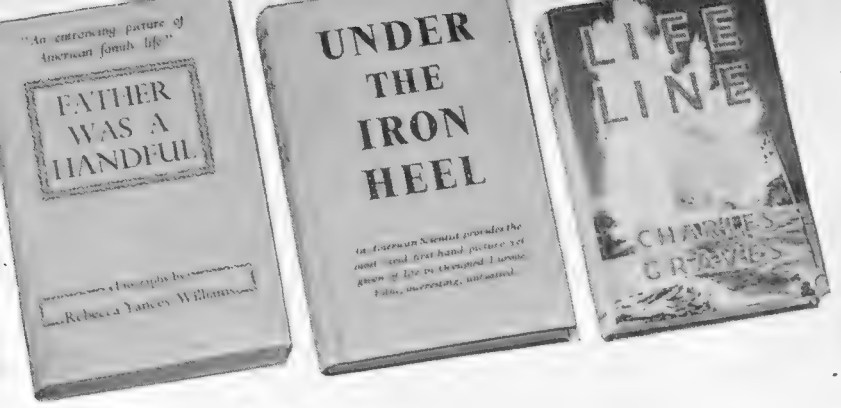
"Despite its massiveness," an American expert assures me, "it is as delicate and precise an instrument as a twenty-one-jewel watch." The crew of eight consists of pilot, co-pilot, bomb operator, navigator, flight engineer, radio operator and two gunners, and they are the cream of the R.A.F. Months of special intensive training are necessary before a man is considered fit to handle this powerful but sensitive giant. The result is a perfectly co-ordinated team of experts.

While the ground staff fuels the monster, and the self-sealing tanks absorb their vital "food," one glimpses a jungle of wires and dials, fresh from the stamp of a gigantic 4,500-ton press. The pilots smile at one's bewilderment and swear that the "Big Boy" is as easy to handle as a baby—a remark you can take in more ways than one, of course!

Several tons of bombs can be loaded into the vast bomb bay. They vary from 100 pounds to 2,000 pounders.

The Nazi Luftwaffe would give much to secure the most jealously guarded secret of wartime aviation—the U.S. Army's bomb sight which ensures accurate bombing from altitudes above four miles. The Americans claim that this amazing bomb sight enables a crew to hit a 50-foot circle from 20,000 feet, a point which will not be lost upon Germany when our R.A.F. starts systematic bombing.

I UNDERSTAND that remarkable precautions are taken to ensure that "evilly disposed persons" shall not learn the secrets of the bomb sight. Doubtless our Air Ministry has taken special measures; in the United States, immediately the Fortress lands, the sight is quickly taken out and removed to safe custody under armed escort. Just before the giant takes off for the transatlantic "hop," the bomb sight goes back. Strict measures are also taken to protect the secrets of the new bomb rack. (*Continued on page* 58)



BOOKS:

Reviewed by Noel Thompson

WHEN the war comes to an end there will be a spate of books about occupied Europe. In the meantime it will be hard to find a better book than "Under the Iron Heel" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.). This deals almost entirely with Belgium both before and after occupation and the most important point is that Lars Moen, the author, does manage to keep such a very fair equilibrium. He is an American who spent the first fifteen months of the war in Antwerp and Brussels. Luckily for him it was not revealed that he had been a newspaper writer, otherwise he might not have been allowed to leave when he did!

He describes the bombing of Antwerp right at the beginning of the German attack, the incredible portrait of the refugees, muddled because no government was there to warn them, and the whole behaviour of the German troops from the older ones which behaved quite well, to the labour battalions who were even attacked by the German older troops because they were so rowdy and ill-behaved.

He describes the terrific hate of England, which he thinks will never die down during the war; exactly what the German soldier thinks, and gives his own theory as to the German invasion of England in September, 1940. He also gives the correct view about Russia, and a complete analysis of the food situation.

Perhaps one of the most interesting angles is the tremendous preparations made by the Germans to prepare for every possible event, anything that will help to win the war, however distant it might be. They even brought cylinders to work the chimes in Antwerp Cathedral because in 1914 to 1918 they had none and this time they were determined to have them there. This is a book to read.

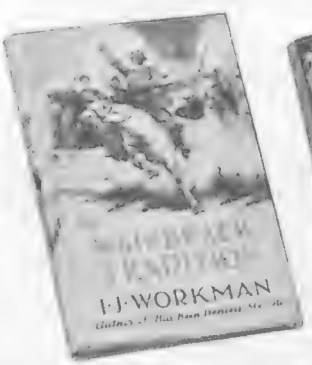
WE get right away from the war in "Father Was a Handful" by Rebecca Yancey Williams (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). This is a tale about a wild but lovable character in Lynchburgh, Virginia. It is not a book concerning which to go in to details because the whole story is based on small happenings, such as the building of a swimming pool, or the stealing of some apples. The hero is district attorney and the family never make their complete appearance in the book but somehow the book keeps on moving, and there is plenty of action. And in the middle suddenly comes in Lady Astore's father, Chilly Langhorne, for a brief visit.

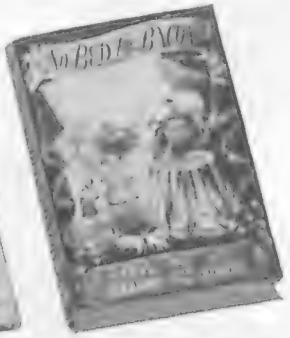
I must make a special note of "Rough Passage" by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.). Because I put this book down as one of the best naval stories—I mean peace time, of course—that I have ever read. I read every word of this book, and I think that I need say no more. It deals with the life of a young middy, a commander and a captain. The incidental colouring to the picture is so good and there is no doubt that that story does get you. And the details and harrowing worry about promotion—well, read it and see. And you'll enjoy the laughter as well.

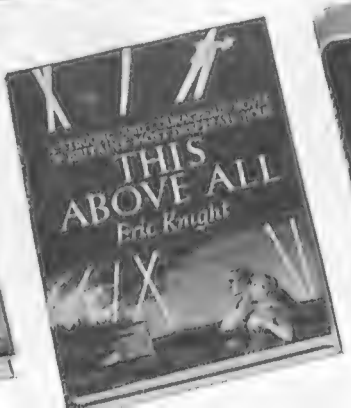
And so back to America again—this time "The Remarkable Andrew." (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) by Dalton Trumbo. This is a book to amuse you, with young Andrew worshipping General Andrew Jackson, who comes back from the worlds of the dead to help him. And he brings with him George Washington, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Jesse James, and Private Henry Smith when they discover that the city council is crooked, and that they have to fight the lot. And so the six ghosts and the one young man go to law and win. It is amusing enough, with the lovely Peggy to keep people interested. Best saying I liked was that of the business man who remarked: "The time to close the stable door is before the Trojan Horse has escaped."

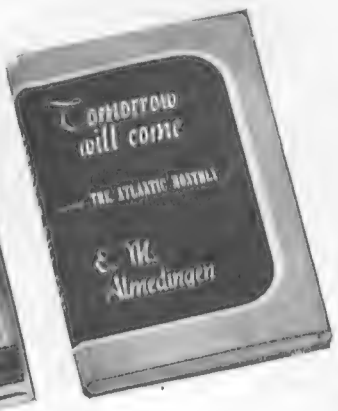
MISS E. M. ALMEDINGEN has won the Atlantic prize for her "Tomorrow Will Come" (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.). This is an autobiography about Russia from the early twentieth century up till 1922, living in Petersburg, Petrograd, or Leningrad. In these days, when at the time of writing, the great attack on Leningrad is proceeding, it is interesting to read of what Petersburg was like then. Miss Almedingen had a terrible time. She was short of food, living alone with her mother, an English woman, and when the revolution came rooms were terribly short and she suffered dreadfully. Earlier the war had brought shortage but nothing to compare with the revolution. Rations gradually were cut more and more, and she had lost over two stone when she finally got away. A good portrait of Russia of thirty years ago.

"This Above All" by Eric Knight (Cassell, 9s. 9d.) is a realist book with great attention to detail, conversation and description. (*Continued on page* 52)









The Little Ships

HOWEVER you look at "Life Line" (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) it is first class reading. Charles Graves has the knack of focusing a story or a section of a story as it were with a spy-glass and leading it up until it gives the impression of being magnified and standing out.

In this book Charles Graves has been given by the Admiralty the chance of studying the small ships of the Navy, the submarines, the corvettes, the torpedo boats, the destroyers, the minesweepers, and he has certainly taken his chance. It is not only a description of their job, but also of their task when they are not actually at work. The picture of the torpedo boats is perhaps the most thrilling, including the statement that King Leopold was standing on a pier in Belgium but refused to leave his country. And then there is the saying by Churchill in June, 1940: "The convoy must go through——" And go through it did, right through the English Channel, and there is a whole chapter to expand it. I must not omit the thrilling story of the evacuation of Boulogne told by an officer in a letter.

On the humorous side there is a glossary of staff phraseology which is really witty, and also a story of a one hundred gallon barrel.

This is the book if you want to read as much about the Navy in wartime as you can in a medium-sized book, and read it well crammed together and well written. I would not be surprised to see this the biggest selling book of the war.

On Duty— and Off

IT is sad when really good shops have to close; and when one of our most famous glove shops had its stock taken over by another firm, it was like seeing an old friend fall on evil days. It seems to me that this particular firm wasted a golden opportunity. Instead of turning over their stock to a Bond Street firm, they should have arranged to export their remaining stock to America. The gloves would have taken up very little shipping space; goodness knows, American dollars are welcome in this country; and American women would have been only too pleased to pay exorbitant prices for the best gloves in the world, particularly of British make. We, on the other hand, have neither the coupons nor the money to spend on this type of luxury.

By Jane Gordon

IF you are in uniform you have no business to be getting chilblains this winter. Nevertheless, the chances are that you will be plagued with these pesty little things because your work, combined with your diet, will tend to produce them more this season than ever before. Any woman who is bothered with chilblains knows from bitter experience that they are likely to appear on her fingers or toes. They are dusky-red, round or oval swellings; and how they can itch! Sometimes a chilblain goes so far as to ulcerate, and then it takes a long time to clear up. If you are inclined to be anæmic, watch out for chilblains. In order to steer clear of chilblains remember the following points:—

1. Wear light but warm underclothes.
2. Avoid tight shoes. The worst offender is the shoe which cramps your toes together.
3. Wear warm stockings, or woolly socks over your stockings.
4. Wash in lukewarm water, avoid hot water or cold water, and be specially careful when you dry your hands and feet. Dry between each toe, and if possible dust with a talc powder afterwards.
5. If your work entails a lot of washing up, try and get a small bottle of olive oil or olive oil substitute. Rub a little into your hands before your work, and again after you have finished work.

On Duty

W.A.A.F. trainees for balloon sites overhauling the engine and winch cable at a school for "Balloon Girls"

A trio of the Women's Services. A Red Cross nurse, a Wren and a St. John nurse

6. A course of Crooke's Halycalcine taken regularly through the winter is a grand protection.
7. Local treatment includes ointments containing menthol salicylate or iodine, or lead lotion.

The open air life in the Services is the best thing out for young women who are inclined to be anæmic. Wartime diet, on the other hand, is not particularly good for anæmia. When the blood-forming organs fail to do their job properly, the result is anæmia. As you probably know, there are two kinds of corpuscles to be found in the blood—the red and the colourless. The bone marrow is the source of the red corpuscles, and these contain hæmoglobin, which consists of two substances. One of them is the oxygen carrier to the blood. Its ability to carry oxygen depends on the (Continued on page 56)

LETTER-WRITING is not a favourite pastime of mine, but there is one letter that I have been wanting to write for months, and this is a letter to all the women I know who are now refugeeing in America. If I ever get round to writing it, it would read something like this:—

"Dear — ,

"Your friends over here often wonder how you are getting on in America. The snows of St. Moritz and Scheidegg, the sunshine of the Riviera and the Côte Basque the new course at Le Touquet, and the Plage Fleuri at Deauville, seem like another life now; and you seem to be separated from us by a far greater distance than three thousand five hundred odd miles of Atlantic Ocean. We hear tell of you every now and then, and of course we can always see pictures of you in what remains of our illustrated weeklies, but somehow or another distance no longer seems to lend enchantment to the view. Here and there we see your husbands. They all have one thing in common. They miss you dreadfully, but they are glad that you are safe and sound and well cared for in the States; and they obviously believe that the friends you left behind you are of a coarser clay than yourselves, and therefore can presumably stand the racket of life here better than you would be able to.

"That is all right by us. We are not blaming you for being there. You know your own business best and doubtless you did the right thing and the hard thing in going. We know, of course, that you are working very hard for Britain. We are invariably reminded of this by the captions which go under the Candid Camera snapshots of you relaxing at smart night clubs or at ease in some fashionable resort. We are more than willing to take your good works as read. What your friends over here would really like to read is a nice chatty personal letter from you every once in a while to cheer them up and keep them in touch with normal life. It irritates us when you pass off the pre-war luxury in which you are living as a mere nothing, and act as if your peaceful surroundings make your anguish for those at home harder to bear. This kind of nonsense makes us long to slap you. We do not resent your having a good time, but we do resent your not sharing it with us. Why can't you make a New Year's resolution to write and tell your friends the things they really want to know? Tell us how the shop windows are dressed along Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue. Tell us who shows the smartest collection of clothes in New York, and whether Parisian models are imported any more, and if so, from which houses. Tell us about the best shows, both musical and straight, and name us the most popular dance tunes. Remember that bright lights, eggs, oranges and lemons, cigarettes and chocolates, and all the frilly things of life that you take (Continued on page 56)

Off Duty

Tortures of self-consciousness are suffered by many a young girl because of some tiny temporary beauty problem. It is no consolation to her that spots and bumps will disappear in time—she has to take her place in the world now. Here are the most prevalent of youth's beauty worries—and their treatments at this age.

Baby Fat Mental energy burns up fat just as physical activity does, so steel your mind to persistent energy. Keep on vitality-giving foods rather than sluggish ones; keep your inner tracts thoroughly cleansed (saline in the morning), and be a live wire. If you have any extra special lumps you should do specialised exercises.

Adolescent Acne Cleanse and keep cleansed the blood and body. Take saline every morning; drink six glasses of water between meals each day. Eat green vegetables, raw cabbage heart salad. Use a good sulphur soap and sulphur ointment at night. Keep all face washers, puffs, etc., washed daily. Don't try disguise, it only spreads the infection.

Greasy Skin Use a medicated soap to scrub the face and cleanse nightly with a special cleansing lotion. Splash with cold water after a warm wash, to excite the circulation. Keep to the diet and health suggestions for acne, seeing that you have perfect elimination every day—and use a wash of witch-hazel and rose water if you can get it from your chemist.

Unruly Hair External application of hot castor oil or vaseline nourishes and softens the hair. Brush and comb regularly and keep a comb in your pocket. Add a little good non-greasy brilliantine each morning. Persevere with self-setting in these days of economy and distant salons—you will eventually master the art with excellent results.

Ungainly Hands No matter what their size and shape well-cared-for hands will pass. Massage the fingers of one hand between the fingers and thumb of the other. Sponge palms with weak solution of vinegar and water if palms are too moist. Use a whitening cream each day. Do hand exercises.

Small Fingernails Become cuticle and half-moon conscious, pressing the cuticle back after every hand wash. Vaseline or some cuticle cream at night and a scrub with a weak solution of peroxide and water in the morning. Press fleshy sides of fingertips back.

Gooseflesh On legs and arms—this is a circulation problem. A good loofah scrub daily in the bathtub, and then (if you can get it) a dry loofah rub with lavender water, tonic water or eau-de-Cologne. Massage in a stimulating skin food at night. Woolly jumpers and woolly stockings worn during winter should help.

This is the age when adolescent problems become a menace if not cleared up. Some of the problems listed under this age-group may belong to any age, others are the horizonal approach of the thirties. They should all be remedied immediately and as simply as possible at this hour when every minute matters.

Which is your

Enlarged Pores Keep them clean — use a special medicated lotion as a cleansing night mask. Stimulate your skin action with cold splashes, or a skin tonic—witch-hazel and rose-water can be mixed by your local chemist for you, if you cannot get a salon preparation. Use a pore-refining lotion and cleansing lotion.

Thickening Waist For this there is only one remedy and that is waist-twisting and bending exercises, daily. Mind the potatoes and bread on the menu—and remember that now is the time to take this corset business seriously.

Scanty Eyelashes If you do remember to apply a little castor oil or vaseline nightly you will escape that lashlessness that comes later if your lashes are scarce now. Brush with oil if you cannot get any mascara or try a home-made mixture of chimney-soot and soap, it may suit you.

Rough Hands There are still good hand creams on the market, one containing camphor is especially good. Then there is a hand lotion from the same salon —the two should keep any worker's hands as smooth and cared-for as is humanly possible.

Superfluous Hair If you are dark-haired or very hairily fair you may find a slight moustache appearing round your mouth—don't ignore this. It is one of the things that must be removed consistently with a Magic Wax. Hair on arms and legs bleach, wax or mitt off.

Double Chin Exercise. If you do a series of simple neck exercises, you will not only uplift the sagging muscles of your chin but keep your neck smooth, white and young. Massage a slimming cream in and then slap an astringent on with the back of your hand or use a soaked bandage to bind chin up overnight. Not a very rigorous routine for a youthful line.

Send to the Editor, Women's Department,

"Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford Street,

Here come the signs of maturity without a doubt. Grapple with them now and you will add another ten or twenty years of continuous youth to your life. The mere alertness of the struggle will give your lines and expression a youthful slant. This goes for the present struggle with life, as well as with these problems.

Age Group?

Dull Eyes Five minutes' toning exercises every morning and eye exercises at night. Six glasses of water daily between meals, morning saline and raw vegetables are the preliminary treatments. Then add a herbal eye-wash at least every other day. And herbal eye-pads for ten minutes over tired, closed eyes.

Crow's Feet Eye exercises. A specially mild astringent lotion on cotton-wool pads, rested on the eyes. A skin food that is created solely for use around the eyes—pat it in gently. Watch your facial expressions: don't be afraid to smile, but don't grimace.

Red Nose This is a danger-signal for various small ill-healths of the body—such as indigestion, bad circulation—so take it as such. Circulation needs pepping up; exercise body, and head. (Beware of faulty elimination.) Massage zinc ointment in at night and calamine lotion in the morning, if you can get it. There are some pills you can take for circulation.

Bunions Foot exercises and foot massage are essential. Massage bunions with special ointment, and occasionally paint with tincture of iodine, or castor-oil. Make certain that shoes are wide and long enough, especially that high heels do not throw your foot forward, pressing the big toe flat against the second toe.

Overweight We do advise exercises because they are stimulating to all tissues and really rejuvenating as well as figure-improving. In addition, you can take a special herbal slimming-tonic pill, and, of course, watch your diet—trying to keep to healthy foods, raw vegetable salads and plenty of greens if possible.

Lank Hair Try a new hair style. It stimulates the roots. Massage, brush and comb. Use a Vitality Lotion as a tonic-and-setting agent. Massage it in before setting your hair. Shampoo with vitalising shampoo once every ten days.

London, W.1, for further particulars of any preparations or exercise routines mentioned

Even if your best friends assure you that you'd pass for thirty, now is the time to concentrate on growing old gracefully. You can keep your looks and appeal for years if you beware of these unmistakable signs of age. The present need for you in the world of activity makes attention to your appearance more essential than ever.

Dowager's Hump Behind your back it whispers "age" to the world. Don't let it. If you can get anyone to massage the fleshiness away for you with a reducing cream, well and good; if not, do it yourself. And exercise—neck, shoulder and posture exercises each day.

Sallow Skin By constantly lotion-cleansing, feeding with a slightly-stimulating skin food and bracing with a tonic you can keep your face and neck skin alive with the glow and vitality of youth. An occasional nourishing or a vitalising face-pack can still be procured.

Ageing Neck Having decided to give your neck and face treatment every day, remember that you must do daily neck exercises—these will really tighten slack skin, fortify weakening muscles and prevent sallowness. It sounds a lot, but it is merely the secret of circulation and firm muscles.

Greying, Thinning Hair You cannot get some of the excellent tonics for preventing greyness now, but make your own with castor-oil and eau-de-Cologne or bay rum, in proportions of 1 to 4. Massage it in every day. If your hair is just thinning badly we can advise you of a tonic for bad cases of hair-falling—15s. 6d., but worth it.

Wrinkles and Contour-drooping Now you will need urgent preparations, something more than the ordinary beauty routine. Facial exercises, face massage, and toning oils and tonics. If you could visit London we would suggest a series of contour-lifting treatments from a specialising salon, but if you cannot do this we could send you a self-massage routine.

Facial Hairs Nearly every woman finds them after forty—tiny fair hairs that stand out on their own. They must be plucked out—that is all there is to it. Thicker down-growth must be waxed off with a good wax and cream. Watch the chin line and the mouth-corners carefully.

Stomach Unless you are going to be a scraggy soul at fifty, you will surely find that you are developing a most unwanted frontal curve. It is the result of sagging muscles and years of feeding. Pummel it, rub in a reducing cream and wear good corsets. Most important of all—exercise.

When You Feel Like This . . .

If ever you feel the top of your head lifting or the back of your neck aching and you want to scream over trifling mishaps, take a long drink of rose tea—tea that is made from the hips, or berries, of wild roses. (If you didn't store any of these when they were abundant on the hedges, you can get them at most herbalist health stores.) The infusion derived from boiling them for from ten to fifteen minutes yields a nerve antacid which not only dispels the acid that has been precipitated by excited nerves, but prohibits more from forming, so that further exacerbation is avoided. Otherwise a vicious cycle is established of irritated nerves producing acid to irritate nerves.

Rose tea was first widely tried out in the hospitals of blitzed towns in England by a doctor who had seen it work in France. The effect on his patients' nerves was remarkable. They were able to resume work quickly, had no shock relapses, gained a certain immunity to cold and did not miss food. They discovered in themselves an unknown power of endurance, as will you.

Preparation is simple: cover twenty hips with water in a lidded saucepan and let it bubble merrily until the pulp starts to come away from the seeds. Strain and sip without milk or sugar; the taste is suave, pleasant, slightly perfumed. It will not confer uplift in the sense of the stimulation experienced when drinking ordinary tea, but you will feel tremendously steadied and be able to keep on and on without growing tired.

Do not throw the hips away. They can be recooked until the pulp is fully parted from the seeds. Seeds can be used five times, if you extend the cooking of them a little each time. The important point to remember is that the fruits on the first cooking should be full and pulpy, not shrivelled.

When you come in crumpled up with fatigue, and there is no time for a sound sleep before you have to dash out again, give your spine a sluicing with tincture of sloes in the bath. The vitalising action of tincture of sloes on the spinal cord is miraculous. Place a pound in a deep pan under three inches of water. As soon as this burbles, move it to a lesser flame to simmer steadily for about three hours, by which time the liquid will be well below the fruit. Strain and bottle. Mash the fruit for the second simmering so as to lose none of the juice.

In the bath use one half-pint of the concoction to 1½ pints of warm water, in a jug that will enable many pourings. Stiffness, heaviness and body-ache will vanish in an invigoration that is surprising. It is the cure to banish strain.

Now for leaden legs, as many people, especially women, suffer from them. If you suffer acutely, they may be a warning symptom of:

Anæmia. In this case your under inner eyelid will be pale. Increase your ration of carrots and swing on to spinach as soon as it is in season.

Weak kidneys. Your ankles will puff also. See a doctor. Drink weak barley-water.

Bad circulation or a flabby knee-joint. You cannot better the gym. routine exercises on the B.B.C. at 7.45 a.m. for remedying bad circulation. To these add a ballet exercise for the weak knee-cap.

Stand beside the back of a chair, stiffen your knees, place your feet in fifths—that is, at right angles to your body with toes to the heel of either foot. It's not easy, but get the line as near as you can. Now slide the front foot forward with a curved arm, incline the body slightly forward, and lift the back leg as high as you can, with an absolutely stiff straight knee. You will have to hold on to the chair to keep balanced. Have a friend near to see that both your knees are well pulled in and straight, for the stronger your knee-cap becomes, the more will the weight of your body be taken by the thighs and the less you will suffer from leaden legs.

A teaspoonful of a good saline in the mornings will reduce leg-swellings. Sleep with your feet on a pillow, and rub a little methylated into the soles.

Neuralgia can come in two forms. The first with a swollen face, which has its roots either in some tooth infection (visit a dentist), or is due to the nose or ear passages being blocked with a secretion that should be cleared out (visit a doctor). Meanwhile, nurse swelling with a hot-water bottle. It's all you can do.

The other neuralgia—a slashing pain across the temple and through one eye—results from sheer mental overstrain, worry or prolonged, hard thinking.

Rest the head by lying down in a darkened room. Take two crushed aspirins, followed half an hour later by weak tea. Bengue's Balsam, streaked across the pain, will help anæsthetise it, but do not get up for a couple of hours or the agonising pulse will return.

Foods for this neuralgia are honey or grapes. Failing these, sultanas. Again failing these, celery, cooked in a white sauce with your full ration of milk and plenty of margarine, even if later on you go short. Fats soothe neuralgia; celery contains a salt helpful to head nerves.

Stomach nerves are responsible for sickness and giddiness when one is tired. If exhaustion is due to lack of sleep, nausea and ditheriness can be countered by a cup of Yherba Maté tea. But if exhaustion is due to a type of collapse, as it were, a temporarily complete withdrawal of energy from the solar plexus, that junction of nerves situated just behind the stomach, then it is better to lie quiet with feet raised and head low, with extra hot-water bottles, sipping sweetened tepid water occasionally.

Vitality will gradually then flow back into the system, as long as the body is left to accumulate its own vitality. Certainly the stomach is in no condition to accept food, with a view to keeping up strength, and alcohol would be poison.

Remembering this, always be careful to eat little when you are tired, as violent off-castings will occur if the body is burdened with would-be nourishment at a time when the alimentary tract is unable to assimilate it.

By Chrysis

Even the most casual woman would hesitate to buy a dress or a hat without a fitting, yet many women buy their foundations carelessly, even in a hurry. Well, it 's their risk. They should know by now—it is such an old story—that the final effect of dress, line and carriage depends so much upon the foundation they wear.

It is too chancy to buy a foundation by waist measurement alone. Your waist may measure the same as many other women's, but the rest of you is almost certain to be different.

Go to a big store if you can't get an expert fitting locally. It is a waste of money to do otherwise.

If you can possibly afford it, buy two garments. There is a practical reason. Acid from the body deteriorates foundations. They must be washed repeatedly, so you need two. This is coupon, as well as money, economy. Both last twice as long.

1 Berlei Brassiere in lace with reinforced satin. Special Unda-Lift principle. A two-inch bandeau of elastic net separates the breasts. **2** Le Gant brassiere in lastex. Cups stretch downwards, not across. Back panels stretch round. **3** Le Gant corselette, the slenderising, one-piece garment for average figures. Good for evening wear. Has the famous Flatterback feature. The satin front is rigid, lightly boned. The back is satin lastex. Hook-fastening to the hip allows for easy stepping in and out. **4** Twilfit girdle, one of a variety to lace, to zip or to half hook up. Rigid front panel of rayon satin and zip fastening. **5** Twilfit Wrap Round in floral broche and lastex. Hook-fastening at the side. **6** Le Gant girdle with Sta-up-Top and Flatterback features. Back panel stretches down and not across, side panels stretch both ways. Rigid batiste front. **7** Berlei Controlette Semi step-in. Satin front with batiste side panels and stretch-down back. Light front boning.

DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

The evening blouse-and-skirt outfit has settled down into a steady best-seller. Before, its intermittent appearances on the style scene were of a hesitant and a passing nature. Now, its economic, decorative and suit-any-occasion qualities make it the staple celebration standby of women in and out of the Services.

A full evening skirt is fine coupon economy indeed (four for silk or rayon, and afterwards you turn it into a dress). If you make your blouse, it can be of unrationed lace or net. But the outfit's chief claim on your attention is that, while it bestows an ethereally feminine air, it never looks too dressed-up for the times.

Helena Jeffers is the town's maestro where the evening blouse is concerned. She always has a stunning collection to show. Or she will sell you a lace length and make it up for four and a half guineas. Her blouse on the full-length figure is made of white washable lace, trimmed with not-too-girlish frills, ruchings and velvet ties. The skirt is black satin-striped rayon. The velveteen corselette-belt—dressy finish—costs one guinea and one coupon.

The three other blouses on the page would be simple jobs for the average little dressmaker to handle. The black net one below achieves piquancy by the combine of severe shirt-front and extravagant sleeves. The over-blouse in soft brocade (did you say you had an old piece of furnishing stuff around the house?) has just enough drapery at the plunging neck-line, either side the waist, the sleeves, to give it good fit and distinction.

Frilled ninon curtains have a way of wearing badly at the top of the windows. The unworn parts could easily be turned into the third blouse. The belt at the top left is in men's hunting-jacket material, scalloped and lavishly embroidered with sequins and silver beads. The second belt is blue leather covered with black lace, a square rosette. (Both from Ships.) The laced corselette-belt (Helena Jeffers) is black velveteen.

I watched a woman protesting that she was not a suit-person trying on a Lachasse suit. Positively, she was transformed. In a Lachasse suit, she looked as if she should be nothing but a suit-person. The superb shoulders, the subtle cut at waist and hips, the brilliant detail, the inevitable rightness of each model at this house, is typified in No. 1. This is in a fine suiting, grey-beige ground, checked with brown and yellow. Interceptions on the cross mark yoke, waist pocket-tops, front and back box-pleats.

2. A different sort of three-piece from Dorville, in yellow and white herring-bone tweed, with many interchanging possibilities. The single-breasted suit is belted at back only, and detailed back and front with darts that end in brown wool arrow-heads. The short, boxy, double-breasted top-coat fastens to the throat, has all edges bound with brown wool. (Dorville.)

3. Towny dress and elegant little matching jacket in soft navy woollen, to wear now beneath a top-coat, or later, solo, through the years. The dress has short sleeves, a self belt, high pockets, and pouches at back over a self belt. (Margaret Barry.)

4. Another for-ever outfit, in wine and beige herring-bone tweed, subtly merging the vertical, the diagonal, and the horizontal weave. Beneath the casual, fitting jacket, the yoked dress reveals the new three-quarter-length sleeves. (Margaret Barry.)

HAND KNIT JACKET

In the New Length, with Big Pockets, Wide Cuffs

MATERIALS

1 lb. Dunbar and Nairns 4-ply Glamiswear; a pair of No. 9 needles; 16 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 24 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins. (cuff back).

TENSION

7 sts. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 120 sts. Work 2 rows all k. before starting pattern. Then work as follows:

1st row (right side of work).—* K. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end of row, ending p. 1. **2nd row.**—K.; repeat these 2 rows. **5th row.**—* K. 7, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 1, p. 1. **6th row.**—* K. 6, p. 6; repeat from * to end, ending p. 6. Repeat 5th and 6th rows. Now work first 4 rows again. **13th row.**—K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, * k. 7, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1; repeat from * to end, ending k. 6. **14th row.**—* P. 6, k. 6; repeat from * to end. Work 13th and 14th rows again.

These 16 rows form the pattern. Repeat them until there are 4 ins. worked. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every 3rd row, still keeping pattern, until there are 96 sts. Work 1 in. straight. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 120 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 96 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8½ ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows, leaving 32 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (two alike)

Cast on 36 sts. Work 2 rows all k. before starting pattern, then work for 6 ins. Cast off. Now work 2 flaps (Continued on page 70)

ABBREVIATIONS

k.=knit; p.=purl; m.=make; s.=slip; st.=stitch or stitches; tog.=together; beg.=beginning.

STRIPES

You work round and round in Knitting's Easiest Stitch

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3-ply wool in cyclamen; 2 ozs. of the same wool in pale blue; No. 9 needles; 4 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 19 ins.; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With cyclamen wool, cast on 18 sts. at underarm. **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—Cast on 5 sts. K. **3rd row.**—Cast on 1 st. K. Repeat these last 2 rows until there are 12 groups of 5 sts. making 90 sts. Change to blue and work 2 rows straight. Change to cyclamen and work 24 rows straight. Continue 2 rows blue and 24 rows cyclamen until there are 13 ins. along edge where you were casting on 1 st. at a time. Now decrease at armhole and at side seam to correspond to start of work. Cast off remaining 18 sts.

YOKE (Front)

With blue wool, cast on 30 sts. Work all k. M. 1 st. at left edge of work every 6th row until there are 3½ ins. straight up from beg. K. 2 tog. 4th and 5th st. on shaped edge of work on every row for 20 rows. K. 10 rows without shaping. Centre front is now reached. Increase to correspond for other shoulder, and cast off. (Continued on page 70)

Looking ahead into the New Year, wondering just how we should get along together, I saw myself thus. I am thirty-five, married to a man who is serving. I have no children, and my husband is stationed a long way off. We cannot often meet. I have worked hard, very hard, to get into the job I have. It is a good one, and if I let it go I shall probably never get it back. In any case, I am paying quite a lot of Income Tax, and that is a war effort in itself. That was how I reasoned.

I don't know when or quite how I first came to realise that I was pulling the wool over my eyes just like a lot of women I despised were doing. Newspaper talk had something to do with it, and, perhaps, the realisation that conscription might soon make up my mind for me. Anyway, I got soon to the point of seeing, very clearly, that anxieties about after the war are irrelevant, unless the war is concluded in the right way. Our way. So I made my New Year resolution to give all I had to give to help make the future sure.

Soon now I shall be a number in the Army. I shall have laid aside my 59-gauge stockings (one pair left), I shall have turned my back upon the clothes so cunningly devised to single me out from my fellow-creatures, and taken to raiment that makes it practically impossible to distinguish me from a million other women. Not that I 'm worried about that.

What I did worry about was the thought of my civilian softness, and how I should make the adjustment to tough living. For instance, I am a bad sleeper. The very presence of somebody in the room will keep me alert, restless. I dread the thought of sleeping in a dormitory.

I talked to my doctor about it, and he was reassuring. " You will be fit for the first time in your life," he said. " You will be physically tired in a sense you don't now understand. In your present life you overwork your nervous system and underwork your body. That will be reversed now and you will find you can sleep. It won't happen immediately, but three months of service life will make a fit woman of you."

Right now I am practising setting and styling my own hair. Goodness knows if I shall be able to get to a good hairdresser again. Anyway, I know what to do if I can't. I am also doing my own simple manicures, and working out a down-to-earth beauty routine so that my skin will still be cared for without the need to carry a small laboratory around with me. Realising that at thirty-five you have to keep your body up to scratch or show your age, I have made a mental resolution to do three or four telling exercises every morning, no matter where I am or how difficult the circumstances. So far I have kept my figure and a healthy outdoor life will be helpful in preserving it.

For another thing, I have been parting up with coupons for some really worth-while underclothes to wear with uniform. I maintain that you can wear the same dress as a million other women with confidence if your undies are beautiful. Naturally they are not frivolous. They are very simple, very, very good and easy to launder. I know I have made an important contribution to future morale in this measure.

On the whole, I think adjusting to a communal existence will be the most difficult thing to face. I have grown to understand and appreciate the difference between loneliness and aloneness. In the life ahead of me the impossibility of getting away from other people, even to sleep, weighs heavily on my mind. So I am trying already to school myself. Learning to be alone even when surrounded with people. Practising to withdraw into myself. It appears to be a matter of concentration successfully to shut yourself into a world of your own when other people are talking and playing the radio and generally making a disturbance.

Obviously, you need control to live this kind of life in peace with yourself and others. From now on, I realise, I shall probably be taking orders from the sort of people I have been accustomed to giving them to. I shan't always like it. I shan't always be treated fairly or even with courtesy. I hope I have enough tolerance to see it through. I know my sense of humour will be working overtime.

There will be money trouble, too, but I 'm not worried about that. You mind this less, I am sure, when everybody around you is in the same plight. This levelling influence leads, I have noticed, to a new camaraderie. Anyway, there won't be the same temptations to spend money. The days of the odd taxi and the new hair-do and a couple of sherries before lunch already seem behind me.

There will be compensations. I am not absolutely unready, because I have absorbed a kind of service philosophy from my husband, who went through all this, and more, and has emerged a happier, a healthier and a far more tolerant person than he was.

HOME SAVERS

Any woman can keep a beautiful home when she can go out and buy new things to replace shabby ones. The war has put an end to all that and it takes considerable thought and care to keep up a high standard in the home without replacements.

We don't pretend to deal in magic or promise to tell you how to give perpetual life to furnishings, but the several practical suggestions discussed below may help you to fend off the growing shabbiness of household things, and to keep them looking youthful into their middle age.

Carpets and Rugs

Shabby carpets make shabby rooms. Carpets are expensive things, anyway, even if you could get new ones; but daily care will help to keep the ones you 've got in a good-looking mood.

All-over patterns are easiest to handle, because they show defects less readily, but don't give up hope, even if you have got those plain carpets which seemed so good when they were new.

Make a point of turning carpets around every few months if possible. This way, the wear is more evenly distributed, and it is much longer before you get those bare patches between the door and the fireplace, and at other points where wear is hardest.

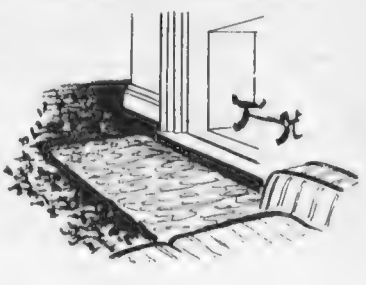
In a dining-room, or in any sitting-room where food is habitually served, watch that path between the doorway and the table. This is where food is so often slopped on to the carpet, making a dirty track. Never bring food into the room, or take it out, without using a tray. It is a small matter, but it saves carpets.

Spread newspaper, or an old dust-sheet, over the carpet whenever you clean the grate. It is a thing one often skips, but sooty brooms and brushes make havoc of the carpet around the fender.

When carpets and rugs are brushed, and not cleaned by suction, it is advisable to keep the brushes immaculately clean. Wash the carpet-brooms every week in tepid water, to which a little ammonia has been added. Dirty brooms merely spread the dirt, although they may remove surface dust. Use the suction cleaner *every* day. It preserves the life of the carpet, and keeps the colouring fast. The moment you see a spot on the carpet or rugs, rub it out with a mixture made from half methylated spirit and half ammonia. Don't swamp the place, but rub gently until the mark disappears. Neglected spots are much harder to clean than those which have been dealt with before the stain has set. Anyway, if you have left the marks too long, there is a clean patch left when you rub them out, which is hardly better than a dirty one.

Fading is not a problem in winter, but in summer it pays to draw the curtains when strong sun is about. It is perhaps not generally realised that sunlight rots, as well as fades, the carpet.

Shift stair carpet occasionally, so that the hard wear is better distributed. Move it upwards or downwards a few inches, to keep the bare patches at bay. Beware of worn castors which make holes in the carpet.



Very creditable repairs can be achieved by darning the bare patches on a rug with coloured wools. Use a carpet stitch, and colours which match the pattern.

Wallpapers and Linos

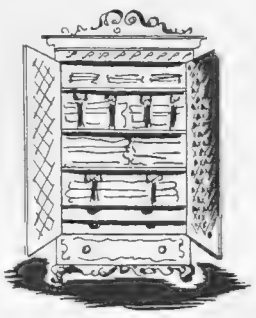
Watch the parts of the wallpaper that get the most wear. Prevent it if you can. Clean it off if it is there already.

In many rooms there is a dirty patch on the wallpaper just inside the door where people brush past. Try cleaning this with art gum which you can buy from any artists' supply shop for a few pence.

Stale bread is a well-proved cleaner for soiled wallpaper, but if you can get it, the art gum is better.

If the decorators left a roll of the paper behind them —they often do—you can replace the dirty part with a panel of the new. Match the pattern carefully and it won't show.

Another measure is to hang a panel of embroidered silk or a charming damask in a narrow framing of wood where the marks are. If your pattern is a quiet one, a strip of coloured hessian or crash linen boldly worked in bright coloured wools makes a very effective decoration and disguise for a worn place on the wall.



The same applies to that vulnerable patch behind the settee or divan where men rest their heads upon the wall, invariably leaving a dark patch.

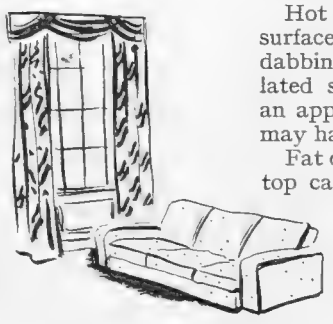
Linoleum is actually preserved as well as improved by polishing. A good wax polish feeds the linoleum and prevents it from cracking. Where cracks and worn parts are already showing a coating of Liquid Lino, which is made in a variety of colours, is a good covering. There is an old-fashioned trick of varnishing lino which might well be revived now. The effect is of a permanent gloss and the varnish protects it.

Just as with carpets it is sometimes possible to change the position of the linoleum by taking up an unworn part and re-cutting it to replace a section that has been badly worn. The shabby piece can often be fitted again into a less conspicuous part.

Linen

Household linen may be impossible to replace later on so cosset the linen you have in hand.

There is little doubt that the laundry is the greatest menace to linen. Harsh chemicals reduce the lives of sheets and tablecloths, so if you can by any means get your laundry done at home now you are bound to score. Go over your stock in the linen cupboard regularly now, and take early steps to repair when the smallest signs of thinness begin to show. Tiny snags in tablecloths and bed linen can be neatly darned so that they scarcely show.



When putting clean sheets on the beds put the bottom of the sheets at the top sometimes. The greatest strain comes at that part of the sheet where the feet are constantly causing friction. Forget hemstitched tops for the time. Put tops to the bottom to give all sides a chance.

Old sheets which are beyond further use can be cut up, using the soundest parts to make new pillowcases. Large tablecloths can be cut down to make smaller ones, and old linen tablecloths make excellent table mats and table napkins.

Linen in constant use will wear out in the end, but you can put off the fatal day for a long while by keeping abreast of repairs and by seeing to it that the fabric is preserved and not injured in the washing.

Upholstery and Curtains

Upholstered suites can be protected from wearing in the vulnerable parts by variations of the antimacassar. Slip tops for the back of the easy chairs where heads rest and for the arms save an immense amount of dirt and damage to fabric. If you happen to have any of the stuff with which the loose covers were made, neat slip-on arm covers and head rests can be easily fitted.

If the same material as the chair covering is not available, choose a plain fabric of a matching or toning colour with a similar texture to the original. These miniature slip covers are simple to make, and particularly simple to wash.

Tapestry and hair upholstery should be cleaned regularly with the suction cleaner. This draws out the dust and preserves the good colouring of the fabric. Spots and stains should be cleaned off regularly with a little carbon tetrachloride, which dissolves grease.

Furniture

Wash furniture regularly with a chamois cloth wrung out in a mixture of tepid water and vinegar. This cleans off grease and keeps the surface lustrous.

Hot marks on a polished surface can be removed by dabbing the spot with methylated spirit on a clean cloth following immediately with an application of linseed oil. Finish with polish. This may have to be repeated.

Fat or grease stains and stains from gravy on the table top can be removed with carbon tetrachloride. Ink on wood or on leather upholstery will respond to treatment with tin chloride. Use a half-ounce to half pint of water. Apply directly by dropping from a piece of wood on to the spot. Remove the excess with blotting paper. Rinse with clean water and follow with polish.

Winifred Lewis

Fuel Facts

EVERY woman can do a practical, vital job of work for the war effort by saving fuel this winter. There are direct and indirect ways of doing it and here are some of them.

Take the more obvious measures first:

If you live in the country collect wood and logs. At this time of the year there is plenty of it laying around. It is slightly damp, but not much the worse for that because it burns slowly. Use it in conjunction with coal. Use up every scrap of coal dust in the cellar. Damp it down a little and feed the fire with it along with lumps of coal. When you are going out, make the fire up with dust and well-sifted cinders.

A gas poker affords a quick and economical way of kindling fires. It does away with the need for wood and paper and consumes only a small quantity of gas.

Be economical with hot water in your home. This may not seem to have much connection with the fuel situation, but it has. If you keep a domestic boiler going two hours longer in order to provide more hot water for household purposes you use more fuel to do it.

Don't run the hot-water tap too freely. Make the best use of every drop. Save the washing up so that it can be done in one swoop and with one measure of hot water. Use a little less water in your bath. If everybody in the household does this it may mean many gallons of hot water per day saved, with the commensurate amount of fuel.

To save gas and electric current make more general use of open fires for cooking. When you are alone in the house keep a large kettle of water on a trivet by the fire. Take water from this when you want it. As it is already half way to boiling you save quite an appreciable amount of gas in heating it up on the cooker. When making a stew bring the saucepan to the boil, then keep it simmering for the rest of the time on the trivet before the fire. This is more than economy of fuel, it is also good cooking.

Electric current can be saved in different small ways without noticeable inconvenience.

In the lavatory and bathroom, in the hall and passages, exchange hundred-watt bulbs for sixties or even forties. Except for close work or in sitting-rooms and bedrooms these should be sufficient.

Replace light bulbs in use with new ones if they have been in service for a long time. This pays. The older the bulb the more current it uses.

Make use of all household electrical apparatus carefully. For instance, don't heat up the electric iron to press one collar if you can possibly avoid it. Save up bits of ironing and make one lot of current do for several things.

Never boil more water in the electric kettle than you really need. A large kettle of water for one cup of tea is just waste. If you use a gas cooker don't turn up the flame so that it flares around the sides of the kettle. You don't get more heat this way but you use more gas.

Once a kettle or saucepan has reached the boil turn down the gas. The contents of the pot can be kept at boiling point on a very low jet.

Social Life To-day

Some sort of social relaxation is essential. Contact with one's friends, though necessarily limited, has to go on. There are new problems involved both for the hostess and for her guests. Each can assist the other

THE HOSTESS

Circumstances change a lot but the essentials of entertaining remain the same. Rule one is : Don't overreach yourself, and applies more now than ever when the temptation to put on a show that the food shortage prohibits is so great. Rule two is : Put your guests at ease. This you can only do in wartime by mixing them discriminately and by conveying to them a sense of your own undisputed pleasure in their company.

Members of the forces have their own particular tastes. They yearn to get away from the job. Among other uniformed guests talk is inclined to drift into shop.

This doesn't mean that soldiers, sailors and airmen must be segregated, but it does call for a strong leavening of civilian influence, feminine influence for preference. Send service guests away with a feeling that, for one evening at least, they have succeeded in getting away from it all and, for the rest, that they have really assisted towards that end. This way everybody is pleased.

On your own reaction to the problems of entertaining depends that of your guests. If they find a harassed, apologetic hostess, their own sense of ease and comfort will naturally suffer.

Parties are a relaxation you need sometimes, but if they threaten to become too great a tax upon your powers of organisation, cut them out and lead a guestless life or take your friends out to dine.

For your own side, rule three of entertaining is that the hostess should be unruffled and unpreoccupied with the machinery of entertaining.

This requires some organisation when one is probably without domestic staff, certainly pressed to provide a variety of food, and equally certainly without a sufficiency of drinks which help to make a party go.

What we each have to get into our heads now is the fact that the old standards no longer apply. If you had a good reputation for lavishness in your entertaining, forget it. This is wartime. People who still look for champagne and caviare are not worth entertaining.

To simplify organisation and cooking choose a short and simple menu. An entrée and a sweet that go over with a swing are infinitely better than an abortive attempt to put on four courses.

If the viands prove to be a bit meagre, laugh it off. Don't attempt to camouflage difficulties. People know about them, anyway, and appreciate the sporting spirit in which you have tried to give them pleasure.

Remember difficulties of transport for visitors. Give them comprehensive travel instructions if they have far to come. Offer them a shake-down if getting home is likely to be on their minds. Remember the petrol and the blackout and co-operate with people who want to go home early. Those who are working long hours are entitled to put the bar up to late nights.

THE GUEST

As a guest in wartime you can nearly always take pleasure in the reflection that your hostess is really glad to have you. The assumption is reasonable because the difficulties of entertaining suggest that nobody would see them through unless the guest were really worth while.

Assuming it is a compliment to be asked, the guest owes a special obligation to be as little trouble as possible and wherever she can, to ease the burden of her hostess's lot. Food, being the main problem, one will naturally try to be as helpful as possible.

Formalities can be dispensed with at such a time and there is not the slightest need to feel embarrassed or patronising—as some people do—in turning up for a visit with food and liquor under your arm.

Even an invitation to lunch or dinner can be graced with some offering of food. Not necessarily to be consumed at the meal, but to go into the general store. If you accept an invitation to tea carry a little bottle of milk with you and your own sugar. If you feel uncertain of your reception with an outright gift of meat or something connected with the meal, show your appreciation and helpfulness by a small offering of some hard-to-come-by food, say chocolate, a couple of eggs; anything you can spare.

The guest who talks about the ease with which she is able to obtain this and that kind of food while consuming a simple meal that has probably caused her hostess a great deal of effort and thought, deserves a spanking. There is probably nothing more gratifying to a hostess to-day than to be assured that the meal she is giving is a pleasure and a reflection of her efficiency.

It is a simple matter of good manners and common consideration to curb one's appetite when confronted with someone else's ration of cheese or jam, yet it is surprising how many guests are prepared to accept polite invitations to have some more. On the other hand, you can embarrass your hostess acutely by showing too much restraint. She has asked you and is, presumably, prepared to feed you reasonably. The happy medium is happier than ever before in this connection.

The lady can mend the mangle . . .

Before the war when you were so proud of your piano playing it never occurred to you that in two years you would be thought a lot more of if you could mend the mangle, but that's how it is.

If you are lucky enough still to have a home you are familiar with the repair problem. The mangle, the suction cleaner, the sewing machine and the gramophone all break down at some time, and with the repair men away at the war either you mend it yourself or it stays broken.

Plainly, the best way is to see that breakdowns don't happen. Nurse your household machinery. Sustained care will achieve miracles in this way and when the breakdown comes be ready to deal with it yourself. It is understood that you are not mechanically minded, and you don't much want to be, but this war says that, for the present, you have to be, so here are some useful hints.

Clocks

Clocks don't like ill-treatment, and most of us ill-treat clocks. For instance, you may not know that clocks like to be wound on the same day each week. This refers to eight-day movements, of course. Regularity means everything to clocks. They should never be allowed to run completely down, because this imposes a strain that finally leads to collapse.

Don't wind your watch at night, wind it in the morning, because the spring is then at its strongest during the hours when the mechanism is getting the most jars. At night, when the spring is running down, and therefore weaker, it is lying quietly on the dressing-table or on your arm in bed.

Wind watches and clocks very gently. Jerky movements, not to speak of hurried ones, just don't do.

Clocks need oil like cars do. Buy the oil from a clockmaker and apply it very sparingly. Too much oil is worse than none. Drop just one spot on to the moving parts with a hairpin.

Cleaning occasionally saves trouble. The old trick of opening the back and supporting the clock, works downwards, over a flannel soaked in paraffin really does work. Leave it for some hours.

Sewing Machine

If you make regular use of a sewing machine, clean it every time you use it. Oil it as well. Drying in the working parts or gumming with old oil is fatal.

Use only the best oil, and apply it one drop at a time to every part you can see where there is friction. Wipe away surplus oil with a paraffin rag.

Never leave a sewing machine uncovered. Replace the needle at once if it is bent or blunted. Don't sew over heavy thicknesses of material or let the needle strike the plate by pulling too hard on the fabric.

In rush jobs don't be tempted to wind thread of a new colour on to a bobbin half wound with another colour. This leads to uneven winding and imposes a dangerous strain upon the machine.

Piano and Gramophone

Both pianos and gramophones are extremely sensitive to fluctuations of temperature. Don't stand them against a cold wall or in draughts and, as far as possible, protect them from damp. Don't clutter the lid of a piano with ornamental trifles. It should be easy to open the lid frequently for ventilation, because the metal parts are seriously affected by condensation. Regular tuning does more than make a piano sound good, it keeps the inside healthy. Run the suction cleaner over the works occasionally to draw out dust from the mechanism and to disturb moths, which have a liking for the felts.

Never deposit used needles of a gramophone near the machine. They get inside and do injury. Dust records before using and get a booklet from the makers which will tell you how, at intervals, to oil the motor.

Mangle

Get busy with the oil can again. In all kinds of machinery where there is friction oil must be plentiful.

Don't force too great a thickness of fabric through the rollers. Wipe them dry after use. If they are wooden ones moisture will finally rot the wood. Go over all metal parts, both frame and mechanism, to see that they are left dry after use. Rust quickly forms otherwise.

Mending a Fuse

Sometime or other you will want to mend a fuse.

First turn off the current at the main switch. Find out *now* where this is if you don't know. Next open the fuse box and take out, one by one, each of the little white boxes until you come to one where there is a tiny piece of wire disconnected. This is the broken one. Unscrew the old piece of wire by releasing the two screws. Cut off a new piece of wire from the little card which the company leaves in most fuse boxes. Wind the new piece twice round the first screw and gently tighten the screw. Thread the wire through the little tunnel and wind the other end of the wire round the second screw. Tighten that. Place the fuse back and switch on the current.

CAKES AND BISCUITS

SALLY'S SCONES

- ¼ lb. plain flour
- ½ teaspoonful each of salt and mixed spice
- ¾ teaspoonful baking powder
- 1 teaspoonful sugar
- 2 oz. dripping
- 2 teaspoonfuls currants (optional)
- Sour milk to mix.

Mix dry ingredients well together and rub in the fat. Add sour milk to make a soft dough. Form into scones. Heat girdle well, sprinkle with flour and bake scones about five minutes on each side, according to thickness. Or bake in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes, according to thickness.

CHOCOLATE WHEATEN BISCUITS

- 2 oz. each plain and wheatmeal flour and margarine
- ½ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda
- ½ teaspoonful ground ginger
- 1 tablespoonful honey
- 1 dessertspoonful sugar
- 1 oz. cocoa.

Heat margarine and honey together in a saucepan and stir into the other ingredients. Knead to a smooth dough, turn on to a floured board and roll out thinly. Cut into rounds with a cutter, prick with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven for about ten to fifteen minutes.

OATMEAL BISCUITS

- 3½ oz. oatmeal
- 3½ oz. flour
- 3 oz. margarine
- ½ teaspoonful baking powder
- 2 oz. sugar

Mix dry ingredients together; melt margarine and add, together with milk sufficient to make stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, prick with a fork and bake in a moderate oven about ten to fifteen minutes.

DROP SCONES (using condensed milk)

- 1 small can sweetened condensed milk
- ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar
- 4 oz. flour
- ¼ teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda
- Salt.

Dilute milk to ¼ pint with water. Mix dry ingredients and add liquid to make a stiff dough. Have ready a hot, greased girdle and drop mixture in spoonfuls on to it. When you see bubbles, turn over and cook the other side.

PIQUANTE CAKE

- 1 lb. flour
- 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda
- 4 oz. sugar
- 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar
- 6 oz. dripping or margarine
- ½ lb. currants or sultanas
- 1 breakfastcupful milk.

Rub fat into flour with the fingers; and add fruit and sugar. Put the milk in a good-sized jug; add the vinegar. Mix bicarbonate with a little milk and pour into vinegar; it will froth up, so hold jug over cake mixture to catch possible overflow. Gradually stir the liquid into the dry mixture, put into a greased tin and bake in a hot oven, reducing heat after half an hour.

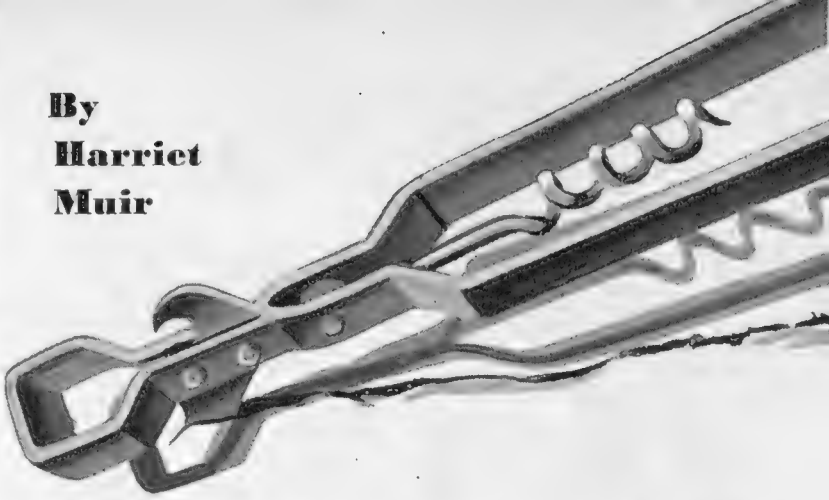
GINGERBREAD

- 1¾ lb. wheatmeal flour
- 3 oz. sugar
- 3 oz. margarine
- 4 oz. black treacle or golden syrup
- ½ pint milk or milk and water
- 1 dessertspoonful ground ginger
- 2 tablespoonfuls chopped dates or nuts (optional)
- 2 teaspoonfuls bicarbonate of soda.

Mix flour, sugar, ginger, dates. Rub in the fat. Put the milk and treacle in a saucepan and warm, blending thoroughly. Remove from fire and stir in bicarbonate; while foaming, add to dry mixture. Knead well. Grease a gingerbread tin and pour in. Bake in a very slow oven for one and three-quarters to two hours.

Home made Home made Home made Home made Home made

By Harriet Muir



Out-of-a-Can

REMEMBER the abuse once heaped upon can-opener cooks? They, it was said, cooked not at all; they merely opened a tin, decanted the contents and served.

Now that Lease-Lend has brought American cans of meat and fish and beans into our wartime kitchens, and it is no longer considered unpatriotic to broach a tin from what might be our invasion nest egg, we might do well to lease-borrow a few ways of making over that brisket and rabbit and salmon and pilchard the way they do across the Atlantic when we are tired of eating them as they are.

Variations will readily suggest themselves to cooks with a turn for inventiveness. Meanwhile, here are a few ideas to be going on with. Note that where milk is mentioned, milk powder (prepared to directions) can be used.

BRISKET AND BEETROOT

- 1 breakfastcupful each of brisket and cooked beetroot (cubed)
- 1½ breakfastcupfuls cooked potato (cubed)
- A little chopped onion
- 1 apple
- Vegetable stock
- Salt and pepper.

Mix potato and brisket, add onion and season to taste with salt and pepper. Blend thoroughly and moisten with a little vegetable stock. Grease a frying pan and make hot; spread the mixture in this and cook slowly until brown (about half an hour). Fry the beetroot in a little fat in another pan and grate the apple over it in the serving dish. Serve the beetroot with the meat.

FARMHOUSE STEW

- ½ lb. canned luncheon meat or brisket
- 4 oz. haricot beans (soaked overnight)
- 1 tablespoonful pearl barley
- 1 carrot (sliced)
- 1 turnip or piece of swede (cubed)
- 1 onion or leek (chopped)
- Vegetable stock
- 1 cube beef extract
- Salt and pepper
- Little flour.

Put barley, beans and other vegetables in a pan. Cover with boiling vegetable stock or water, add the cube (crushed) and boil slowly until beans are cooked. Add the meat, cut in cubes. Thicken the liquid with a little blended flour. Season with salt and pepper.

STEAK AND MUSHROOM PIE

- 1 tin stewed steak
- ½ dozen mushrooms
- 6 oz. puff pastry
- Salt and pepper.

Open tin and decant the stewed steak into a shallow pie dish. Peel and chop the mushrooms and scatter them over. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and cover with the pastry or potato. Bake in a hot oven about thirty-five minutes.

To make a pie crust without fat, mix 6 oz. wheatmeal flour, a bare teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch salt, and about ⅓ pint cold milk and water. Roll out and use. Serve hot.

RABBIT AND PRUNE PIE

Use the above recipe for pie, with canned rabbit and six split and stoned cooked prunes instead of steak and mushrooms.

Cookery

HERRING IN BATTER

4 oz. flour
½ teaspoonful salt
Egg substitute (1 egg)
½ pint milk
1 oz. dripping; pepper
1 small can herrings.

Mix flour and salt, make a well in the centre and add egg. Gradually add half the milk, mixing well. Beat until bubbly. Stir in rest of milk and leave for half an hour. Make dripping very hot in baking tin. Pour in the batter and add the fish, cut up. Bake in a hot oven until golden brown (about thirty minutes).

BATTER WITHOUT MILK

1 large breakfastcupful of water in which carrots have been boiled
2 teaspoonfuls custard powder
4 oz. flour
Pinch salt
½ oz. cooking fat
1 teaspoonful baking powder.

This batter, recommended by the Ministry of Food, requires neither milk or eggs. It can be used in the above recipe.

Sieve together the flour, custard powder and salt. Make a well in the centre and stir in one-third of the liquid. Beat well for five to ten minutes, then add rest of liquid. Have fat smoking hot in baking tin. Sprinkle baking powder on top of the batter, to which you have already added the fish, stir very quickly and pour into smoking fat. Let some of the fat run on top of the batter. Bake in a moderately hot oven for twenty to thirty minutes.

SCALLOPED TUNNYFISH

1 can tunnyfish
½ lb. creamed potato
½ pint white sauce
2 teaspoonfuls parsley
Dash Worcester sauce
Salt and pepper.

Flake the tunny and mix with white sauce. Add Worcester sauce, salt and pepper. Put mixture into four or five scallop shells, make a ring of potato round and brown in a hot oven (about ten minutes). Scatter parsley over each before serving.

DEVILLED CRAB

1 shallot (optional)
2 tablespoonfuls flour
Margarine for frying
½ tablespoonful dry mustard
Dash of paprika (if available)
1 teaspoonful H.P. sauce
1 teacup milk
1 can crab
Pepper
Fresh breadcrumbs
A little grated cheese.

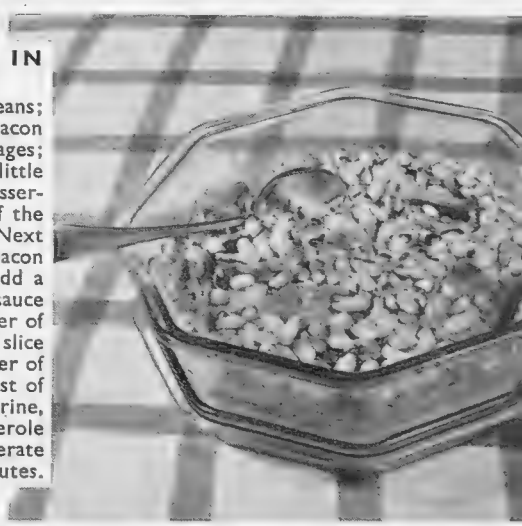
Melt margarine in a pan and cook shallot (chopped) without browning. Add flour, mustard, sauce and pepper, stirring till smoothly blended. Now slowly pour in milk, and cook gently until it thickens, stirring constantly. Stir in the crab meat and put into scallop shells or individual fireproof dishes. Sprinkle breadcrumbs and grated cheese over and, if it can be spared, put a dab of margarine on each. Bake till nicely browned in a moderate oven.

OVEN FISH CAKES

½ lb. canned salmon; 2 carrots (cooked and mashed); 1 lb. potatoes (cooked and mashed); scraps of bacon (cooked and diced); dash of Worcester or horseradish sauce; 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley; baked breadcrumbs; salt and pepper. Mix together all ingredients except breadcrumbs. Form into flat cakes, roll in breadcrumbs and place on a greased baking tin. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Use same recipe for canned lobster, omitting carrots.

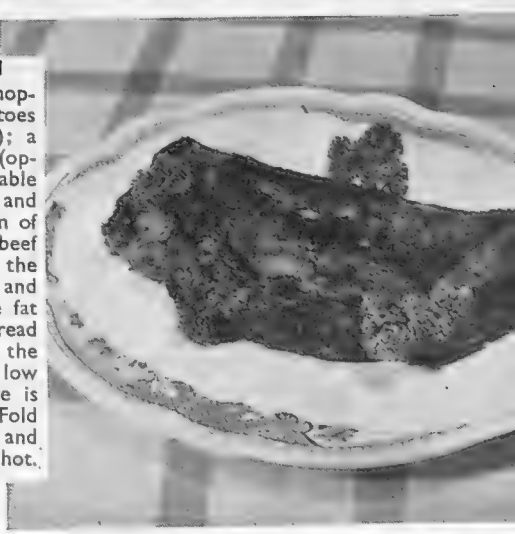
DEVILLED SARDINES

1 tin of sardines; dash of lemon substitute; 1 teaspoonful tomato sauce or chutney; dry mustard, salt and pepper; fried bread or fried potatoes. Remove backbones from fish and mash with the lemon substitute and tomato sauce. Spread on a plate, scatter mustard over, season, and leave for fifteen minutes. Make the oil from the sardine tin very hot in a frying pan, and fry the mixture. Serve on fried bread.



BAKED BEANS IN CASSEROLE

1 large can baked beans; 2 apples; 4 thin bacon rashers, or split sausages; Worcester sauce; a little margarine. Grease a casserole and put a third of the beans in the bottom. Next make a layer of bacon rashers or sausages, add a dash of Worcester sauce and then a second layer of beans. Peel, core and slice apples and make a layer of these. Cover with rest of beans and add margarine, melted. Lid the casserole and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.



BRISKET HASH

½ lb. canned brisket (chopped); 2 to 4 potatoes (cooked and chopped); a little chopped onion (optional); a little vegetable stock; fat, parsley, salt and pepper. An adaptation of the famous corned beef hash. Mix together the brisket, potatoes, onion and stock. Season. Make fat hot in frying pan and spread mixture evenly on the bottom. Cook over low heat until the mixture is browned underneath. Fold over like an omelet and serve while it is piping hot.

THEY WILL BE *Healthier*

Mothers have little to fear from wartime food these days. At the end of this war our children of all classes should show one hundred per cent physique compared with those who grew up in the last one. And that is not just a wishful thought, nor even a pious hope, but conviction born of present-fact confidence.

Everything possible is being done to help mothers rear happy healthy children. Now in spite of total war, there is no spectre of a diet-deficient or marked generation emerging from this conflict for freedom.

On the contrary, it is comforting to know that priority planning by the Food Ministry is now ensuring those positive protective factors that are features of the peace-time nursery plan, for every war child's diet and normal development now.

When a well-known child specialist was asked recently his opinion on vital factors for child growth, he ranged them in this order:

1. Right Food.

2. Right environment and care.

3. Freedom from damaging illness in the early years.

Well—mothers know all that is worth knowing about right environment and care, but numbers 1 and 3 need a little checking out.

Actually, they both depend on sound diet, and especially on the plus foods that protect and supply more than mere nourishment.

First on the list is milk, and at least one pint a day. Mothers recognise this as Nourishment No. 1 for all young children. When we realise that milk contains 1 oz. of milk sugar, ¾ oz. of butter fat, and the protein equivalent of 3 oz. lean meat of beef steak,or 2½ oz. cheese, or three eggs, in assimilable form, we can certainly claim it as good value.

Over and above the actual nourishment, milk has all the main protective points. These include the minerals calcium and phosphorus, to build sound bones and teeth, and the vitamins A and D.

Vitamin A helps to ward off catarrhal infections (all too prevalent in young children, and so often associated with the strain of war) and vitamin D controls the calcification of bones and teeth. Without adequate vitamin D and the mineral phosphorus, calcium alone would be ineffective.

In the light of modern research, it is amusing now to read that the old-fashioned remedy for rickets was to give the unfortunate infant doses of lime water. How much simpler it is to give the pint of milk—especially since the National Milk Scheme establishes priority on liquid milk for all children under five years of age. The over-fives get it at school, of course.

The only elements missing from milk in any degree are the vitamins C and B_1, and the mineral iron. Plenty of fresh vegetables, raw or cooked, will make sure of Vitamin C. But for the tinies there is the new blackcurrant purée which every mother of under-twos can claim (free at present) either from the Food Office or through the Infant Welfare Centres. There is no income limitation for this scheme whatever.

Prepared from fresh fruit and sugar only, this preserve is rich in the vitamin, containing 20 milligrammes of ascorbic acid per fluid ounce. A child of six months to a year gets the necessary vitamin if three times daily he receives half to one teaspoonful of the purée. Each tin contains a week's supply, but the purée should be removed from the can, turned into a china basin and covered with a piece of clean muslin before it is stored in a cool place. Blackcurrant syrup, made by special process, is also available under the scheme, as well as concentrated orange juice, when the purée supplies have been distributed.

Rusks or fingers of wheatmeal bread are good sources of vitamin B_1 for a child. So are potatoes and pulses.

Besides milk, other sources of calcium and phosphates, now made more accessible for growing children, are cheese and eggs. Mothers can buy extra eggs for their children under six at the rate of four to every one normally issued by ration book.

These help to widen the young child's dinner menu very considerably, especially if a poached egg is served on a mound of chopped spinach or fresh greens. With a floury-centred baked potato, blessed by a fleck of butter, it becomes a substantial meal.

Children of one year onwards take grated cheese well with raw vegetable salads, or sprinkled over soup, and it is excellent for them. Some schools serve it in the now famous Oslo salad meal regularly, and children thrive on it. It is only when cheese is cooked that it is likely to prove indigestible.

When a child is getting a pint of milk daily, doctors consider that it needs meat no more than three times a week. This means a wider variety of foods, which is always stimulating to children's appetites. But see that you include plenty of freshly cooked or raw vegetables. If pulses, such as haricot beans, lentils, or peas are given to older children, they are acceptable either as soups, or vegetable purées, especially if a little milk can be worked in with them. Pulse foods introduce iron in useful quantity, as well as the vitamin B_1.

During winter months, the sunshine vitamin D is less accessible. That's why the Food Ministry has arranged for distribution of cod-liver oil compound for all under-twos on similar lines to the fruit-juice scheme. This makes up whatever vitamin A and D your child needs for strengthening his limbs to sturdiness and day-to-day resistance to winter ailments.

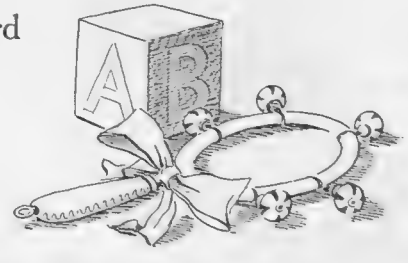
Another problem that mothers often have to contend with, is the natural craving for sweets. But modern diet sidetracks straightforward sugar by introducing wholesome fuel foods in wheatmeal bread or potatoes, home-made jam, dried fruit in sandwich fillings; and there are always plenty of carrots for nibbling.

The old tag about an apple a day seems nowhere when golden carrots are about. Children really enjoy them as much as toffee, and they are splendidly scrunchy for young teeth.

M. G.

Strange new World!

With him, we too look out upon a ***strange new world.*** *The world after the war.* The world we're fighting for, and toiling for, and making sacrifices for *now.* Strange new world, yes—but *good* world also! Many things not merely different but better, too! New labour-saving homes, designed for the health and happiness of their inhabitants. The real mastery of the air—not for destruction, but for rapid communications of trade, travel and goodwill. The new roads built for the traffic they must carry. The new cars—swifter, safer, and to us now—unbelievably efficient. Here is where—when the time comes—the Standard Motor Company will make their contribution to ***the new world.***



The Standard Motor Company Limited, Coventry

"Goodbye Paris"

"But GOYA is a luxury that is still in perfect taste . . ."

GOYA FACE POWDER
In six exquisite shades. 8/-

GOYA LIPSTICK
In six exciting colours.
Seventeen, Cherry, Tomato, Basque, Cuba, Burgundy.
5/6 (Refills 3/-)

FIVE FAMOUS PERFUMES
'Gardenia,' 'Studio,' 'NO.5,' 'English Rose,' 'Heather.'
8/- to 128/-

MADE IN ENGLAND BY
Goya
PICCADILLY, W.1

The HEART Grows Fonder

There *are* things about this war which give you heart. There are the lovely unexpected depths in people. The particular kind of companionship which hardship breeds, and there is the knowledge that so many of the things foretold —people who were parted from each other—haven't happened. Moreover, some of us know now that they never will happen.

Remember the Jeremiahs who shook their grizzled heads and predicted that war separation would wreck our marriages? Were they right or were they wrong? In a few cases they were right. In most cases they were absolutely wrong.

It is in fact a truth that the enforced separations brought about by the war have given a new stimulus to many people in love. The inconstancy of men away from their homes has not materialised. The forgetfulness of women divided from their men is equally fictitious. Instead, marriages which were drifting dangerously have been restored to health. It is true that we never value things so much as when they have been taken away. It was the same with love and marriage. We took comfort and we took security too much for granted. We were careless of our treasures. They were gone before we knew their worth.

Married people who had let the freshness and the articulate expression of their love grow dim have been shaken by the war into a new realisation of their need of each other. This is why separation, in one sense, has sometimes proved to be a good thing.

Both sides are to blame for the indifference that grows up between many married people. Sometimes it is the man who is inarticulate. His love may be as deeply rooted as ever but he has ceased to be a lover and is just a husband. Every woman knows the meaning of that distinction. He accepts the beauty and the affection of his wife complacently. She feels herself taken for granted, as a right more than as a privilege.

That is a picture of the man at home. But the man separated from the comfort of his own fireside and the tender services of his wife is a different person. His letters are appreciative: "I miss you"; "I wish I were home"; "I think of you and the children constantly." What solace to a lonely woman. What reassurance.

On leave he shows a new interest, a new attentiveness. They are back to their early love.

On her part the woman who has her husband at her side is apt to grow restless, to wonder, sometimes articulately, if she might not have done better for herself. What is it all worth? she asks herself. What am I doing spending my life sweeping and dusting and controlling uncontrollable children. I am worthy of better things. It is her theme song. She plugs it relentlessly.

It has taken the loss of her husband and her home to open her eyes to other vital factors of the situation. She was protected. She was loved. She was never lonely.

Only women who have given their men to this war know the inexpressible comfort of a man's presence; even a man who forgets to say "I love you." Only women who have been deprived of those very things which once seemed so burdensome can know how empty and valueless life seems now without them.

Naturally, we are talking of real love. Of the kind which faints and shams fatigue but which burns steadily and securely through all adversities. The other kind of love may not survive the rigours of war. It is a sham, an imitation and why regret its passing?

Shall we remember the lesson of the war or fall back into our old slipshod ways of loving? We may, but if we do we can only blame ourselves for the emptiness of life.

Style 2376. Black, Blue or Wine Crushed Calf, Wine, Brick or Sand Suede. Contrasting coloured trimmings - - - - - - 35/-

Style 2309. Wine, Blue or Brown Calf. Contrasting coloured trimmings 35/-

DOLCIS

are starring Casuals

Lose your heart to the feminine styling of the glamorous Dolcis Casuals. Fall in love with their comfort and be surprised too, at the price.

Stylé 2379. Ice, Wine, Brown or Blue Calf or Black Suede, studded, contrasting coloured trimmings - 45/-

Style 2377. Black, Blue or Wine Crushed Calf, Wine or Brick Suede. Contrasting coloured trimmings 35/-

There is a Dolcis Shoe Store in every large Town

Write to Head Office, Dolcis House, Great Dover St., London, S.E.1, for the nearest Branch address

Cottage Interior, by de Pape, (1620-1666).

The ever-turning wheel...

Once women could meditate beside their spinning wheels. All was at peace and the wheel went on turning. To-day the Wheel is a sterner mistress. The Wheel of Industry! She demands the energy of the whole nation—and gives in return wealth and strength and comfort and protection. She gives to Britain's engineers and craftsmen the means of making world-famed products . . . Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. Cars, B.S.A. Bicycles, Motor Cycles and Tools. Guns of tempered metal, Steels of perfection by Jessop & Saville, Daimler buses for your convenience. . . .

The B.S.A. Organisation stands high in the grand record of Britain's mechanical achievements—all of them products of the Wheel—intricate, flawless products that keep the name of British Industry in the forefront of world commerce.

BSA*

produces:

Daimler Cars
Lanchester Cars
B.S.A. Bicycles
B.S.A. Cars and Motor Cycles
Jessop & Saville Special Steels
B.S.A. & Burton Griffiths Tools
Monochrome Hardchrome Process
B.S.A. Guns and Rifles
Daimler Buses

**The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd., England*

Third Winter (*Continued from page 9*)

him the hatred of Big Business, the Bankers, and such a shocking proportion of the Well-to-do Citizens of the United States.

If "you can't change human nature" how do you explain that Russia, officially one of the most corrupt nations in the world up to 1917, has now become one of the most honest, so far as official graft goes? Col. Cooper, the one-thumbed American engineer who built the huge Dnieper Dam, told me as I rode to Kharkov with him in his private car: "I've seen millions and millions—*and millions!*—of roubles pass through the hands of these Russians . . . and I've never seen one of them stick!" Before the last war the French loaned the Russians the money to build an important fort; its completion was duly announced—but it was never built. All roubles had stuck.

Yet millions of men are living by these principles enumerated above, as if they were the word of God.

TAKE these interesting statements. "This war is making people kinder to each other." That is, or was, true to a curious extent. Any one will realise this if he ponders his own attitude toward the blackout winter of 1940–41. You stayed at home more, and, if you were married, you paid more attention to your husband or wife. That wasn't just because you couldn't get out. If you were out—and the bombs fell—you caught yourself worrying about your husband or wife. The fact that they were endangered made them more real to you; you didn't accept them so casually; you thought, perhaps, what a horrible thing it would be, if something happened to them—and you weren't around to do all you could. So you were glad when you got home. And in many cases, where a flat choice as to where you owed your allegiance presented itself—you had to make a choice. In that winter of 1940–41 a great many couples re-found themselves.

I think the balance still weighs down heavily on what ordinary decency would call the right side—and that thousands of personal sacrifices have been made to see that it did. Yet, just look how, on the last calendar, the divorce cases have jumped in number—soared! Is the strain, the frustration, the boredom, this sense of being suspended and hanging in the air—while you wait for something in this war to happen—going to make us less kind to each other in the winter of 1941–42? It is not at all impossible.

Take these two words: "Evacuees" and "Refugees." Now it is sheer hypocrisy to deny that "Evacuees" now connotes something unpleasant in the English rural mind. And there is certainly no denying that the "Evacuees" themselves, as a great group, are largely to blame for it. Nevertheless, that word is becoming synonymous in the English language with an undesirable person. "Lovely little spot this," you say as you come to week-end in an English country town. The invariable answer is: "Yes—but it's full of evacuees."

"Refugees," curiously enough, as it can only apply to foreigners, does not seem to have acquired such a stigma. This may be due to the fact that the refugees arrived here scared, that they have to make careers, that they try their damnedest not to be known as "refugees." Although many of them are a long way from being angels.

It is rather fashionable now for *English* editors to write polemics, saying that the English "must be tough" to beat the Nazis. Certainly they must. But what is the definition of tough? To me, as an American, such articles always raise a peculiar feeling—I think it is the distinction between tough—and toughs. The Navy are rather a quiet-spoken outfit, so is the R.A.F.; they don't expect to get much further by bulging muscles or shouting commands. And I noticed in A.R.P. work, during the winter of 1940–41, that in the one or two nasty incidents in which I was an amateur participant, I hardly ever heard the W.R. Police, the A.F.S., the L.A.A.S. women, or the Wardens, raise their voices above a conversational pitch. Those who have seen the A.F.S. fighting fires in London City know more about this than I do. They will probably agree that if the authorities had lost their tempers over in the Isle of Man camp, banged the "internees" about for their recent riots—it would have been the sign of a loss of steadiness in the English character. Cockney humour, when you analyse it, is often first-class evidence of toughness of character. When people can joke about getting killed . . . that very thing is often what saves them from the crack-up which would have ended in their total destruction.

Also, as it is a foolish thing to underrate your man as you climb into the ring to fight him, I think a great deal of Nazi toughness does not come from mere brutality; it is more spiritual, a much harder thing to defeat than just physical courage—this blind faith in the Fuehrer, and the fanatic belief that it would be an honour to die for the Third Reich.

An interesting demonstration of toughness, though it may not have been obviously one—this was on the mental-endurance side—took place at my dinner table the other night. It came from a distinguished New Zealander, now in the R.A.F., in the Special Duties Branch. He said that any thinking man must have a *plan* to go through this third winter—particularly when we had a sedentary, not an active service job. This was his plan: a definitely selected winter of reading.

"Flaubert's *Madame Bovary;* Tolstoi's *War and Peace;* Thackeray's *Vanity Fair;* Dickens's *David Copperfield;* Balzac's *Old Goriot;* and"—so as not to be a prig, he said—"every best-seller as it comes out."

But his real reason for again reading these old classics, he admitted, was that he was a writer by profession; and he was going to study these old writers in contrast to each other—to see the different ways in which these immortals pictured life. Just these five books could fill a whole winter, he said. I then suggested (and he at once agreed) that he should read a large dose of *Mein Kampf*, as a purging powder.

Read *Mein Kampf*, we decided, with these things in view; to read it with a calm scepticism—accepting nothing it said, unless there were grounds to believe it was true (among these self-evident truths would be, of course, the things Hitler said he was going to do, and already has done, to the world); next, to pin down with a cool judgment all the high-order abstractions which Hitler so passionately raves about—such as the Aryan Race, the *Herrenvolk;* the New Order for Europe; *Lebensraum*; and, instead of accepting this job lot of abstract terms, for which there are no referants, to define, not the words but the *objects* which these terms mean, that Hitler thought he was talking about. If we did this with *Mein Kampf*—that strange combination of truth, half-truths, prophecy and megalomania—we would put that dangerous book in its right place.

I am serious. I have been lucky enough to watch, and have to report upon as a professional newspaper correspondent, Fascism, Communism, National Socialism—as well as English, American, Scandinavian Democracies—all in action in their own countries. And to me the most amazingly interesting experience for this third winter of war—an invaluable education—would be to read those five friendly old books of the world we have lost. Take Hitler's *Mein Kampf* out for a walk, by making most of its glittering generalities face a show-down of specific definition. Then to make our own selves face up to a similar showdown of just what do we mean when we use the words liberty, equality, or democracy. If we did, spring would probably find us with a definite faith to fight for.

We could even feel tough about it.

END

Country air and exercise instead of a stuffy office and crowded 'buses . . .

She's one of the people who may no longer need

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Spotlight on Service
W.A.A.F.
Kolynos, the password to whiter and brighter teeth, renders a service to the 'Services' and to you too!
Sold everywhere in 3 standard sizes
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
The Economical Tooth Paste

Books (*Continued from page* 30)

For the most part it deals with a W.A.A.F. and a Tommy who go down to a seaside hotel, and this is, I think, the best part. There is a curiously urgent feel about it all. Then there is a deal with America, and a family of three brothers, both of which sections are rather isolated. And between whiles there are discussions about Dunkirk. Perhaps I have not made the novel clear but that is the impression it has cast upon me. None the less, I can recommend this book because the first half is worth reading and once you have started you will finish it.

CARYL BRAHMS and S. J. Simon have collaborated in another humorous book, "No Bed for Bacon" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), and this is certainly better than their "Don't, Mr. Disraeli." It deals with England of Elizabeth's day, and brings in Shakespeare and Bacon rehearsing plays, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Burleigh, Edward Alleyn, Henslowe, Drake, to say nothing of course of Elizabeth herself always appearing. There is humour and wit in this, neither subtle nor slapstick, but good English fun. We read about *Twelfth Night* being written, or hacked out, and plenty about the Ceremonial Tasting of the Potato. A good book to pass a couple of hours.

My last two books are far from this world of strife. "The Wainbrack Tradition" by I. J. Workman (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.), takes us back to Southern Russia before the last war. It is informative but uneven and some of the Russian gloom seems to have invaded the book, for there are three sudden deaths before the end and the hero gets shot half-way through. But again, it is interesting to read of the Caucasus.

"A Garden Enclosed" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.) is another book by Winifred Peck. She takes the tale of a country clergyman, a good man but over-strict, and of the reaction of his two sons and three daughters to his mode of life. One by one they run away. But do not run away with the idea that it is a sad book, for it is not. There is plenty of life and the story rattles on at a good pace. But are there still such households now? I believe there are.

END

Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page* 24)

The Moors themselves, although perpetually divided in their allegiance to the royal house, were quite unanimous when it came to a question of attacking the Christians.

Ali Atar, who knew every inch of Andalusia, planned an invasion of this territory with the object of taking the city of Lucerna.

An army of 9,000 foot and several hundred horses was assembled and the date of departure fixed. Granada had never beheld before such an array of shining armour, glittering banners and waving plumes.

At the head of the company rode Boabdil, his scimitar had been buckled to his side by the proud hand of his mother. Morayma, overcome by the anguish of parting and full of fears for her beloved, made a great effort at self-control; but at the last moment she ran forward and clung to him, weeping like a child. La Horra took her by the hand and said: "Why dost thou weep, daughter of Ali Atar? These tears become not the daughter of a warrior, nor the wife of a king. Believe me, there lurks more danger for a monarch within the strong walls of a palace than within the frail curtains of a tent. It is by perils in the field that thy husband must purchase security for his throne."

Then the royal ladies went up to watch from the windows the orderly defile of the army.

They little knew that an incident took place at the very outset of the march which would have increased their anxiety a hundredfold. As Boabdil was passing under the Elvira Gate, his long lance splintered against the portal and broke. The occurrence was regarded as an evil omen. Belief in the old horoscope was still so strong that attempts were made to persuade Boabdil to turn back and renounce the expedition. He scoffed at the idea, and continued on his way without paying further attention.

At Loxar his father-in-law awaited with his own following to join the main army. The very banner of indomitable old Ali Atar, waving beside the royal standards, bolstered up the flagging confidence of the leaders.

But the evil omen proved true. The expedition was doomed to end in disaster that spread fear throughout the entire Moorish kingdom.

First to reach Granada with the dreadful tidings was a nobleman, Cidi Caleb. To the Sultana and the unfortunate Morayma he described the tragedy which had overtaken the whole army. The young king had fought like a demon until he disappeared under a press of Christian warriors. Ali Atar, like a wounded tiger, had refused to surrender and had fallen on the field. The killed were to be counted in thousands, and endless columns of prisoners were en route for the dungeons of Lucerna. The remnant had become hunted fugitives.

Chroniclers of the time have devoted many pages to a description of the lamentations of the two Sultanas and their subjects. But Muley Aben Hassan was jubilant. Now he was without a rival for the leadership of the Moorish nation. He returned in triumph to Granada.

At the same time the two royal ladies, clad in mourning apparel, left the palace with a small retinue of retainers and took up their residence at the Alcazaba, in another quarter of the city.

For a while they were pre-occupied with their grief. Then, with the suddenness of a thunderbolt, came news that Boabdil was alive and well. All the plans of Muley Aben Hassan were upset—and La Horra and Morayma were frantic with joy.

Their house, which had been the abode of grief, was transformed into a gay miniature court, decorated in lavish taste. Even a throne was placed ready for Boabdil in the main hall.

Further inquiry revealed how Boabdil had been captured without being recognised; and how, when identified, he had been placed in custody of the Count de Cabra at Vaena and treated with all the consideration befitting his rank. Wasting no time, Muley opened negotiations with the Christians. He offered a tempting ransom in order to get possession of Boabdil. But here again he made a mistake. In wording the offer, he stated that it was immaterial to him whether Boabdil was delivered dead or alive.

This callous statement, coming from the prisoner's own father, so revolted the feelings of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella that they refused to enter into any transactions whatever with Muley Aben Hassan.

It was here that La Horra stepped in. With calm foresight and the full support of the party still faithful to her son, she made King Ferdinand a very different proposal. It was that Boabdil should be permitted to wear his crown as a vassal ruler of the sovereign of Castile, that he should cease all hostilities, and that although retaining his own religion, he would be in all other respects a faithful subject of the Christian dominion.

The two Sultanas had only one object, that of achieving a lasting peace, for they hated the thought of perpetual warfare and peril. Every hour of waiting for an answer to their proposal seemed a century. But it came at last. After several months of discussion and negotiation, King Ferdinand consented. He also granted an audience to Boabdil.

It is needless to say that these happenings roused Muley Aben Hassan to a pitch of insane frenzy. (*Continued on page* 54)

GOOD TO DRINK
EASY TO MAKE
— HOT OXO

Ensconced in the towers of the Alhambra he spent his days pacing up and down like a lion in a cage, pausing to speak only when he found new arguments with which to accuse his son as a traitor, "who has saved his unworthy life by selling the kingdom to the Unbelievers."

These objurgations, repeated and circulated throughout the land, gained strength day by day; and with them increased the numbers of Muley's followers. Thus it happened that when Boabdil returned, instead of finding himself a hero, he came as a lonely fugitive, smuggled in disguise into the precincts of the Alcazaba.

Now history records a long series of battles fought by Muley Aben Hassan against the Christians, while the position of Boabdil was complicated by new difficulties, for he was faced with the choice of helping his father or the Unbelievers; with the result that the peace of which his mother had dreamed became an impossibility.

Presently their supporters were reduced to such a negligible number that they lived in constant fear of attack, with no means of defence. And their fears were by no means groundless. One day a strong force of Moorish nobles led by El Zagel, brother of Muley, having searched in vain for Boabdil, rushed into the apartments of La Horra. She was with her younger son, Ben Ahagete, and a few servants.

"Where is the traitor Boabdil?" he thundered.

The fearless woman replied: "I know no traitor more perfidious than thyself. Boabdil, I trust, is in safety, waiting to take vengeance on thy treason."

In point of fact, she had received warning of the raid just in time for Boabdil to reach the stables, leap on a horse and escape through the back gate of the Alcazaba at the very moment when El Zagel was slaughtering the sentinels at the front. The Sultana's reply infuriated El Zagel so much that he killed the young prince in the very arms of his mother. Then he turned his sword on the terrified servants, leaving not one alive. La Horra was taken away in chains. No mention is made of Morayma, who must be presumed to have escaped from the scene of horror.

Some while later a dejected little band of horsemen sought admission at the gates of Cordova. They were Boabdil and his remnant of supporters. With nowhere else to go, they had to find refuge among the Christians.

From here he stubbornly continued the struggle. But misfortune followed on misfortune. The death of his father made very little difference, for El Zagel seized the reins of government and proved just as implacable an enemy as his brother. He was not, however, so lucky as Muley had been. He plunged into campaign after campaign, but the Crescent Moon was no longer in the ascendant. As it fell, so did the star of Boabdil appear to brighten. He even realised again for a time the joy of sitting on his throne in the Alhambra. But the increasing force of the Christian crusade was reaching out to push the last remnants of the Moorish kingdom towards the sea.

Boabdil gradually found himself confined to a very restricted territory, wearing a crown which was no more than the symbol of a once glorious past. And he was not allowed even that for very long. His vizier, Aben Comixa, without even consulting him, sold to King Ferdinand the whole territory of his master. He obtained a higher price than the land was worth, returned loaded with treasure and gave over to Boabdil what he regarded as the fruit of a happy bargain. He suggested that, with all this money, Boabdil should retire to Africa, buy some great possession and live the rest of his life in honour and security.

It is not known whether this arbitrary transaction was made in good faith, or in exchange for a bribe from the astute King Ferdinand. Boabdil, at least, was furious. He made every attempt to annul the sale, but without result. He was thus forced to abandon the land which he had inherited and for which he had fought so long and so hard.

Many years later he fell in battle, in the service of the king of Fez. All his life he had wanted peace in which to enjoy the love of his women-folk; but even after he had renounced his birthright and bidden farewell to the soil whereon he was born, fate denied him this happiness and forced him to die, sword in hand, for a kingdom which was not his own.

The horoscope had been amply fulfilled.

END

A Matter of Preferment

(*Continued from page 20*)

got away with it by flying under the telegraph wires. On Thursday, Shem tried to drop a box of sweets in the rectory garden; instead, he hit the greengrocer's horse, which promptly taxied tail up through the village in a cloud of chocolates and tomatoes. On Friday nothing happened except that in a Channel sweep Ham formated with a bunch of Messerschmitts and damn nearly got his empennage shot off before he discovered his mistake. He got two of them, which was something. He admitted that at the time he was trying to think of a word to rhyme with violet. This is what one blonde can do to a steady squadron. But the best was yet to come.

"On the Saturday Shem saw Ham getting into his machine with a bunch of orchids, which his wealth had enabled him to secure. Jumping into his car he tore down to the rectory, and telling Gloria that he had a surprise for her took her on the lawn. He himself took care to remain under a tree. Presently Ham came over low and dropped the orchids. Shem ran out, picked them up, and with an imperial bow presented them. Ham, looking down, in his fury forgot the church tower. He took off the weather cock with his wing tip and had to make a forced landing in a pasture. This unseemly incident ended in a stand-up fight on the aerodrome boundary. I stepped in and put them both under open arrest.

"The very next day the affair ended abruptly with a series of shocks that shook the station to its foundations. Notice of Japheth's engagement to Virginia appeared in *The Times*. This staggered those who had forgotten the original competition, and it brought Ham and Shem to their senses. The next blow was a knockout. Japheth announced, casually, that he had a message for them from Gloria. With one voice they asked him what the devil he meant. 'She's had to go back,' explained Japheth. Back to where? 'Back to Hollywood,' went on Japheth. 'She's making a film there. It was nice of you boys to take such good care of her while she was over here. I told her I was having a spot of trouble, and asked her if she could slip over to give me her advice—which she did.'

"There was a nasty silence for a moment or two. Then Ham blurted out: 'Give *you* advice? Why you?'

"Japheth wrinkled his forehead. 'Why not?' he murmured. 'After all, she's my sister. Didn't I tell you that? How thoughtless of me. Never mind, you'll be able to see her on the screen when her new film comes over.'

"'What—what's it called?' gulped Shem.

"'Something about one of the States, I think she said. Oh yes, it's *Good-bye, Virginia,*' answered Japheth, taking evading action in the direction of the bar."

THE group captain tossed his cigarette into the fire and turned warning eyes on the adjutant. "If you want things to stay quiet you'd better advise that blonde to let her hair go back to its natural colour," he suggested.

END

Women are winning the War – of Freedom

England has always been a "free country" but grandmother's mother would have been surprised at the spacious activities of girls in 1941. It was not "polite" when she was young to do a man's job—and it was not possible. Women were still largely restricted by natural disabilities. Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—has changed all that. In doing so it has liberated women of today for the strenuous struggle for freedom; the task that allows no time for "off-days".

TAMPAX

Regd. Trade Mark

worn internally

PRICES 7d. 1/2 & 1/9

NEW FAMILY PACK 40 FOR 6/-

Sold by BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and other chemists, departmental stores, drapers, WOOLWORTH'S, MARKS & SPENCER LTD and THE N.A.A.F.I.

For further information regarding Tampax please write to The Nurse, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Rd., Northolt, Middlesex.

T.7

The Food for General Fitness

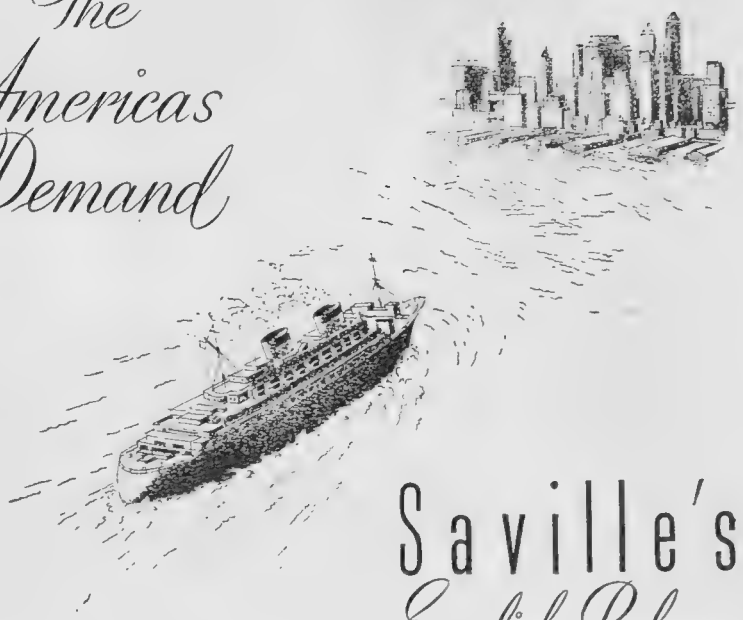
DEMAND EXCEEDS SUPPLY
More Shredded Wheat is now asked for than can be made under war-time conditions but we are doing our best to supply where the need is greatest.
BRITONS MAKE IT- IT MAKES BRITONS

SHREDDED WHEAT 100% FOOD

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTFORDSHIRE

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

The Americas Demand



Saville's *English Perfume*

New York, Washington, Buenos Aires, Toronto—the smartest cities in the Western World have discovered Saville's English Perfume, and the demand is now so great that it exceeds the supply. Yet the sale of Saville's Perfume abroad means urgently needed Foreign Currency for the British Government. So for the present the whole output of the famous perfume "Mischief" will be reserved to meet the ever-growing export demand.

Saville are, however, pleased to announce that supplies of their latest creation

"SEVENTH HEAVEN"

are still available but, by reason of war time conditions, supplies are restricted.

SAVILLE

CVS—131

STATE EXPRESS 555

FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY STATE EXPRESS 555 HAVE MAINTAINED THEIR REPUTATION AS THE WORLD'S FINEST CIGARETTES.

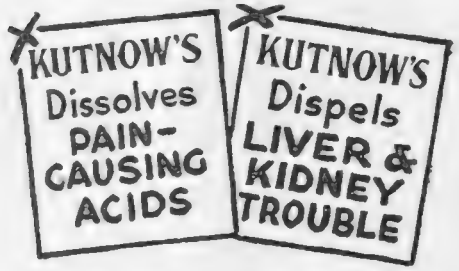
S.E. 22

TAKE FAMOUS ALKALINE-SALINE EVERY MORNING

A teaspoonful of Kutnow's Powder in a glass of cold or warm water gives you a health-giving saline of the same strength and virtue as the famous Continental mineral springs. Taken regularly every morning, this pleasant Spa drink keeps you internally clean and brings mental and bodily vigour.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

Kutnow's ensures easy and thorough elimination. It prevents habitual constipation, promptly dispels any sluggishness of liver and kidneys. Cleansing the blood-stream, and removing pain-causing acids, it gives pronounced relief in cases of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, gout, etc.



Kutnow's effervescent Powder, obtainable from chemists, was originally produced at Carlsbad. Specially recommended by the medical profession for over half a century. Guaranteed to contain no sugar.

START YOUR DAY WITH KUTNOW'S

Please mention "Britannia & Eve" —our advertisers would like to know you!

The Hospitals Carry On

(*Continued from page* 12)

library. Leisure hours are enjoyed to the full in most of the hospitals—in many of which the nurses have their own debating clubs and dramatic societies and get a great deal of fun out of both!

Once a nurse has completed her training and is fully qualified there are all sorts of further careers open to her. She may, for instance, decide to become a district nurse—regarded as a family friend in many homes. Women who, from choice or necessity, call upon her services, know that the district nurse is not only a skilful but a practical woman, who understands the difficulties often arising from sickness in a small home.

Statistics show that district nurses and hospital-trained midwives attend ninety per cent of the births in Great Britain, and that in sixty-five per cent of these they act on their own initiative. When you consider that the maternity mortality rate in cases attended by Queen's Nurses and village midwives is only 1·7 per 1,000, you have ample proof that they do their job well!

Queen Charlotte's Hospital, London, W.6 has a team of mobile midwives who are always on the alert. Light motor-cycles enable these nurses to travel quickly and easily to and from cases. Each of them carries a portable anæsthetic case strapped to the back of her cycle.

So do hospitals meet the needs of modern times!

There are a variety of other hospital careers available to women besides nursing. Resident posts in general hospitals, for instance, are now open to women doctors. They can also take up positions with public health authorities at home or abroad, and become G.P.s or specialise in one particular branch of medicine.

Students come from towns and villages all over the world to train in the twelve medical schools attached to London voluntary hospitals. Honorary visiting specialists give these students the opportunity to work under the greatest masters of the day.

The Royal Free Hospital, one of the few hospitals in the world devoted exclusively to training women doctors, is the third largest medical training school in the capital. Fifty students pass out as qualified doctors from this hospital every year.

Their training takes six years, so that girls who enter the medical school at nineteen, qualify when they are twenty-five. In each case their training costs roughly £2,000; but there are scholarships available by which it is possible for a girl to complete her training at considerably less than this figure.

Many girls who would like to train for the medical profession, but are handicapped by lack of funds, take up a career in one of the auxiliary branches of hospital work, such as massage, speech therapy or radiography. The outlay in such cases is considerably less, and the training varies from eighteen months to between two and three years.

Occupational therapy—a treatment which involves the prescription of recreation in cases of fracture and nervous disorders—is another branch of hospital work now rapidly expanding to meet the need of service casualties and injured civilians.

Bacteriological and virus research, and the preparation of suitable effective vaccines play a vital part in the war defence measures of the nation. Vaccines prepared in the Institute of Pathology and Therapeutic Research at St. Mary's Hospital, London, W., are sent to all parts of Great Britain and to our Dominions overseas. They are available alike to doctors in fashionable Harley Street and to those in remote corners of far countries.

In the research laboratories, at the operating table, and in the wards and the specialised departments of our hospitals, the women of Great Britain work beside the men to make up a team whose skill and energy and unceasing devotion to duty are incomparable.

We are justly proud of the hospital services of this country, and of the men and women who make them possible. But now, more than ever, new recruits are needed in many departments of our hospitals if they are to maintain their vital services.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 31)

ON DUTY

presence of iron. When a woman is anæmic there is an enormous decrease of the hæmoglobin in each red corpuscle, and so she is suffering from loss of oxygen as well as loss of iron. She gets her oxygen from fresh air, and her iron from food she eats. The iron is to be found in eggs and liver, of which you cannot get enough; and spinach, watercress, and green-leaved vegetables, which you can get; brown bread and oatmeal, as well as black treacle and almonds, which are not easy to get. Green pea soup made of dried peas is also good for you.

OFF DUTY

so much for granted, are nothing more than very pleasant memories to us, and it *is* fun to know that they still exist in your lives. All work and no fun makes a bore of any one. Show a little imagination and write us the sort of letters that you would like to receive if you were over here.

"You probably take a long view of the war, and comfort yourself with the thought that by the time Armistice Day is reached, your friends will have become kindhearted, white-haired old ladies who no longer indulge in a catty word. Nevertheless, you might just as well know what they are saying about you now. 'Have you noticed' says Jane, 'how all the women who went round boasting they could not bear to be parted from their husbands for even a weekend are all out in America, while those of us who never took married life very sentimentally before the war are now pigging it with our husbands in the most dreary parts of the country?'

"Marjorie says: 'During the first peaceful months of the war all my friends took to nursing. They could not have been more scornful of me because I stayed in the country and looked after my own children and my own home. But hardly had the first siren warbled than they had all gone with the wind.' Then she giggles and adds: 'It's funny, but all the women with the most scarlet linings to their Red Cross coats and the uniforms of the most military cut were the first out to America.' Marjorie is still looking after her children. Her nurse and cook have been called up; she has had incendiaries in her nursery, so it was just as well she was there to put them out.

"Then there is Rosemary. She works five days a week in a small and very stuffy fish and chip shop which is now a canteen where they serve thousands of soldiers. When she gets home in the evening there is a delicate aroma of canteen cooking and greasy fish water about her, which is funny when you consider that she had probably never seen a dish washed up before this war, and never smelled of anything worse than expensive French perfume in the past. Café society was her métier and so naturally most of her friends are refugeeing it in the States. 'Don't tell me' she says, 'that any one of them is really trying to get back here. That's all nonsense' she drawls; 'it is just to try and impress people.'

"Ah well, it is all good clean fun, and café society was probably brought up on the old adage of 'sticks and stones may break your bones but names can never hurt you.' All the same, it would be nice if you could bring yourselves to write us a gay and friendly letter every now and then.

"With love and kisses to you all from the girls you left behind you."

WORTH WAITING FOR . . .

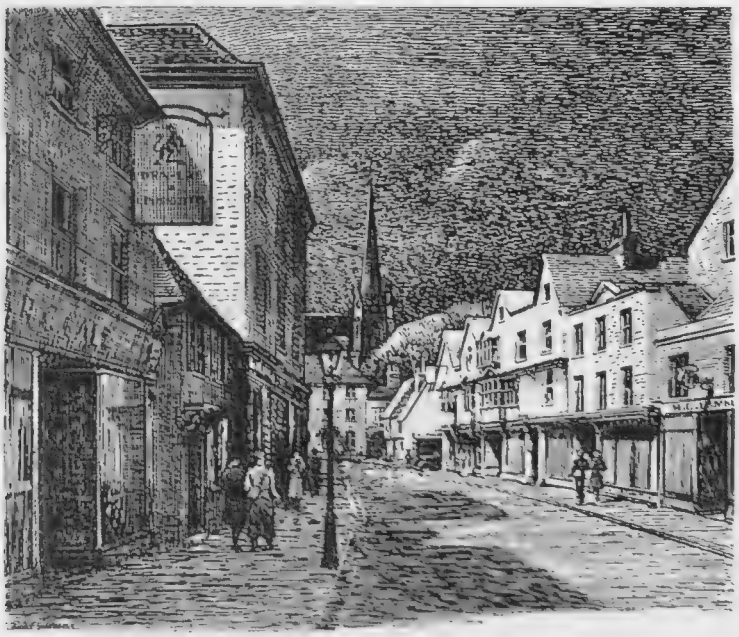
MINTY craftsmanship is just one of the many good things of life now denied to us. But when Victory is won and peace does return again, Minty will come into its own. In those happy days, when this labour and effort is at last over, *how much* shall we appreciate then all that Minty offers! The luxurious comfort of a Minty chair to provide generous relaxation, a Minty bookcase to house all those books war has given us no time to enjoy—both to beautify the home. Yes, Minty is *supremely* well worth waiting for!

Minty will make more bookcases and chairs, etc., when they can be sure of obtaining materials of quality sufficient to maintain their traditional standard of excellence.

MINTY CRAFTSMANSHIP

SECTIONAL BOOKCASES, CHAIRS, ETC.

MINTY LTD., 44/55, HIGH STREET, OXFORD



In Town tonight

Someone is having to make do without "Rufflette" curtain tape. Someone who is making new curtains and wanting them to have the graceful hang that only "Rufflette" tape can give. The shop in town is temporarily out of stock. They don't like having to turn away business but their supplies are restricted. When victory is won, of course, there'll be ample stocks of "Rufflette" tape, hooks, rings, and curtain rails for everyone. May it be soon!

'Rufflette' Brand

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets)
ALSO HOOKS, RINGS AND RAILS

"Rufflette" brand is made by

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LIMITED

Factories: MANCHESTER, WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.
London Offices: 156, Oxford St., W.1. Also at British Empire Buildings, New York City.

Before the railways came

Carr's of Carlisle — INVENTORS OF BISCUIT MAKING — 1831

Away back in 1831 Carr's, the inventors of biscuits, were making the world's finest biscuits at Carlisle.

Today, from that great railway centre, Carr's Table Water Biscuits are served in the restaurant cars to people who still prefer the very best.

The factory that makes them is one of the largest in the world, the makers are great-grandsons of the original inventor of biscuit-making.

CARR'S TABLE WATER BISCUITS

Crisp, Light, Nourishing and Delicious

MADE ONLY BY
Carr's of Carlisle

©C528

PATIENCE REWARDED!

If you cannot get that "Sectric" Clock at the first Jewellers, Electricians, or Store you visit, try, try again. If you do not then succeed, curb your impatience until victory has crowned our efforts and the boys are back again making "Sectric" Clocks galore....

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS

plug in to Greenwich time

• NO WINDING • NO REGULATING •

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2

MINISTRY of HEALTH SAYS:
COUGHS & SNEEZES SPREAD DISEASES

VAPEX

The Magic Drop

WILL STOP THAT COLD

USE VAPEX at the first sign of a cold and it will be cleared promptly and safely. Breathing VAPEX removes stuffiness by penetrating to the source of the infection — the warm recesses of the nose and throat—where it destroys the breeding germs.
If you have let your cold develop, VAPEX will shorten the attack, ease the breathing and clear the bronchial passages.

A drop on your handkerchief

Simply sprinkle a "magic drop" of VAPEX on your handkerchief and breathe deeply from it frequently during the day. At night put a drop on the end of your pillow. All symptoms of your cold will soon be gone.

From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4

v217a. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Giants With Wings

(*Continued from page* 29)

Aft of the bomb bay is the radio room from which the operator can maintain contact with the ground and escorting aircraft. Meanwhile, protection against enemy fighters is provided by gun turrets, six ·50 calibre machine guns and a seventh of ·30 calibre, known as the "pea-shooter" by the R.A.F., calculated to provide a sizzling reception committee for Messerschmitts. Gun turrets in the sides are mounted for action. Guns are also placed so as to take on fighters flying underneath the Fortress. The top is protected by ugly-looking machine guns pointing through the fuselage. Another brace of quick-firing weapons poke their black snouts through the nose.

What happens after the long petrol hoses have gorged the giant and the bay is filled with those "beautiful bombs"? The pilot and his partner handle the controls as if they were driving a car. A button is pressed, a throttle adjusted, and the sleek Leviathan soars skywards with a deep-bellied roar of menace.

Inside the "ship," the men are snugly dressed in sheepskin-lined suits and furry boots. Their oxygen masks are handy because the Fortress operates at high altitudes in which the body tissues get too little oxygen for comfort.

The aircraft itself has been designed for high altitudes and does not suffer. As the atmosphere thins, it offers less resistance and the plane can go faster. But engines, like human beings, need oxygen to burn fuel and provide horse-power. The four exhaust-driven supercharged motors take care of that problem. By means of an air pump the air is compressed so that the oxygen supply is maintained and the horse-power kept up.

There are tremendous advantages to high altitude flying. Ice—the airman's nightmare—is not troublesome above 16,000 feet, and "rough air" ceases to worry. These are safety factors which have weighed with American designers of big commercial aircraft of which the Fortress is a direct descendant.

As one actively connected with aircraft production, I can well imagine the thought and care that have gone to the manufacture of this great weapon. From the variable pitch airscrew down to the oxygen mask, a million delicate technical problems have had to be conquered. Three of the greatest aircraft factories in the United States have dropped competition to pool their technical resources in the perfection of the Flying Fortress.

America, thanks to her great system of commercial aviation, has had a valuable start in this field—and we are drawing dividends from that start, but it should not be supposed that our own designers have been idle. We are turning out four-engined bombers in quantities, and our specialists are co-operating with American designers to solve the problem of stratosphere flying and bombing. Some people are inclined to forget that a British pilot broke the world's altitude record in 1937 by reaching just under 60,000 feet!

Recently Mr. Harry Hopkins stressed the importance of a weapon like the Boeing Flying Fortress "which can reach to the easternmost parts of Germany and knock out their factories and sources of supply." Hitler will hear much of B 17 in the coming months. The heaviest and most "beautiful" bombs in the world will thump down upon the Nazi nerve centres from an invisible giant every time the operator touches the control which synchronises the movement of the ship with the precious bomb sight. That will be a resounding tribute to the co-operation of the Americans who created the giant and the gallant Englishmen who lead him into the battlefield over Hitler's Third Reich.

END

The Ultimate Factor

(*Continued from page* 8)

during the night, but the captain kept the contents to himself. The gunroom—indeed the whole ship's company—had been speculating about the sortie ever since they left harbour: it had been the only subject of conversation, but nobody knew anything.

The captain turned at that moment and handed his cigarette case to his "doggie." It was a little flat wooden box with his initials on it in gold. Young Forsyth took it reverently.

"Nip down to my sea cabin. There's a box of cigarettes on the desk. Shove some in that case."

The chief yeoman had scribbled the Skua's message on a signal pad and handed it to the captain. Young Forsyth glanced at his face, which was inscrutable, saluted and scrambled down the ladder. Whatever the message was, it would be logged and he'd read it later.

He scrambled down the ladder, stepped into the captain's sea cabin, baring his head as he did so, and closed the door.

He looked round for the cigarettes, but they were not on the desk. The captain had said they were on the desk; perhaps he meant they were in the desk; in one of the drawers. He pulled open the top one; there was the box. He picked it up and saw a signal sheet beneath:

"Submarine X 17 disabled and unable to dive in approximate position—some code letters followed—in tow and under escort of destroyer flotilla. Fleet will rendezvous 4 p.m. with supporting cruisers."

He closed the drawer and stood mechanically transferring the cigarettes to the case in his hand, feeling suddenly rather sick.

He pattered up the ladder to the bridge, saluted, and handed the cigarette case to the captain. In his absence the sky had cleared. The sun shone brightly. The grey hulls of the fleet stood out against the greenish sea with the foam white round their bows.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the navigator. "Feeling sea sick?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you look it. Here's the sun." He turned to the captain. I suggest they all take a sight and work out the noon position, sir."

The captain, lighting a cigarette, nodded. "Forsyth, go down and tell Caradock to get all midshipmen on deck with their sextants, and take the meridian altitude of the sun. When they've worked out the latitude and longitude at noon I want to see the results." Again young Forsyth saluted and departed on his mission.

"That boy doesn't look well," he observed. "Very white about the gills."

Forsyth made his way down a succession of ladders to the upper deck. The bitter wind flapped his overcoat about his legs, shrilling in aerials and stays, mingling with the drone of fan exhausts and the noises of the sea in a diapason of sound that deepened as he descended.

He reached the gunroom at last. The inmates, the midshipmen who were not stationed at gun quarters, were clustered round the notice board. One turned as he entered.

"Hullo, Fritters. I suppose you've heard the news. The signal has just been sent round to the notice boards. X 17 is——"

"You've all got to bring your sextants on deck. The captain says——"

The alarm rattlers suddenly roared their brazen notes through the ship. There was a wild stampede for gas masks and shrapnel helmets. Young Forsyth stood aside as the rush went past him. The last out—it was the Kipling enthusiast—paused in the doorway, eyeing the captain's "doggie."

"X 17," he repeated, adjusting the strap of his shrapnel helmet. "Fritters, isn't that your brother's submarine?"

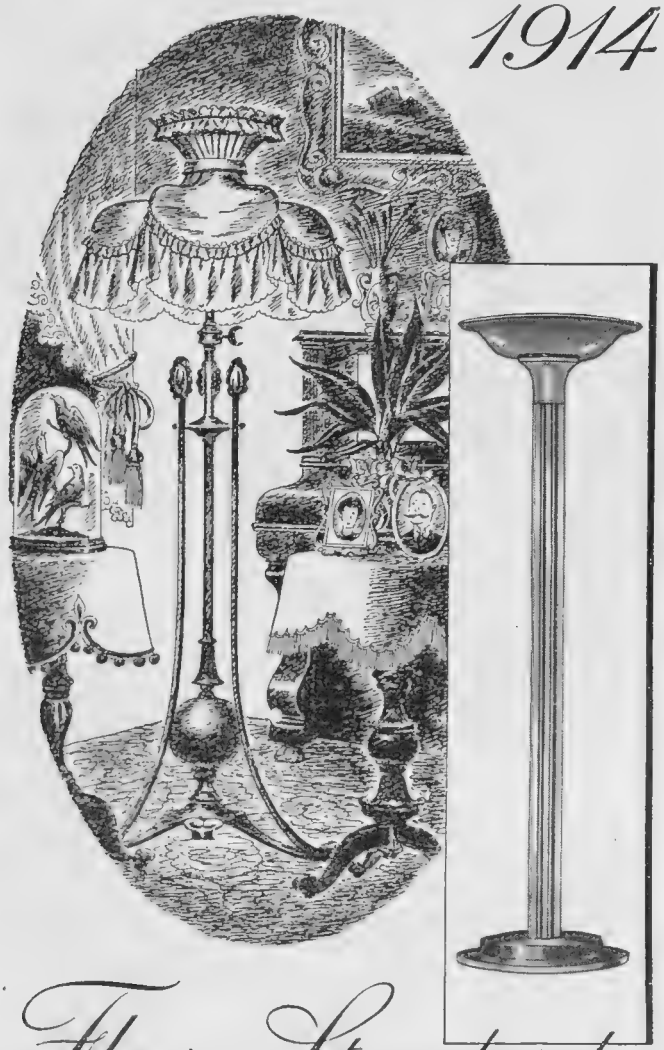
"Yes," replied young Forsyth.

"There she is!"

The captain and the navigator and the chief yeoman stood with their glasses on the horizon. The

(*Continued on page* 60)

Standard Lamp... 1914



Floor Standard... ...today

THE contrast between the elaborate silk covered lamp standard of 1914 and its modern elegant counterpart symbolises the rapid and continuous progress always being made in the electrical industry. Science did not stand still in 1914 and to-day the G.E.C. is keeping abreast of developments and improvements that will result in better electrical equipment for the home when this war is over.

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

SAILORS ARE BUT MEN

THREE years ago, I was a garage mechanic, making 50/- a week. When war came, I joined the Navy as a motor-mechanic, went through a course of training, passed the tests, and here I am — Chief Petty Officer on an .M.T.B. (motor torpedo boat), the fastest craft afloat.

An M.T.B. goes out under cover of darkness, fires her torpedoes where they'll do most good, returns to re-load, and repeats. It would be too bad if there was engine-trouble, and that's where I come in — I see there isn't.

The only snag is being away from the wife, especially during the blitz periods. Last year she was working right in the middle of it and I suppose I must have got worried about her. Anyway, I began to feel like a chewed string. Even a long sleep, when I got it, didn't seem to rest me. I was *always* tired. So while I was home on leave once, my wife would insist that I got the doctor to give me a tonic. I thought he'd just give me a bottle of the old pink medicine, but instead of that he talked to me about the three Sleep Groups.

It seems you can divide people into three Sleep Groups. The 3rd Group are the people who suffer from real insomnia. The 2nd Group are the people who seem to sleep all right but don't get properly rested by their sleep. The 1st Group are the right 'uns — they get the kind of sleep that does a real repairing job. It's not how *long* you sleep but how *well* that counts, the doctor said, and he told me that Horlicks would help me to get back into the 1st Sleep Group and build me up generally.

So my wife and I started taking Horlicks and to cut a long story short — it's done us both a power of good.

In the last letter I had from my wife, she was saying how much fresher she feels now all day. I'm the same. I'm quite bright even first thing in the morning! And how I enjoy our night runs now! I'm back in the 1st Sleep Group all right and I give Horlicks credit for it. What I think is this — it's good, nourishing food, you sleep well on it, and it builds up a sort of *reserve of energy* in you for the next day.

* * *

YOUR sleeping time is your repairing time. During sleep, your body and mind should be completely rested and restored so that you are alert and brimful of energy next day. If you are not restored in this way by your sleep, you cannot be your best or do your best. You *must* get into the 1st Sleep Group with the people who are fully alive, alert and purposeful from morning till night. Horlicks will help you to get into the 1st Sleep Group. In every way it will build you up and enable you to put out the extra effort needed from each one of us to-day.

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure equitable distribution.

HORLICKS

WANTED

650 REGULAR USERS OF A LAXATIVE

We are genuinely anxious to get in touch with 650 regular users of a laxative. If you are liable to suffer from chain headaches, coated tongue, or constipation, you no doubt take some form of laxative. Here's something which not only corrects your constipation, but tones up your liver as well, so that your liver functions properly and completes the work of eliminating the poisonous wastes from your system.

So confident are we of the wonderfully beneficial effects of Karmoid tablets in cases where both a laxative and a liver medicine are required that we are prepared to send a test supply of KARMOID Tablets to 650 bona-fide sufferers of intestinal stagnation and overworked liver. Tiredness, bad breath, blotched and sallow complexion, and constant headaches are sure signs of an over-worked liver.

Karmoid gently assists nature to do its work. It relieves the strain on the liver and completely banishes that off colour feeling.

This FREE test offer is a new method of getting KARMOID better known. We feel certain that once you have felt that "top of the world" feeling after taking a KARMOID Tablet, you will be as enthusiastic about them as we are.

If you will send us your name and address (a postcard will do), we will send you a free test supply.

IMPORTANT.—We anticipate that the full 650 free test supplies will be quickly exhausted so do not delay—Write at once to International Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. 23, Charlbury, Oxon.

"There must be many women who go on Suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

Cephos REG'D

Pronounced See-foss

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

sky was still pock marked with the puffs of smoke left by bursting anti-aircraft shells. Far away on the port quarter a destroyer was still firing at a German bomber invisible to the fleet. The guns of the battleships were silent, having beaten off an attack by Heinkels which scored no hits.

"They're dropping bombs all round her, sir!" said the navigator. He laid his high-power binoculars on the chart table and moved to the compass to take a bearing.

"Yes, but the cruisers are in action, and so is the destroyer escort. . . ." The captain spoke in low, engrossed tones.

The navigator was stooping over the azimuth mirror. His glasses lay within Forsyth's reach. The boy picked them up and with a beating heart focused them on the horizon.

He saw a speck lying low in the water surrounded by a confused circle of destroyers. Tatters of pale flame blinked from them and he saw white columns of water springing into the air all round. He stared, fascinated.

"She's getting a deuce of a plastering," murmured the captain. "One direct hit would put paid to the whole business."

Young Forsyth felt he would rather not watch any more. He lowered the glasses and laid them back on the chart table. The aircraft carrier had flown off another flight and they went past overhead humming like a swarm of angry bees. He watched them under the brim of his shrapnel helmet with a leaden heart as they climbed, heading for the fight. "Oh, go on, go on! Save Harry! Don't let them plaster him! Slug hell out of them. . . ." His lips moved soundlessly. The chief yeoman barked out an alteration of course signalled by the flagship; the guns broke out afresh as a Heinkel appeared on the fringe of a cloud bank and vanished again. Firing became general as bombs fell, straddling the destroyers on the flank.

The navigator straightened up from the chart table.

"I suppose the commander-in-chief is putting us between X 17 and Heligoland to cover her retreat."

The captain nodded. "From surface attack, yes. But I don't think there's much likelihood of that." The guns had fallen silent again. He made a little movement with his hand embracing the fleet in battle array, turrets banked tier upon tier, their guns mouthing at the sky.

The navigator turned to Forsyth. "Do you remember that lecture I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you couldn't have a better example than this of what I was talking about. Here you have a submarine crippled, I suppose, by depth charges, being towed back across the North Sea. And because we're here the Germans daren't send a force out to finish her off. That's what sea power means, my son."

"Yes, sir."

The Ultimate Factor

He raised his glasses again. "That bombing attack seems to have petered out. They haven't hit her. The cruisers and our Skuas have been one too many for them. She ought to be pretty well safe now."

"X 17 is safe, sir?"

"With any luck, yes. But I expect that we shall buy it presently."

The dive bombers came out of the clouds to the east in waves. The roar of their engines was drowned by the thunder of the guns and the explosions of bursting bombs. Forsyth saw the water thrown up by the explosions mounting up in great pillars of foam that obliterated whole ships. The racket of the pom-poms was linked to the spatter of machine gun fire as the Skuas swooped among the bombers and the shell bursts overhead. In all that vast confusion of noise and the shouting of orders he was aware of himself standing composedly, watching the captain, repeating ceaselessly to himself: "Harry's safe, Harry's safe!"

Something, a bullet or a bomb fragment, struck the glasses the captain was holding, knocking them shattered to the deck.

He turned his head.

"Forsyth?"

"Sir?"

"There's a pair of spare glasses in my after cabin. Slip aft and get them. Keep under cover."

He turned to the ladder. There was a way down, through the mess decks and water-tight doors, by which he could reach the captain's harbour cabin without exposing himself. But the route along the upper deck was quicker. The captain needed binoculars to see what was going on. He'd go that way and chance it.

He reached the upper deck and began to run along the interminable vista of planking. The hot blast of the guns and the reek of gases swept over him. He dodged through groups of cowled fire parties in their white anti-flash garments and was drenched by drifting spray from a bomb explosion. He wondered inconsequently as he ran what the girl in Harry's letter was doing at that moment, and whether Harry would ever have her photograph stuck up in his cabin.

A swift hot pain went through his shoulder and his chest. He blundered as he ran. The caulking of the planks seemed to twist in strange serpentine lines that went up hill and blurred. There was no strength in his legs and he leaned against the superstructure coughing convulsively. Somebody had an arm round him.

"Here steady, son. . . ."

He began to sink through a roaring darkness. But before he sank beyond reach and hail, there was just:

"Tell Harry," he gasped, "tell Harry it was us. The ultimate factor. . . ."

END

A Use for a Decent Pay-Day

(*Continued from page 27*)

had warmed up above a bit; but what could you expect—going on sixty-six? His protective bungs had kept the water supply fresh. He had rigged canvas screens along the gunwales to add to comfort. When men's spirits ebbed, he had sung ancient, hearty shanties.

"Worth any two of the youngsters!" Captain Gunnel avowed in the destroyer's wardroom. "But he deserves a rest now——"

However, Gunnel's owners had another and better ship ready for him when he landed. She was fitting-out; and that job needed a man with his wits about him.

"Why, sure!" said the shore-skipper, when Gunnel asked if Peter might be appointed boatswain in charge. "A nice soft job for the old boy—and then we'll keep him ashore, building new tonnage the way we are."

Outside those dock gates was another pub; snugger than the "Fouled Anchor"; a replica of Peter's romantic young dream. It was a happy place to which to resort when the strenuous labours of the wartime days were ended. It escaped enemy bombings as if by a miracle. There were crafty sailing-ship models on the walls; and the present proprietor had been a boatswain—Royal Navy—in his time. His son, a R.A.F. sergeant pilot, having been killed, the line of succession was broken; and the old man was failing, having cherished his airman son the way seafaring men do cherish their first-borns. Peter's pay as shore boatswain wasn't bad—although danger-money wasn't paid; and before the *Guillemot Head* was ready for sea, his savings touched the seven hundred mark. Now, rightly considered, a man could continue usefully as a shore boatswain and yet own a half-share in the "Happy Return." "God might sink the sea!" as that Kipling feller put it.

But on sailing (*Continued on page 62*)

Diana still a'hunting goes

And it's Weston Biscuits that she is after. But she stopped to look at Wilkin's pigs. And then she met the vicar. So now she is too late; for in these days it's first come first served, as the grocer reminds Diana.

We are striving to supply a fair share to all, in the biggest and smallest places alike. Never do our four factories cease work. And as the biscuits come straight from the ovens—crisp and fresh—our vans deliver them to every part of the country.

We want everyone to be able to get Weston Biscuits as often as possible. At the same time we insist on keeping up the standard of fine quality and best value.

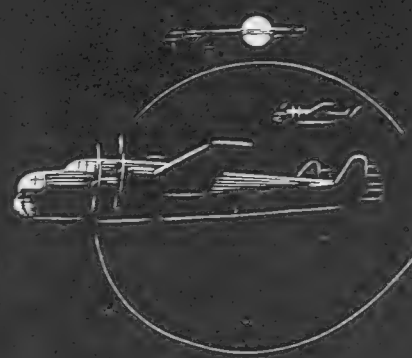
Your grocer will be glad to sell you Weston Biscuits whenever he can, so please be patient when necessary. Their goodness and economical price will make up for the waiting.

Weston BISCUITS

THE WESTON BISCUIT CO. LTD., SLOUGH, EDINBURGH, NEWPORT, BELFAST

B246

YOUR ANTI-FREEZE has gone to Germany



—and come back!

That is why Bluecol is not available for your private motoring this winter.

We are proud to think that this same anti-freeze is now serving such a vital purpose with our giant bombers in the sub-stratosphere.

Unfortunately in spite of intensive research work over a long period, we have been unable to discover a satisfactory alternative.

BLUECOL

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

BLUECOL IS PATENTED INHIBITED ETHYLENE GLYCOL

S. SMITH & SONS (MOTOR ACCESSORIES) LTD. LONDON · N.W.2.

SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

J. MANDLEBERG & CO. LTD. PENDLETON MANCHESTER
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

THE WOMAN OF 40-50 & Nerves

This and other troubles due to upset glandular balance.

Women of 40-50 are the Nation's greatest sufferers from **Nerves** — they become unduly "touchy," easily cast-down, irritable beyond measure. Don't blame them—it is not their fault—for they are passing through trying, anxious times—"The Change."

Extreme nervous tension in women of 40-50 is caused by the system not being able to adjust itself quickly enough to the changing conditions. Only by taking a medicine specially compounded to restore the upset glandular balance to normal is it possible to regain equilibrium. Menopax is the most up-to-date specialist's treatment for all symptoms of "The Change," including **Sudden Hot Flushes, Insomnia, Tiredness, Giddiness, Palpitation, Constant Headaches, Ear Noises,** etc., and is daily prescribed by hundreds of doctors all over the world.

MENOPAX

Relieves all symptoms of "The Change."

Menopax brand Tablets are obtainable in three sizes —**2/10, 5/7½** and **11/3** (including purchase tax), from all chemists. (If your chemist is out of stock he will obtain Menopax for you within a few hours.) An interesting book, **"The Crisis in a Woman's Life,"** written by a prominent gynæcologist, explains fully why suffering is so intense at this time of life. This book **may be taken FREE** from most chemist's **counters,** or will be sent for **3d.** in stamps direct by: **Clinical Products Ltd., 2, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.**

morning, the regular bosun, a spry youngster of forty-five or thereabouts, was unaccountably missing.

"It doesn't seem fair," Captain Gunnel said, when Peter clumped up the bridge-ladder. "You deserve an easy, bosun."

"There'll be a long time for easies when I've swallowed the anchor for good, sir," Peter unconsciously paraphrased Carlyle. Gunnel laughed and sent him below to where a shipping clerk was waiting.

"How about your sea-kit?" asked the clerk, as Peter touched the pen, being unable to write so much as his own name.

"Well, what I ain't got handy, the slop-chest'll pervide," said Peter.

IT was now mid-winter: a hard winter at that; but the *Guillemot Head* was a modern ship, and her boatswain's room was spacious and warm, with a bigger steam heater and an extra foot of steam-pipe more than Peter had ever sailed shipmates with—the extra pipe was handy for drying-off wet seaboot stockings. Moreover, the new ship had a good turn of speed, so good that after Channel mouth she was allowed to proceed unescorted. She was thus proceeding when her wireless operator picked up an S.O.S. from a point some two hundred miles away, dead up-wind.

"'Course," said Captain Gunnel, "it might be a decoy; you never know these days." But Sparks said he recognised the sending of the *Trevanion's* operator—he had an unmistakable trick, which no Hun could possibly have picked up. Captain Gunnel told lighthearted young Saxell, the second and navigating mate, to plot out the appropriate course and distance. Then he made the requisite helm alteration and the *Guillemot Head* put her nose into it and snored north-west. She tore away her boats in the ensuing hours of elemental fury. She filled herself with ice, so that the steam-hoses needed to be rigged to blast gangways along the boat deck and to the fo'c'sles. From time to time the *Trevanion* urged haste; she was rolling in the troughs, and it seemed she might capsize.

"A big ship, the *Trevanion*," Peter remembered, wielding the steam-hose like a magician with a wand. "It's a good bit of a pity." Inevitably, during these stark inclemencies, his thoughts travelled to the two snug pubs of his closest acquaintance. He, with ice forming on his nose-tip and eyelashes, wondered what sort of a hell-and-half fool he was to go tramping at his age, when if he'd only been wise he'd have been sitting in carpet slippers before a snapping fire, with a steaming tumbler of hot rum close and handy, and the mirth of the public bar for music, instead of the fret and smash of inboarding seas. But after this trip, he swore, he'd throw in his hand. Seafaring—wartime seafaring—was well enough for young 'uns. But none the less he was on the bridge-deck, near a bent davit, when the *Trevanion* loomed into view.

The *Trevanion*, it seemed, was not a victim of enemy attack at all; it was one of the usual chances of seagoing that had brought about her undoing. Defying E-boats, U-boats and dive bombers, she had got thus far on her travels when her tail-shaft snapped like a rotten carrot and left her helpless. All the sea-anchors in existence wouldn't keep her head to wind and sea, for she had a high-rising forepart that caught the wind like a topsail; so she had rolled herself into what passes for hysteria with a ship, and had made a clean sweep of everything movable.

"My eye—what a packet of salvage!" said Captain Gunnel, as soon as the facts were made known. "What's he saying now?" The unfortunate ship's bunting was rising and falling spasmodically, several of the flags stood out like sheet iron before the wind tore them to ribbons.

"He says, sir, can you tow, because he's got five million in specie down in his hold."

"'Nuts to the man without teeth!'" Gunnel quoted the old Spanish proverb. "The high gods are practical jokers. God—what a sailor's dream! How in hell are we going to tie up to him in this; and if he rolls any more he'll rip his guts loose."

Quite naturally Peter had scaled the

A Use for a Decent Pay-Day

bridge: anything to do with life-saving was naturally the bosun's affair.

"If we'd a boat left," Gunnel fretted, "we might have taken a line across, with oil to sleek the seas; but we haven't a boat; nor has he from the look of things. All we can do is shoot a line across him and hope he can work a breeches-buoy."

"We might stand by till things ease. There won't be any of those killer-swine surfacing in this muck," said Gunnel. "Tell him that—we'll stand by." The signal was made; the reply came by flash lamp, because most of the *Trevanion's* signal bunting was now useless.

"He's worked his boilers loose and if he can't get head to wind, he's scared they'll fall through the bottom, sir," the second mate reported.

"Hell! We'll try to shoot a line across, then!" But a number of serious attempts failed. Just why, it is difficult to say. Perhaps Captain Gunnel was too timid to risk his fine new ship in too close proximity to the squattering *Trevanion*. The 'scend of any one of the giant Atlantic combers might have thrown her down on the distressed ship, and locked them in common ruin. And, working from leeward, the gun simply wouldn't carry the line against the wind.

As each attempt failed, Peter thought more seriously than ever about the comforts of a pub-keeper's existence as compared with this serial inferno. As boatswain he had been in the front-line of all the attempts: he was powder-grimed from the gun, he was lacerated by the surging line; he was drenched, and—he was sixty-five years old. Sixty-six, indeed. Probably that was why he funnelled his hands to shout into Gunnel's ear:

"S'pose ye ran her close, sir—to wind'ard; drop of oil, maybe—deepsea leadline—I can swim. I'll not be missed at my age, if so be——!"

Captain Gunnel shouted ribaldries. Then he stopped his shouting and eyed the possibilities. To secure connexion by gun or boat meant jockeying into position to wind'ard and remaining there for a perilously long time. But if a man dived off the forecastle, say—and suppose he—Gunnel took a chance to run as close as he dared, well under way—

"You'd freeze stiff!" he bawled.

"Not me, sir—old bones don't freeze easy!" said Peter through chattering teeth. "Better me nor a young 'un—I'm due for the beach, anyway. S'pose I greased myself all over, now——"

Of course, the old shellback could swim, ever since his mudlarking childhood.

"Peter," said Gunnel, "you've got more guts than the whole Merchant Navy." Then he got busy making arrangements; a lot had to be done. The result of it was that Peter, with two suits of winter underwear over a liberal smalming of engine-room grease, watched his opportunity and dived from the *Guillemot Head's* forecastle just as Gunnel took his ship so breathlessly near to the *Trevanion* as literally to scrape her paint. The deepsea leadline was round Peter's middle, with a blanket padding. He thought his heart was freezing as he dived into a grey-bearded comber. Then he was fighting like a tiger-cat for very life, against a paralysis that was threatening to stiffen him for ever. Then he vaguely remembered the glowing snug of the "Fouled Anchor" and the glint of light on coloured bottles and the singing of the kettle—all this was fogged and hazy, but he did realise that if he succumbed now he would never cock carpet slippers to a snapping fire. And then he was cursing the harsh barnacles along the *Trevanion's* boot-topping which cut him to the bone—and when Peter cursed he *cursed*.

Then he lost his senses. Whilst he was inert the two ships did a number of things: the deepsea leadline hauled a stouter rope to the *Guillemot Head's* stern, and then a wire, then a hawser, shackled to the *Trevanion's* starboard bower cable, which was paid out almost to the bare end. The hawser was shackled to a length of the freighter's cable which had been flaked (*Continued on page* 64)

"It's a D & N Product"

—and that simply means you are assured not only of good materials but of high *quality* in style, service and craftsmanship. Restrictions and difficulties abound to-day, but D & N products continue to uphold the craftswoman in needlework and encourage the beginner. Over 1,000 high-class stockists throughout the country are serving with D & N unshrinkable knitting and crochet yarns, colourful embroideries, mendings and instruction leaflets. Write to address below for their names and for samples and shade cards.

An entirely novel range of leaflets is ready—practical garments showing good taste and coupon economy. The "Symphony" Victory Jumper is partnered by matching Pixie Hood and Gloves and a beautifully shaped cami-knicker. Full instructions for all in one leaflet.

DUNBAR & NAIRN, Textile Manufacturers and Distributors.
135, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW, C.1

Ready for anything!

Warmly wrapped up—yes—but you can see from his merry eye, his cheeky little face, that his real protection against *any* emergency is the sturdy health of a COW & GATE baby.

His mother took the best advice and gave her child the food that has won a supreme reputation all over the world. She did not ask for the cheapest but for the best and, because she did not hesitate to pay a little more, she has not known a day's anxiety, whatever the weather or the season.

Do as she did and eight Royal mothers too—give *your* baby this priceless start in life, the finest constitution, the best resistance against *anything*.

© 3081

Get COW & GATE today and be *sure!*

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"BABIES LOVE IT"

HEDY LAMARR, M.G.M. STAR

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

Offer an apology -and a promise

Max Factor preparations are still available in limited quantities, although procuring them may not be as easy as before. For this we make an apology and a promise. An apology for conditions over which we have no control. A promise that everything humanly possible is being done to ensure that every town and city will have its fair share of these carefully chosen cosmetics . . . that every woman who knows and appreciates their high standard and unsurpassed quality, will be richly rewarded for her patience.

This, too, is Important!

The National need for metal has, naturally, greatly restricted the manufacture of Lipstick cases. As a solution to this problem Max Factor are producing *for the first time* special refills of their Lipsticks. So be careful not to throw away your present case. Prices are 3/- and 1/10d.

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

A Use for a Decent Pay-Day

round her solid sternworks. As soon as the mate gave the word, the *Guillemot Head* took the strain. After ten hours' harsh fighting the *Trevanion's* head came into the wind, her rolling stopped, her boilers were chocked into security.

The storm increased savagely in violence during the next long while; but the *Guillemot Head* trudged stolidly into the heart of it. Fires started in the *Trevanion's* donkey-boiler fed the ship's central heating with steam; something approaching comfort returned to her people—her crew and her passengers, particularly her passengers. For the big ship was packed to capacity with refugees leaving war-torn Europe to stew in its own lamentable juice. South American millionaires were there a-plenty; North American society lights abounded.

"If it hadn't been for one little old man," the *Trevanion's* captain complimented his ship's company, "we'd have been tuning our golden harps before this. As it is——"

"Here's a thousand dollars," said the steel magnate.

"You don't put a high price on your life," snorted Mrs. Vanderslee, of the Four Hundred. "Sell this necklace and give him what it makes." It had cost her long-suffering husband the best part of a hundred thousand dollars, and next day Mrs. Vanderslee would probably regret her impulse; but she had been alcoholically celebrating her withdrawal from death's threshold.

"Any more for a tarpaulin muster?" asked the captain, turning his cap into a collection bag. Peter wasn't interested: he was fighting double-pneumonia, which his greenheart toughness turned into something that astounded the *Trevanion's* doctor. "It answers to all the tests," that worthy admitted; "but he sort of laughs at it, and he talks all the time about a pub—a snug little pub with light shining on bottles——"

"About all the Paradise he's ever imagined, likely enough," said the captain, who dreamed his own dreams. And that dream-pub became more real to Peter in ensuing days, than the things happening round him. Coming into a lazy convalescence, he dwelled upon the fantasy. He was growing old: he'd never known what might be called a proper rest. Whenever he thought of his icy swim, he shivered. As half-host of the "Fouled Anchor," he need never touch cold water again. The hardest work ahead would be starting the bungs of beer-barrels, or chucking out a recalcitrant booze-hound. Knowing that the *Trevanion* was in a fair way to safety, he decided his life's work was done. This salvage was the crown of his achievements; let youngsters carry on the torch.

He went on thinking this way until *Trevanion* and her salvor dropped anchor in a safe port. The most distinguished passenger orated a happy speech of thanks to Peter as he halted on the gangway.

"And here," he concluded, "is a small token of gratitude from all hands, down to the cook." He handed over a notable bag, which Peter handled bewilderedly. It had not occurred to him that his swim had been anything out of the ordinary. He stammered that he was uncommon obleeged, touched his white forelock, and slithered down the gangway-ladder: leaving behind him a ship that suddenly grew clamorous with cheers—round after round.

As they died distantly all hands aboard the *Guillemot Head* took them up with interest; and Peter found himself hauled into enthusiasm. Hard hands were slapping his back, hard hands gripped his own illness-softened fists.

Peter felt an unaccustomed dimness in his fierce old eyes. He stared at familiar faces now somehow unfamiliar. They were decent folks—tried shipmates. For lack of something better to say and do, Peter shoved the *Trevanion's* collection into Captain Gunnel's hands.

"I reckon this is a cumshaw for the lads, sir," he observed. But the *Trevanion* had been signalling as Peter crossed from ship to ship.

"That's your own lagniappe, with the

passengers' compliments," Gunnel said. "I'll lock it in my safe—how much, think you?"

"Maybe as much as a hundred dollars," thought Peter. But when Gunnel counted it in his presence, it amounted to nearer two hundred thousand; for Mrs. Vanderslee's necklace had been auctioned.

"Quite a tidy packet," approved Gunnel. "And when the salvage award is made, you'll get a proper share, I'll see to that. If it hadn't been for you, Peter, we'd none of us have been a penny the richer—except poor Litmus."

"Litmus?" Peter asked. Litmus was the heartbreak of the ship: a grouser, always down on his luck.

"Poor devil had a leg torn off when a wire parted," informed Gaptain Gunnel. "He's alive; but he's done for—he would get in the way, as usual. Well, Peter, with this little pladget and your share of the salvage award—it'll be big—you can buy a half-share in the "Ritz," or some such pub, I'd say." For Peter's dream was common property aboard the *Guillemot Head*. "Not but what we'll be sorry to lose you——"

Peter stared round him. His head reeled. No need for any more seafaring; no more cold drenchings. But through the scuttle of the captain's room he sighted the towering, ice-clad bulk of the immobilised *Trevanion*.

"I didn't fare to know she was that big," he mumbled. "Quite a ship, she is. You know, sir," he rumbled, "I reckon I'd best stop afloat, leastwise till this war's over. I'd maybe be more use at sea than in a public. I'm old, but I'm tough. There's something about seafarin'——"

"Your job's here, for you as long as you like to keep it," said Gunnel.

"But I'll buy me a pub," affirmed Peter. "I'll buy all of it, if so be that money's all mine. I'll buy the "Fouled Anchor," and, gor lumme, if I don't put in poor Litmus to manage it till I grow properly old."

END

Week-ends of Boredom

(*Continued from page 17*)

the Siegfried Line were feeling the same as their own men. Indeed, civilian France would have been far better engaged looking after its own morale. The absence of bombing aided inculcation of the idea that Hitler didn't intend to move in the West, but was jockeying so that a settlement should eventuate from deadlock. That he didn't want to spill blood with France, in particular, became a fashionable theme. Each night millions of French people heard Ferdonnet, "the Traitor of Stuttgart," broadcast how the war was all Britain's fault. Hitler had nothing against France.

Gradually a jumble of the foregoing produced a light-headed over-confidence. "They," meaning the big shots on either side, were going to settle this war somehow—a complacency which in turn slipped into that "thinking back to normal" so desired by Hitler, master psychologist of the mass mind. People began to pay excessive attention to the things they were missing from peace time. Relatively slight nuisances and deprivations became magnified. Much time was used in acrid disputation about those who were making money or were subjects of favouritism. More and more persons bore themselves, many no doubt unconsciously, as if the war were an unwarranted intrusion. Calls to further effort fell increasingly on a cynical or apathetic public. And especially on a terribly bored public—since in France the killjoys emerged in the guise of Fifth Columnists in the bureaucracy with mission to make it as difficult as possbile for the public to obtain suitable release and distraction. That was an important aspect of the nerve war, and its trump card was a totally uncalled-for, blanketing ban on movement beyond a few miles radius.

Without in any way suggesting that the temper in Britain approximates that of France two years ago, there are obvious resemblances between current conditions here and some of those depicted above. Take Lady Violet Bonham Carter's anxiety over "this illusory spell when we worry about eggs and onions." That summons up an entire situation. Take boredom in an army compelled endlessly to the restricted life either in outlying districts or adjacent to towns whose well-remembered pleasures can now be nothing but a tantalising mirage. And take the effect too upon those in real war work. The Government have told us that Sunday work is no go and that production is better without it. That means hundreds of thousands of additional workers with Sunday in which to recuperate by physical and mental release. What opportunities are they given to do so? The Snoopers of the Lord who get great action through, among others, those sad relics, chief constables, take care that recreation facilities are thinned to a trickle grown-ups would tolerate nowhere else. Look at this letter I get:

"In Aldershot civilians working alongside the Army on an alternate six and five and a half days a week schedule cannot play hockey in the public parks on Sundays though tennis is allowed. They are not allowed on army ground." And this one: "In Birmingham public dance halls and theatres close at 9 p.m. For those with their own cars dancing can be had up to 11 p.m. at the road houses." Birmingham is a blitz area: agreed. But no more so than London where legs can be shaken long after nine. The absence of common hours in the country generally, and therefore of common fairness, is the more unsettling because great masses are uprooted by the war and are compelled to live in regions foreign to their own where they pass under the whim of any organised body of local Observers on behalf of the Unknown.

On Merseyside (reports an able woman writer) seamen we never cease to praise gushingly, find their main available entertainment in drink and bad women, "just what they don't want." The sanctimonious people who put down a barrage on all fair fun follow the well-known Pussyfoot tactic of closing everything they can, thereby driving people to grosser pleasures. Then they hold up their hands in horror and cry: "Look! A modern Babylon! We must have stricter control still!" (You will permit me to say this, as the one who gave you Pussyfoot Johnson.) In Edinburgh there has been great to-do over a project to launch a £70,000 night club after the war. From the stream of letters written by the killjoys, one would think that a night club must of necessity be a place of drunken and libidinous debauchery.

OR take racing. Only the Irish and the Hungarians like horses more than do the British. Racing is a rare wartime release, not least for the forces. Yet every mean attack is made on it, usually because petrol is used, though the attackers will as likely as not themselves use petrol to go shopping.

The all-in war effort will never be enhanced by sitting on recreation and distraction; rather will a frayed weariness be promoted. Yet the kind of mentality the country has to submit to is that of the Temperance Group of Forty in the House of Commons, which watches hawk-like lest others make the slightest bid to enjoy themselves after their fashion. No sooner is a move made to legalise the sale of liquor in works canteens, or in hostels and centres private to women members of the forces, than shrill protest is heard. Any form of jovial get-togetherness, so valuable a tonic in clanny wartime, is regarded as a negation of the Almighty's teachings.

There's too great tendency to imagine that if you chuck Ensa and the Forces' Broadcast Programme at the Army in Britain, no more is necessary. Ensa's aim is to give one show a week to each army man, hardly an overdose when one considers his entertainment habits as a civilian and his present surroundings. But the fact is that at the most Ensa manages to reach (*Continued on page 66*)

Dawn-dewy, divinely

DIFFERENT

are lips by Tattoo!

It's a secret that was born in the South Seas dawn... it's Tattoo's secret alone... gorgeous transparent stain instead of greasy coating! The only lipstick you put on... let set... wipe off... and only the colour remains. Remains for hours—and hours! Lips that open like a flower to love... loveliness that stays while romance blooms and lasts! That's the *difference* in Tattoo!

4/6 Plus Purchase Tax 1/- (refills 3/-, plus 8d. Tax)

2/6 Plus Purchase Tax 6d. (refills 1/6, plus 4d. Tax)

Tattoo Ltd

TATTOO *your lips!*

NOW TEN SHADES

METAL MAKES GUNS! Keep your Tattoo holder and buy refills.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 1 to 6 Inches!

Increased my own Height to 6ft. 3½ins.

ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS

Fee £2 9s. Complete. Details 6d. stamp.

Height Specialist,

MALCOLM ROSS BM/Hyte, London, W.C.1

ASTHMA SUFFERERS... don't despair!

Don't give up the fight—Asthma can be INSTANTLY RELIEVED by an old and well-tried remedy which has brought joy and happiness to thousands of sufferers, as can be proved by their letters of heartfelt thanks to the makers of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Time and time again it has been proved to succeed where everything else fails. Easy and pleasant to use—you simply inhale the healing vapours. Perfectly harmless and free from opiates. Cannot possibly harm the heart. Gives INSTANT RELIEF. Sleepless nights a thing of the past. No more day's work lost by wage-earners. Never be without a tin of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE. Use it directly you feel an attack coming on. Obtainable at all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores. 2/2 (*inc. purchase tax*) or 2/5 post free from makers. Let us send you a free copy of our Book, "Are you Asthmatic?" POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 61Q Artillery Lane, London, E.1. A.C.10

ACID STOMACH

Where's that sunny smile, that merry whistle, that schoolboy appetite, this morning? Why is he so glum and won't touch his breakfast?

The answer is ACID STOMACH!

Excess acid sours the stomach and upsets the system . . . naturally you feel out-of-sorts and the thought of food is nauseating. Take a little 'Milk of Magnesia' or two 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, and that sick, sour feeling disappears almost instantly. For 'Milk of Magnesia,' promptly neutralizes the excess acid responsible for the upset. The stomach is soothed and strengthened, appetite returns and digestion proceeds in comfort. Flatulence, heartburn, nausea, indigestion and all stomach troubles due to excess acidity vanish in a marvellous manner on taking 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is the antacid most acceptable to the stomach and the one most extensively prescribed by doctors for patients of all ages. Keep it in readiness as a quick, safe and pleasant corrective for an acid stomach.

Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (*Treble Size*) Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (*Including Purchase Tax*).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' (Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

MELANYL
Marking Ink

The Best and Quickest Method of Marking your Linen

NO HEATING REQUIRED

7½D. PER BOTTLE and 1'3 including purchase tax

ABSOLUTELY PERMANENT

Fabric letters can be removed

Of all Stationers, Stores and Chemists or 1'3 Bottle sent post free for 1'6 direct from

COOPER, DENNISON & WALKDEN LTD.
7 & 8 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

400,000 army men a week—out of how many? The balance of entertaining is expected to be done "by other sources" but, as a correspondent writes, "the grant made to these other sources is almost negligible when one considers this enormous demand, and the response to public appeals made by county welfare organisations is shrinking and, at best, very irregular." To crown matters, the "other sources" are forbidden to pay professional artists from their grant! Here we are, spending £14,000,000 a day on war-waging and there's not the wit at the centre to finance—maybe £250,000 *a year*—utterly valid entertainment demands made on behalf of those on whom we rely to win the war! And with that lesson of French boredom before us. . . .

None too soon the Army is itself organising fresh entertainment units up to the number of fifty; while there are in addition several hundred concert parties in existence supplied by the troops. The new units will concentrate on outlying garrisons.

However great a help the wireless may be in combating boredom, people will always want to get about and do things themselves and that's where they are stymied so much of the time—so much of their only time. Ask young women why they fight shy of work in war-production centres. How many answer it's because they'd be bored stiff in the evenings and at week-ends! That may not be a very laudable attitude, but it's human nature, 1942 vintage. They can't all be lucky enough to go to dance extensions on Saturdays, and as for Sundays, well, the British war Sunday of the times in and about the bigger centres prompts one to wonder if we realise that the meaning of the word "civilisation" is "the art of living." Here is a day when the people could be gay, when they could throw aside the stress and cares of war and replenish and refresh nerves, mind and body, for Monday's return to the grind. In a sane society they would be allowed from noon onwards *at the least* every recreation and distraction permitted on weekdays: cinemas, sports and games, pubs, clubs, concerts, theatres, dances, restaurants, canteens; and never fear, the requisite service would in most cases be forthcoming.

Instead of which, most things are closed till the late afternoon, and subsequently are but faintly open. After kicking round the streets and parks, often in the rain, troops and munition workers, the whole potpourri of war effort, try to cram into the few packed

Week-ends of Boredom

cinemas and cafés that are open. And, if you please, we've got to be both careful and grateful about these. "There appears to be an impression," pontificates one John Cliff, head of the L.C.C. Public Control Committee, "that some laxity regarding Sunday cinema entertainments could, or would be, countenanced in wartime." These are the kind of people who generate ukases which make it illegal for a play to be acted on a Sunday but permit it as a talkie. At the beginning of the war, I remember, the film of *No Time For Comedy* was shown on Sundays though the stage company playing it in the same street on weekdays was prohibited from giving Sunday performances. Rather: No Time For Sense!

Then there's the curfew ramp. Where the military authority demands a curfew, theirs not to reason why; just the same as sensible people shut up when they're told that the blackout is absolutely necessary whatever Moscow cared to do. The point is that any local authority can install a curfew, and local authority is all too often in the hands of blimps, busybodies and bigots who issue their ukases cutting short the hours, so that it will hardly be worthwhile for any one to stage dances and entertainments. Organisations like the Lord's Day Observance Society operate directly upon local authorities. In this society alone, thirty thousand cover every inch of the country with lynx eyes.

This curfew and closed-Sunday business is much more prevalent in the provinces, and in Scotland, and in Wales, than it is in London, whose cripplingly expensive night life represents a lone surviving flame round which the moths forgather. One reason night life has been booming in London is simple enough: quantities of those stationed in the provinces, and especially Overseas and Allied members of the forces, rush to the capital to let off steam. To judge of the chance and risk of boredom and staleness in Britain helping Hitler, one has to keep steadily in mind the *out-of-London* picture. London is crispness and brightness compared to other places.

Well, all I can say is that it's playing Hitler's game, however slightly. The imposing of inaction upon others has all through been one of his trumps. If at the bidding of a tiny puritanical minority, powerful, yes, but tiny, we choose to accentuate the effects of inaction when it is visited on ourselves, then we're fools.

END

Mars' Biggest Job (*Continued from page* 11)

their finger-nails. Not a Diesel-engined grader or steam shovel operated from first to last. Until lately trucks had to go the whole way, Lashio-Burma-Kunming, on their own petrol load, cutting their freight to carry the fuel, for there were no petrol stations.

Now the Americans have come to Free China's rescue, organised a traffic system, taught Chinese mechanics, and cut the trip from twenty to six days and doubled the road's capacity to carry the products of American, Indian, Australian, Canadian and British factories, all needed for the war. Last August there were 2,000 trucks on the road. Soon there will be 7,000.

But it is in the United States that the biggest things are happening, as befits a country whose machine capacity enables it to produce normally half of all the goods manufactured in the world, and which is increasing its capacity by adding 3,400 new plants, costing altogether £1,000,000,000, just for war production, with a steel step-up from 84,000,000 to 120,000,000 tons. Steel is the spinal cord of industry, and you can measure the implications of the U.S. steel increase by setting it beside a British production (on the last official figure) of only 14,000,000 tons, a German production of 24,000,000 tons, and an all-Europe production of 40,000,000 tons.

"War production" evokes a picture of boiler-suited workers tending machines in vast arsenals, devoted to manufacture of tanks, guns, warplanes, shells, bombs, explosives. And that's the core of the job. But around it stretches a far wider zone of toil and output, and this probably accounts for the bulk of the work and the spending.

You couldn't cover the job by making a tour of the war factories. A complete tour would cover almost the whole globe, and you'd range from the cotton fields of Egypt and the American South to rubber plantations in steamy Malaya, from copra islands in the South Seas to forests in Newfoundland, from the soda deposits of the Dead Sea to the nickel beds of Canada, the tin of Siam, the copper mines of Rhodesia, and the oil fields of Iraq, Borneo and Mexico.

How shall we measure war production? It would take a team of actuaries a year to produce a statistical report on world war production, in terms of money, men, work hours, material consumed, and the chief etceteras. And then their report would be worthless, because the war would still be going on, and everything in the interim would have changed. They couldn't keep pace with the changing character of production, everywhere, and its rising pace. If they'd started breaking down the American war production in May, 1940, they'd have been dealing with a four-billion-dollar programme. Two months later they'd have been more than fifty per cent out, because the programme had been doubled.

By the time they rendered their report, a year later, it would look like a pea on a

drum, for in July, 1941, the U.S. defence programme stood at fifty-three billion dollars. Now—as Roosevelt, through Secretary of State Hull, told the Finns last November—it's up to a hundred billions, or say £25,000,000,000. And the Americans are going to try to spend £20,000,000,000 of that in the next two years.

That will certainly take a lot of doing, because appropriations, programmes and contracts are one thing, and supply, manufacture, and delivery another.

Suppose we glance at some figures to clear away some of the blur from the general picture—remembering, though, that war production is not really limited now by budget appropriations, but only by supply of materials, factory capacity, and worker-power.

One of the first things we find is that although in the last war around sixty million men were mobilised, and the war ran four years, in this war, with probably no more than forty millions mobilised, expenditures in the second year are already running ahead of the peak figure of the last war.

On the last published figures as I write, Britain is spending £13,000,000 a day on the war, or around £4,800,000,000 a year, while American defence appropriations are up to $22,000,000,000 (say £5,400,000,000 with the pound-dollar exchange at 4.03) against $18,515,000,000 in 1918–1919, the peak year of the last war. That's about £10,000,000,000 a year for the two. Add all the other belligerents and arming non-belligerents, and if you double the figure you'll be on the conservative side.

And that is per year, not the total cost of a world struggle whose development, and end, cannot yet be foreseen. These immense money figures are not so surprising when one notes that a modern mechanised division is five times as expensive to equip, and seven times as expensive to operate, as the most heavily armoured division of 1918.

Now, it's possible that you cannot measure this war job in money terms. So let us take a look at the things all this money has to be turned into.

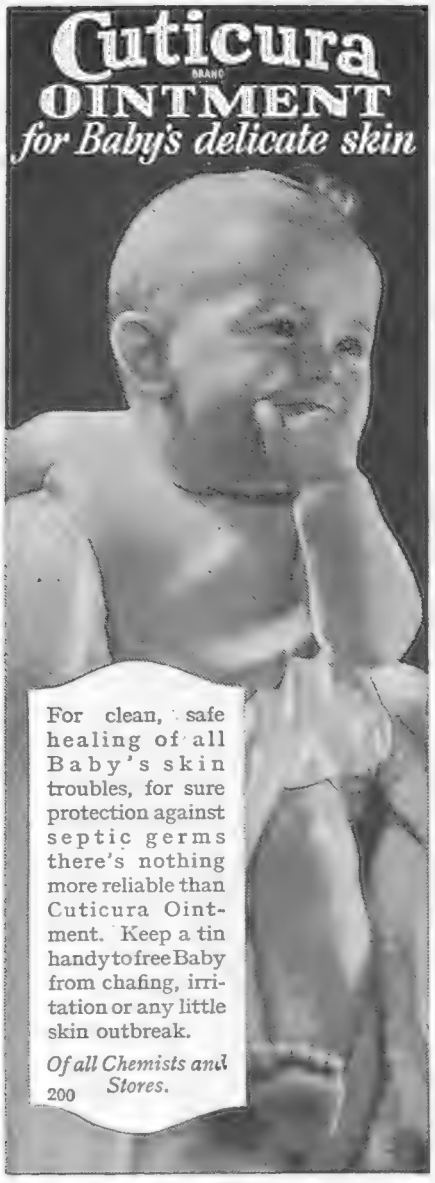
Britain had a navy of a million and a quarter tons when war began. It may be twice the size before the war ends. All the yards in this island, the world's biggest shipbuilding country, are busy. The Americans have more than half a million men working in their shipyards, adding to a vast armada of 338 major warships (including fifteen battleships, six aircraft carriers, and thirty-seven cruisers) plus hundreds of auxiliaries, another fleet of seventeen battleships, twelve aircraft carriers, fifty-four cruisers, 196 destroyers, and seventy-four submarines, 353 major warships in all, plus as many more auxiliaries. The world programme is probably around fifty great battleships, 150 cruisers, thirty aircraft carriers, 500 destroyers, more than a thousand submarines, and several thousand auxiliaries.

The world figure for warplanes may be 100,000 to 120,000 a year by the end of this year. The Americans, back in February, 1941, were aiming at 4,500 a month by the end of 1942. This aspiration has grown in the interim, both in numbers and size of planes; but it may not be exceeded in numbers, since the emphasis is on heavy long-range four-engined bombers.

The armies, ranging from the highly-equipped German, British, Dominions, and American forces, down to the less formidably-equipped Japanese and the poorly-equipped Chinese (300 divisions, which have to do without artillery, tanks, armoured cars, and which have only a hundred or two aeroplanes) aggregate forty to forty-five million men, all of whom have to be clothed, weaponed, equipped, munitioned, moved, maintained, and fed.

Shall we measure war production by reference to the past? Some British politicians do, but it means little. Last autumn Mrs. Roosevelt said she was told, "We are doing much better than in the last war," but she had no way to check it, and she thought it could not be checked anyway. Husband Roosevelt, with hundreds of trained experts to inform (*Continued on page 68*)

KC 291-57-80


Cuticura
BRAND
OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin
For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
200

Internal Regularity for External Loveliness

With cosmetics hard to get, now's the time to make Nature your ally! Internal regularity not only brings out your lovely *natural* complexion, but also puts a sparkle in your eye, a glint in your hair, and gives you that vital attraction that only abounding health can give.

The safest way to achieve internal regularity is by taking 'BISUROIDS.' These are the gentlest of laxative tablets; they quickly restore your power of natural regularity. Try BISUROIDS for yourself. Price 1/5d for 50 tablets, 2/3d for 100.

'BISUROIDS'
Laxative Tablets

Mars' Biggest Job

him, said he had no way to check, and he had just hired a private statistician to try to find out what was happening. Modern war production is as vast and complex as that.

In fact, there is only one sort of comparison that counts. That is to measure what you have against what the other fellow has, and what you will have against what he will have, and when.

In Libya, Britain's single tank brigade was destroyed by a "somewhat larger" (Churchill's words) enemy tank force. Courage, resolution, training, all went by the board, in the fight of tank against tank. The enemy had more, and he destroyed the weaker force. That battle wasn't lost in Libya, or in Cairo headquarters. It was lost in the late Mr. Chamberlain's study, in the Simon-held Treasury, and in Hore-Belisha's War Office, before it was lost in the tank factories which did not produce the tanks.

But now look at another side of the picture. At Tobruk, the British were outnumbered by the German attackers, and the latter had, besides, a superiority in planes, tanks, and machine guns—that is, in machines and in fire-power. But the British fought them off, and held Tobruk. How? By sheer courage? No—courage alone never won against superior fire-power. What the British had at Tobruk was what neither they, nor the French, had in France in the spring of 1940: an adequacy of modern defensive weapons capable of damaging attacking tanks, planes, and machine-gun-armed infantry.

For the first time that theory came into full play which appeared discredited after the French debacle: the theory of the superiority of the modern defence over the modern offence. Liddell Hart put the superiority the attacker needs at three to one. That seemed nonsense after the Germans, in France, attacking with smaller forces a line held by an army operating on that principle, smashed it up. But what was the underlying fact? The underlying fact was that the defending army was not "modern." Meagre production had deprived the French and British Armies of the *modern* weapons and machines they needed to fight the modern German war engine.

The Nazis had gambled on that. While the rest of the world were using machines to produce goods to be sold at a profit, they were regimenting both men and machines for war production.

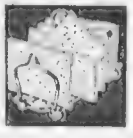
The French, thanks to their Popular Front, a forty-hour week, and parliamentarians, had only one plane to every six German planes; and the British, thanks to their complacency, Mr. Chamberlain, business-as-usual, and cavalry-minded generals, had only two fighter plane squadrons and one tank brigade in France when Hitler struck. Neither had the anti-tank guns and anti-aircraft artillery they needed to fight off the motorised, armoured, automatic-weaponed Nazi forces. So the Hart theory didn't work.

At Tobruk, however, it did work, because the factories had been busy, and those defenders had the weapons and machines to stand off planes and tanks and infantry. They also had tanks. And to these they added the advantage of a solid defensive position. They held.

Something like this seems to be happening in Russia. Stalin saw the red light when Hitler achieved absolute power over seventy million Germans. The Red tzar bent his people's nose down to a harsh war economy all through the lush years of the Roosevelt New Deal recovery in America, and the Chamberlain prosperity era in Britain. An American correspondent with whom I stayed in Moscow in 1937 confided to me—not in his flat, where his Ogpu chauffeur also lodged—that he didn't expect the Stalin regime to last. The people were being ground down

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Here's good news. There's more Vita-Weat to be bought in the shops just now than for some considerable time. But that doesn't mean that you're going to find your usual store piled high with it. Oh no, for to-day more people than ever before are discovering that Vita-Weat provides an extra ration of energy and extra fitness vitamins, and an extra delicious flavour to vary wartime diets.



The competition is certainly keen for these crisp, crunchy slices, packed full of the flavour of ripe British wholewheat, but they are well worth waiting for!

Vita-Weat PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd. Makers of Famous Biscuits

too much. They could buy practically none of the things they wanted and needed. Pots and pans, clothing, boots, matches, and many other things were scarce or unprocurable. As for cars, even high officials couldn't get them for their own use, and bid against one another, with departmental funds, for any old foreign car that was going.

Neither the correspondent nor I realised at the time that Stalin was risking everything for war production. Only it was worse for Russia, with her inadequate industrialisation, in peace, than it has been so far for Britain in war. There weren't enough machines and machine-workers to make war stuff in the quantities needed, and turn out civilian-consumption goods too. So the citizenry went short, just as the British are doing to-day, and the Americans will be doing to-morrow.

Thus, when Hitler attacked, Stalin was readier for him than most people, including, it seems, Hitler and his submissive generals, surmised. The Red Armies were fairly well supplied with tanks, and very well supplied with artillery of all kinds, especially heavy guns, along with masses of explosives. Moreover, unlike the Gamelin-led armies of a France hollowed out by class-warfare, the Russians were full of fight, and both hated and despised the enemy. So the theory of the superiority of the defence over the offence came into modified play again. The Germans had more tanks, planes, automatic weapons, more experienced generals and war-toughened soldiers. But they lacked a large enough margin of superiority, and couldn't break through. The blitzkrieg was over. War production had beaten it.

But what goes for the Russians goes for the Germans, too, in the event that one of these days they have to turn and defend themselves against an attack on their central European stronghold. The production power ranged against them must greatly exceed theirs.

America and Britain will have not to equal, but greatly out-produce the Germans. Actually, America must handle the main productive job. It is a staggering task which this highly industrialised and terrifically dynamic people, 130,000,000 strong, has set itself. Besides her own army of two (it may become four) million, a two-ocean navy, and an air fleet of 50,000 machines, America has to supply the war machines of China, Russia, and Britain.

The Americans haven't been as slow off the mark as we were. The production chief, "Big Bill" Knudsen, formerly head of General Motors, will show you a map spattered with war factories, which twelve or fifteen months ago were grass, or hill, or rock.

The steel mill capacity of America was 80,000,000 tons at the start of 1941. Now it is rising to 120,000,000 tons, giant new mills having been quickly built. General Motors, with a work force of 200,000, has forty of its plants making guns, munitions, aero engines, military trucks, and aeroplane parts. Tanks are being built in scores of motor car and locomotive plants. The Chrysler people, used to producing twenty miles of cars and trucks every twenty-four hours, built a £5,000,000 tank factory which by August last was making five tanks a day. Full capacity, tooled up, is 7,000 a year.

The ship programme began with 200 ships to be built in ten years, but swiftly jumped to 1,383 in two years. More than half these are 7,500-ton freighters, the *Liberty* ships, whose fat holds will carry 10,000 tons of cargo. Building time is halved on these by pre-fabrication, and welding instead of riveting.

So the war job goes on, the roar of its rising crescendo, louder and fiercer, and ranging ever farther, taking an even larger measure of available resources everywhere. And so it will go on till the Nazi regime crashes. Hitler cannot end the war, for no one will make peace with him. Thus he is driven on to fight until, as Victor Hugo remarked of Napoleon, God wearies of him, and he disappears.

What will go with the modern Attila?

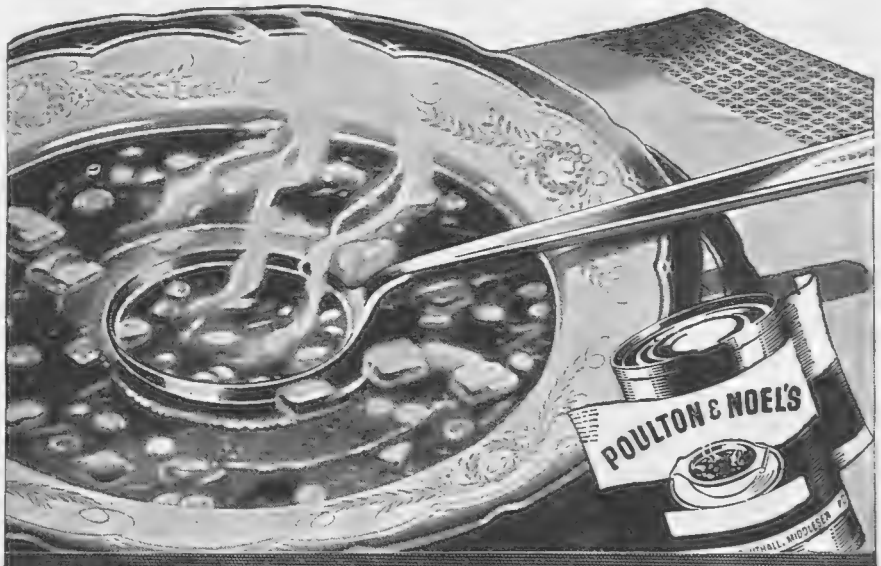
"I heard a murmur (*Continued on page 70*)

More flavour . . .
. . . More nourishment
MORE SOUP FOR YOUR MONEY

POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP
is so highly concentrated that it should be diluted with at least an equal amount of water

★

Try also their new Kidney and Oxtail Soups



POULTON & NOEL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

only 6½D per tin

• MAKERS OF HIGHLY CONCENTRATED SOUPS •

PNO 73-25-100

POULTON & NOEL LTD., SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX

THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS...

. . . is in full agreement with his wife in recognising that planned parenthood is a duty to children and to State in the world of to-morrow.

Regd. TRADE MARK **GYNOMIN** Pronounced GUY-NO-MIN

ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand

Known for 25 years as SPETON. Absolutely safe : no quinine or irritant. *Endorsed by the Medical Profession.* British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middx. *Free on request, in plain sealed envelope, Brochure BE.8.—"Planned Parenthood."*

OF ALL CHEMISTS – ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½ᵈ and 1/3 including Tax Prices U.K. only

The last brushful is as effective as the first

WAR TIME PACKS

The containers in which you obtain your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from time to time, but the high quality of the Dentifrice is maintained.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, W.1. GD.220C

Sometimes you cannot buy **SILATEX** or **SANTRON.** It is not your Chemist's fault, but these Rendells Products are in greater demand than ever. The Manufacturers are doing their best to arrange distribution as fairly as possible, so if your Chemist is fortunate in having supplies, buy while the opportunity lasts.

There is no shortage of all other **RENDELLS PRODUCTS** for Feminine Hygiene and Chemists everywhere have ample stocks.

★ Write to me for a copy of my free booklet "HYGIENE FOR WOMEN"

NURSE DREW

VICTORIA HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Mars' Biggest Job

or two down there," remarked Mercury, as Mars put down the war dispatch and weighed it with an old half-ton cannon-ball, relic of the siege of Constantinople, "that when Hitler is destroyed, there will be no more war. The British and Americans will organise a world police force, and no rival war machine will ever get started again."

"What's that?" roared Mars. "No more war, you say? Why, you defeatist! You . . . !" He reached for the cannon-ball. Mercury fled.

Mars sank back, wiping a sweat of salt and blood from his bronze brow. "For a moment," he muttered, "he had me worried."

END

Hand-knit Jacket

(*Continued from page* 38)

same width but 3 ins. deep. Seam flaps to pockets with right side of one to wrong side of other.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 84 sts. Work 2 rows k. then patt. as back until there are 4 ins. Now with right side of work facing (side showing bars of p.) k. 2 tog. at right edge of work every 3rd row until there are 12 dec. Work 1 in. straight. Now m. 1 st. at shaped edge on every 4th row until there are 84 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row 12 times. Work straight until armhole is 6½ ins. round curve. Now with wrong side of work facing, work 18 sts., cast off 10, work 44 sts. Continue on these 44 sts. and k. 2 tog. at edge next casting off on every row until there are 32 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8½ ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left. Return to other 18 sts. and k. 2 tog. next casting off on every row until there are no sts. left.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on and work as left, making shaping at opposite edges and working buttonholes as follows after first 4 ins. have been worked. With right side facing, work 4 sts., cast off 4, work 34, cast off 4, work to end.

Next row.—Work up to the casting off, turn, cast on 4, turn, and repeat for 2nd buttonhole, work to end.

Rep. these pairs of buttonholes every 3 ins. until casting off for neck is worked.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 84 sts. Work 2 rows all k., then patt. as back until there are 16 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 96 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 50 sts. Cast off.

Now work 2 cuffs on 84 sts. in patt. for 4 ins. Seam these on to sleeves with wrong side of cuffs to right side of sleeves, so that when turned back they will show right side to right side.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders. Sew on pockets and buttons. Sew in shoulder pads.

Stripes

(*Continued from page* 38)

BACK YOKE (right piece)

Cast on and work as front for first 3½ ins. Now work straight for 2½ ins. Work buttonholes by starting at shaped edge, k. 2, * k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 6; rep. from * to end of row, ending k. 9. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

Work another piece the same size without buttonholes.

LEFT SLEEVE

Working in the same stripes as back, cast on 30 sts.

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—Cast on 8 sts., k. **3rd row.**—Cast on 1 st., k. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until there are 8 groups of 8 sts. Now keep edge with groups of 8 sts. straight, and continue to m. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row instead of every other row, until there are 146 sts. Work straight for 2 ins. Now dec. to correspond to beg. of

YOUR CHILD IN WARTIME

HOW TO KEEP KIDDIES WELL and AVOID COLDS

By NURSE E. CAVENDISH

the authority on Children's Welfare

In spite of the difficulties of rationing it's simple to keep children well and strong and free from coughs and colds and other ailments, if you choose your food properly. There are lots of good, simple foods you can give them, even if some of the best, like milk, are scarce. Milk is so good for kiddies that you ought to give them as much as you can, even if it means cutting down the amount you take yourself.

But, with transport as it is, make sure the milk is sterilised. Just bring it to the boil quickly, and cool it quickly, too.

Another thing that is good for children, if you can get it, is oatmeal, for it gives warmth and energy. If it is plentiful near you, there are lots of ways of using it besides serving it as just plain porridge, though of course that is a very good way to start the day.

But however careful you are, children are bound to pick up an occasional cough or cold, so it is a good idea to be prepared for this in advance. A dose of good cough syrup in the first stages saves lots of doctor's bills.

Make your own Cough Mixture

Here is a real old-fashioned remedy for Coughs and Colds which can easily be made up at home and is ideal for children because they like its pleasant taste, yet brings better results than anything you've ever tried.

Heat half a pint of water, to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: A little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The whole makes a pleasant-tasting mixture which brings immediate results from the most stubborn coughs and colds and is particularly good for children. Dosage: children 8-12 years, 1 dessertspoonful; 4-8 years, 1 teaspoonful—each four times a day. For adults, use a tablespoon.

The Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist.

Cut out this recipe to remind you of the dosage and the simple method of preparation

Suits child or adult

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. *And* it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/2, 2/-, 3/6.

Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, 8½d., 1/2. Plus Purchase Tax.

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED Laxative

L50A

work, first on every row, then every other row, then casting off 8 sts. Work right sleeve to correspond.

THE CUFFS

Cast on 20 sts. in blue. Work all k. for 7 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on cuffs and buttons. Sew yoke to bodice. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders.

The End of the Road

(*Continued from page 15*)

of Piedberg, near to which was the inn.

The plane passed over Piedberg and followed the road for ten miles before Aldoban, peering downwards, ordered descent. They came down in yet another lonely field. Not far off could be seen the roof of a solitary inn. Aldoban, crouched down so that there seemed to be only one occupant, spoke as they came to rest: "Any one in sight?"

"No one, excellency," Braun reported. The place, indeed, had been specially chosen for its remoteness. There was only the nearby inn, where the dictator knew that Doctor Anselmo was even now waiting.

"Good." He prepared to get out. "You will leave me here and return to the capital."

Dimly Braun was puzzling over what the game was. A girl once more, perhaps? Or a secret political intrigue? An added command: "Fly back at five thousand metres!" puzzled him even more. Still, he was not paid to think, only to obey.

"What am I to do on arrival, excellency?" he asked doubtfully.

The dictator paused. He had not thought of that. In truth it did not now matter in the slightest what he told Braun to do on arrival. "Oh, go to the palace and to bed!" he snapped, got quickly out and walked away. He did not even trouble to say good-bye to the man who had served him so well.

The red plane, piloted by the apparent dictator, rose from the ground once more and circled off to the west. The seeming peasant set off along the cart-track in the direction of the inn. It was just six: everything had gone according to his plan—as always.

Doctor Anselmo met him by an outhouse. A car was already on the road, engine running. Without a word Aldoban got into the back and concealed himself with rugs. The car moved off.

After twenty miles the dictator sat up and peered at the dashboard clock. Yes, the first betraying footprints he might have left had by now been smoothed out. Shortly before leaving the plane he had planted a small time bomb in the back. Somewhere away behind him now would be a flaming mass of wreckage, in which ultimately would be found proof of the all-beloved leader's passing; for with the plane blown to pieces at five thousand metres Braun would not have a chance. His own disappearance from the world and Braun's silence had been ensured at one stroke and without a trace. Other footprints would be equally effectively smoothed out as they were made, till he had reached the end of the road and none knew by which he had travelled.

Late at night they arrived at a lonely building in the foothills, once a farm. Through Doctor Anselmo's agency it had some while ago been bought up and fitted out for its special purpose. A hard-faced middle-aged woman came to the doorway at the sound of the car.

"Does she know?" mumbled Aldoban.

"Not yet."

"She will, of course, guess when you——" He touched his face, now obscured except for one eye by a swathe of white bandage, which Anselmo had fixed some miles back.

"Yes, but she is entirely trustworthy," Anselmo assured him, and turned to the woman. "This is the patient, nurse," he said in his quiet unemotional voice.

The nurse said nothing. She had lived alone for nearly three weeks and, except for prayers, had learned to do without speech. She took Aldoban's arm (*Continued on page 72*)

Days in the month you dread

Month after month you endure those awful headaches and depressing pains when one or two "Anti-Kamnia" Tablets taken at the onset would save you from torture. Life is too short for needless suffering and unhappiness. If you only knew how quickly "Anti-Kamnia" banishes pain you would never be without it.

Almost the moment you take "Anti-Kamnia" you get relief, and in five minutes the pain stops. Your nerves become soothed and steady and you feel ready for work as on other days of the month.

Physicians prescribe "Anti-Kamnia" and nurses recommend it, having proved that it will always avert suffering at these periods without disturbing the natural action of the female system. Why not get the tablets today and have them by you?

Anti-Kamnia

BRAND ANALGESIC TABLETS

AK ALWAYS SURE-ALWAYS SAFE

Thousands of women simply ask for A-K. If you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 a box (Including Tax).

BLANKETS THAT ENDURE

You're fortunate if you already possess 'MODERNA'

SO soft, so closely woven, so gloriously warm! And GUARANTEED odourless and won't shrink. Lucky are those who already possess "MODERNA" Blankets, because *to-day* so few can be offered for civilian use.

Ask at the Stores you usually deal with. One of them may hold a stock of "MODERNA." *In 5 lovely Pastel Shades. 2 sizes, 72" × 90" and 84" × 92".*

ALL PURE LAMB'S WOOL

MODERNA BLANKETS

GUARANTEED
Odourless and Won't Shrink

Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhœa, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste.

Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere. Mother! You must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

Let Dr Carrot protect you

"Call me in often enough, and you'll keep well," says Dr. Carrot. Vitamin A is essential to good health; and carrots are one of its richest sources. Thanks to the British farmer there's a grand crop.

Here's the first of a new series of carrot recipes:

Carrot and Creamed Potatoes

Scrape and slice 1½ lbs. of carrots; cook till tender in ¾ pint of water, with a teaspoonful of sugar and ½ teaspoon sweet herbs. Dish up and keep hot, saving the water. Melt a little dripping, thoroughly blend into it a tablespoonful of flour, gradually stir in carrot liquor. Cook until smooth and thick. Meanwhile boil and mash 1 lb. potatoes. Ring a dish with the mashed potato, put carrots in centre. Pour sauce over. A dish that looks good, tastes good, and *is* good.

C1

Children's Teeth in War-Time

Even in war time a child's diet *must* contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia', the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant tasting toothpaste regularly, always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d.
(Including Purchase Tax)

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

★*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

The End of the Road

and briskly guided him into a living-room, plainly but comfortably furnished. His eye roved round, approved its quiet commonplaceness. This was the first taste of his new life. He had another, a different one, a few moments later when Anselmo, taking him to a bedroom while the nurse went to the kitchen, said: "To-morrow at noon I shall be ready for you."

"To-night, please!" Aldoban said authoritatively and Anselmo at once replied equally firmly:

"The dictator can no longer give any orders."

Angry for an instant, Aldoban at last smiled grimly under the bandages. He was now a private, very private, citizen. He must learn its obligations.

"Yes," he said at last, "the dictator is dead, of course." He laughed harshly. "There has, I fear, been an aeroplane accident."

He saw Anselmo start slightly. Though the other had guessed arrangements must have been made to cover up all tracks, he evidently had not quite realised they would be so drastic.

Aldoban smiled again to himself.

After a light meal he went to bed. He lay awake for a long time thinking that this was the last night of his existence as Josef Aldoban; and even at that he was already only half existing, for Josef Aldoban, as the world knew him, was dead. To-morrow the Aldoban he himself knew would die and another man would be born, an unknown.

He thought pleasantly of the future: there was no lack of money tucked secretly away in another name in other countries, and for the first time in his life he would be able to rest, would not have to strain every nerve to keep himself at the top—and alive. Nor was it too late to check and master the lust for power that had driven him for so many years. He was not yet the slave of the drug. That he had outwitted fate was his last thought as he dropped to sleep.

AT eleven next morning Anselmo and the nurse came for him. They took him to a room that had been fitted out as a small operating theatre. All was ready. Aldoban shuddered as he saw the gleaming knives. "It is only a minor operation," said Anselmo gravely.

"Yes. Just to—to put my face right," added the other ambiguously, eyes on the nurse. He wondered about her again. When the bandages were removed from his face, she could not fail to recognise the features that millions knew, and she would see Anselmo altering them skilfully that no one would ever recognise them again. She would always know the truth. But he had been assured she was to be trusted. Anselmo, his fanatical adherent, had chosen her.

Still, he did not like it. Still less did he like surrendering himself unconscious and unprotected to any one. "Anselmo," he said, the nurse momentarily busy elsewhere, "you realise my life is in your hands." His innate sense of drama came to the surface. "Hundreds would like your chance."

Anselmo replied almost casually: "I am proud of that trust."

"Thank you—I suppose it is all necessary? The eye, I mean?"

"You have naturally a piercing gaze—known to thousands. You would not be really safe." He paused thoughtfully. "Yes, it is all necessary. . . ."

"Don't forget that you are being well rewarded." It sounded, even as he said it, like a bribe from one who was afraid and Anselmo seemed to resent it.

"Unnecessary," he said curtly.

He called for the nurse, who placed the anæsthetic cone ready at hand. Then she slowly removed the bandages, but Aldoban could read nothing in her dour features. A few further preparations, and the cone was placed over his face. Suddenly for the first time for years he resigned himself completely to events instead of trying to direct them.

Little waves of fear stole into his heart at the same time as he drew the first sickly sweet breaths into his lungs.

HE was alive. They had not deceived him. They were trustworthy. First scattered thoughts began to trickle through his brain as he regained consciousness. Deep gratitude towards Anselmo took possession of him. Devotedly loyal though he knew the other to be, he could never completely trust any one. But now he was safe. Cleverly, and with calculation, he had taken the step that other dictators must often have wanted to take—when it was too late. But he, Aldoban, had dismounted before the galloping horses became an uncontrolled runaway.

Then came realisation of the price—pain. He who had so often employed pain to enforce his will and subdue his opponents, had not experienced it much himself. Now pain was flowing under the tight bandages, pain throbbed in the muscles of his face, pain racked his right eye . . . no—he stiffened in horror—his right eye-socket. He moaned involuntarily in the darkness of the bandages, and at once the nurse's hand reached for his pulse, asked a few questions, attended to his needs . . . later he slept again. . . .

When he next woke he heard Anselmo's quiet voice in the room. The pain was less and he lay still, listening, straining his mind to catch any implication of treachery. There was none. Just professional interest. He sighed with relief.

"Awake?" asked Anselmo. "Everything has gone off successfully." He added, as the nurse left the room: "The dictator is indeed no more."

Though it hurt him to speak, Aldoban managed to mumble: "Have they found the body? And who has seized power?"

"They have found it. The rest no longer concerns you. Do not think of it: concentrate on your new personality."

"When will I—see myself?"

"In a fortnight, perhaps. And at the end of a month you will be free to go wherever you wish. Out of our lives. Now keep silent."

"I am grateful," muttered the man in the bed and lay quiet.

During the days of recuperation he marshalled his faculties, scheming for the future. One thing he had determined: that future must be safe, quite safe. As a private citizen he had none of the safeguards of supreme authority. As he daily pottered about by the sight of his one eye, now uncovered, he planned further.

ANSELMO'S fingers were deft about his head unwinding the bandages as he sat in a chair. To-day he was to see what had been done. He got up at last and went to a mirror, the young doctor silent in the background. For a long while he stared, then a groan broke from his lips. He stifled it quickly.

"It is a big price to pay," he mumbled unsteadily, for after the operations his lips were as yet unaccustomed in forming words.

"*Is* it?" asked Anselmo quietly. "For what you are getting?"

Aldoban looked in the mirror again. His one eye, bloodshot, stared back at him from an incredible face. As if in sympathy Aldoban's shoulders drooped, seemed to fall into character with his new features.

"But it's a—a travesty," he said at last. "Almost I'd rather——"

Anselmo cut in quickly: "No one will recognise you now—excellency." There was irony in the last word which, so suitable before, now seemed so incongruously applied.

"No, you are right!" He turned away in disgust.

"The scars will have healed properly in another fortnight. It will not be so bad then," soothed the doctor. "Meanwhile think of this." He touched the locked brief-case the other constantly carried. It contained passport, bank-books, all necessary papers in his new name, the "open sesame" to his coming life. It had not left his side since he arrived, and his first action when his eye was uncovered had been to check its contents—though he had the grace not to do (*Continued on page 74*)

FIRTH STAINLESS
Owing to the large demand we are at present prohibited from supplying steel for domestic purposes
FIRTH VICKERS
STAINLESS STEELS LTD
STAYBRITE WORKS
SHEFFIELD 9

McVITIE & PRICE
High Class Biscuits

Quantities, owing to the shortage of important ingredients, are somewhat limited, but are being distributed equitably throughout the country. The public can obtain supplies only through retail shops and stores.

D.A.151.

that in front of Anselmo. "You now have," continued Anselmo, "money, leisure, and, above all, freedom from fear. You won't have to watch continually, plot continually, strike continually before others can strike you. You are, for the first time for twenty years, free."

The days went by; the scars lost their angry flush. The face began to acquire its own new personality—even though it was a weak and repulsive one. Anselmo visited him at intervals, but Aldoban was always wondering where he went in the meantime, whom he saw, above all what he said. They talked only of commonplaces when they met, for the doctor had refused to discuss the affairs of the outside world, and from being at first anxious to learn how his death had been received and who now had snatched the reins, Aldoban had now lost interest in the present and the past, had concentrated on the future—his future. The brief-case went everywhere with him.

"I shall come to-morrow for the last time," announced Anselmo as he was leaving one day. "Then I shall forget you. I shall see you no more. You can go from here where you like."

"Where will you go?"

"Does it matter? I have my work—my career." His face lit up.

"You know the arrangements I have made for you? The reward?"

"Yes. You have been generous. There is much good I can do now—to repair evil."

That night Aldoban was in high spirits. After his supper he took coffee with the nurse, tried to break down her dour exterior, get her to talk. To her also he emphasised the financial benefits she would get. "You need never work more," he said lightly.

"Yes, it will be my last case," agreed the woman sombrely.

"It will," said Aldoban suddenly. "I have seen to that." The nurse looked quickly up at him.

"What do you mean?" A little note of fear was in her voice.

"I mean that you know who I am."

"Of course I do. And I have sworn to Doctor Anselmo by our Blessed Lady to forget all I know. I will swear to you if you like."

"Not necessary."

"No, it is not. Again what do you mean?" She broke off quickly, then faltered at the look on his face. Terror now replaced the fear in her own.

"I do not want you to go about the world knowing what you do. I should not be safe."

"But you will be safe. I swear it—by the Holy Virgin—I swear——" She saw the look in his one cold evil eye. "Give me time to say my prayers," she muttered.

"Too late!" replied Aldoban callously.

"Holy Jesus, hear——" she began, but her head dropped forward on her chest. She was silent.

Aldoban waited a little for the drug he had some while ago secreted from the cupboard in which Anselmo had kept them to take effect. He did not know whether the dose he had put in her coffee was a fatal one or not, but it would not really matter. He went out at the back door, got a pick and shovel and began to dig in the derelict garden.

Two hours later the fresh earth had been trampled down and covered over with undergrowth. Tired and with blistered hands, Aldoban returned to the house and went to bed. Another footprint had been smoothed out. His secret was secure, for the only person who knew it was Anselmo, whose fanatical loyalty had never been in doubt.

ALDOBAN woke early next morning with the happy anticipation of a schoolboy on the first morning of the holidays. He touched the brief-case at his side. The world was before him; he was free.

And yet, as the morning wore on, he began to feel uneasy again. He was thinking about Anselmo. He could never have achieved this freedom without Anselmo's devotion—but Anselmo had now played his part. And for years past he had had no further use for those who had once served him and could not serve him again. There was still one footprint. The young doctor was perhaps safest out of the way. Gratitude did not enter into it. He had never been grateful—he had only paid for services rendered. As he had paid Anselmo, except that he would not in this case receive the payment. Anyway, the man was such a fanatic he would probably be glad to die for his beloved leader. He went out and walked in the garden thinking.

He came in to find Doctor Anselmo already in the room; deep in his thoughts, he had not heard the car.

"Where is the nurse?" was his first question.

"Out somewhere," replied Aldoban casually, and with a hideous twisted grin he intended to be friendly, went on: "Well, so I have finished my imprisonment. To-day I go out into the world. We will drink wine to our respective futures."

"As you wish."

Aldoban went to fetch it. He came back with a bottle and two glasses already poured out. He brought the tray over and handed Anselmo one of them. His single eye did not meet the other's steady gaze. He somehow looked treacherous, furtive and cruel. Already, thought the doctor, his true character, now that the arrogant façade had been removed, was showing through. He realised with a touch of awe that he had not merely altered an existing man, he had actually created a completely new one.

Still staring at Aldoban, he reached out—and accidentally knocked over his glass. The other's gasp of dismay told him what he wanted, and his hand went to his pocket.

"I thought so."

Aldoban did not speak.

"You've killed the nurse, I suppose?"

"I removed her," stated the other harshly, with a return to his older manner. "I did not trust her."

"But you trust me?"

"Implicitly. Your loyalty and devotion are——"

"I'm afraid I don't trust *you*." A large automatic was in his hand. "No good looking for weapons. I took your gun before you came in and you have no other."

"What is this? Surely you don't think . . . . after all you've done for me——" His eye shifted away again. He realised too well what he looked like now and knew that with all the personality in the world he could not dominate any one any more. The frown, the jaw, the stare, the dictator himself, were no more.

"I've been waiting for this moment for twenty years," said Anselmo, still speaking in his quiet voice, though Aldoban could hardly realise it was the same man, Doctor Anselmo his worshipper and slave. "You're not going to escape after all you've done. You're going to pay."

"What—what have I ever done to you, Anselmo, but treat you well, make you my confidant?" He tried to make his voice firm, but it shook and the drawn lips would not function properly. "Why, you're now going to be rewarded beyond your dreams!" He saw the other's gaze drop momentarily to the spilt wine and knew that his true intention had been realised. Then the young doctor began to speak:

"I told you we came from the same hometown. I did not tell you my real name. But my family lived close to yours. We differed politically: we did not belong to the new party you were so busy forming. We laughed at it. In our stupid innocence we could not conceive that any band of men whose god was brute force, whose only argument was to beat-up those who disagreed, who revelled in cruelty, could really come to power. But they did. First in our town, where in the name of the circle-and-fist your hired thugs and sadists soon dominated all decent citizens: then over the whole country: later on in most of Europe."

"But I—I have done you no harm."

"No harm? Do you remember what you and your people did during the month that they controlled the district—before the triumphal march on the capital?"

"We removed opposition: we had to. We believed in ourselves. We were the party—spearpoint of the coming glorious regime. There must be blood at any birth."

"There was." Anselmo's pale, clear-cut face was grim. "You removed opposition all right. Not that my family really opposed you: we only differed in opinion. We were good citizens. But my father was beaten to death and my mother died mad; my brother was shot for defending my young sister. I was away studying medicine, so I escaped—to wait for the moment when you put yourself in my hands."

Aldoban stared aghast. Down his slack face he could feel the saliva involuntarily dribbling. "You—you mean you wanted revenge? But—if so, why did you help me in my plan? Why didn't you kill me at any time when we were alone? Why not when you had me unconscious a month ago?"

"I value life. My own first, which is natural I suppose, and I would have been killed myself. Even your life I valued when I operated, for I am a doctor and do not like to take life. But I was not going to let you live in comfort. Now you are going to kill yourself with your own gun." He drew it from his pocket and put it on the table. "I am going out and you are going to shoot yourself."

ALDOBAN made a quick move, but the other's gun stopped him. "I may value life, but my own comes first. I can shoot you before you can shoot me." He backed to the door. "There is only one shot there. When I hear it fired I shall come back. If you have not done the job, I shall."

"I refuse!" Aldoban tried hard to thrust out his jaw, to summon the scowl, to stare the other into submission—but Anselmo only laughed at the painful working of his features.

"You will not refuse. And you cannot fight it out with me—one shot against ten. No, you will not refuse when I tell you one thing. You should be glad to kill yourself. When you were unconscious, I did something else beside the operation. I deliberately infected you with a disease. That disease was leprosy in its most virulent form."

A high scream broke from Aldoban's throat. "You couldn't—you——"

"So if you do by any chance live you can see the future you'll have. There it is." He nodded to the brief-case. "Take it if you care. I won't describe it. It's just a living, rotting death—prolonged by skill if you care to go to a leper colony." He stood for a moment in the doorway. "Think it over. You should be glad to kill yourself—and," he spat out the words: "there'll be rejoicing among the souls of your victims in Heaven."

He slammed the door, retired to an alcove and waited, automatic ready. He was quite prepared for the other to rush out and try conclusions with the one shot. But after five minutes a report sounded loud in the room and there was a crash.

Anselmo entered and looked down at the body of Josef Aldoban, the dictator who had now taken the last life he would ever take. Anselmo was glad he had not had to kill him himself. His lie about leprosy had at least prevented that.

He went out into the sunlight.

END

1.1.42

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad 18s. 6d. per annum, 9s. 3d. for six months, single copies 1s. 6½d., and for Canada 16s. 6d. per annum, 8s. 3d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

Ladies nearly always buy Arch-Preserver for its fashionable beauty. *Its appeal to the eye.* They continue to wear it because it means so much to their life, in added usefulness, and a youthfulness they never knew before, even when they *were* younger.

The answer is

Selberite ARCH PRESERVER Shoes

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD

(London Office): 17/18 OLD BOND STREET W.1

...there's nothing like

BIRD'S

BLANC-MANGE